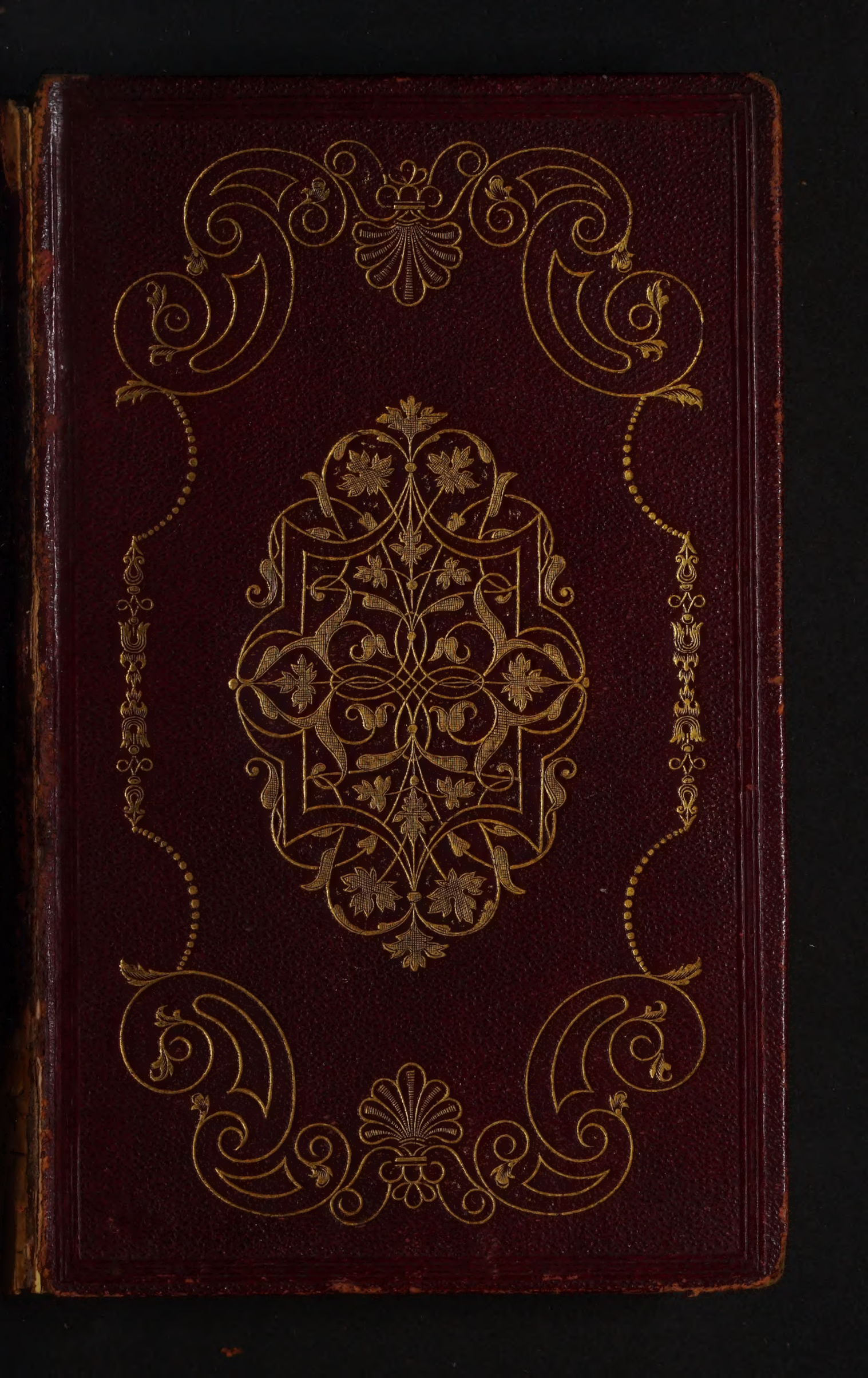

FORGET
ME NOT.
1843.

Geo L Schmidt

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1843.

J. Cochran, sculp.

THE INDIAN NECKLACE

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLIII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

AND

D. APPLETON AND CO., NEW YORK.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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FORGET ME NOT.

VICTORIA
OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF 1841.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a scene of pomp.
The ancient hall,
Where Britain's highest, in their wisdom meet,
Show'd proud array of noble and of peer,
Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes
Of rank and power. And beauty lent her charms,
For, with plum'd brows, the island-peeresses
Bare themselves nobly. Distant realms were there
In embassy, from the far, jewell'd East,
To that which greenly meets the setting sun,
My own young native land.

Long was the pause
Of expectation. Then the cannon spake,

The trumpets flourish'd bravely, and the throne
Of old Plantagenet, that stood so firm,
While years, and blasts, and earthquake-shocks dissolv'd
The linked dynasty of many climes,
Took in its golden arms a fair young form,
The Lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye
And queenly grace, gentle, yet self-possest,
She met the fix'd gaze of the earnest throng,
Scanning her close. And I remember'd well
How it was said that tears o'erflow'd her cheek,
When summon'd first for cares of state to yield
Her girlhood's joys.

In her fair hand she held
A scroll, and, with a clear and silver tone
Of wondrous melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at peace,
In prosperous commerce, and of some who frown'd
In latent anger, murmuring notes of war,
Until the British Lion clear'd his brow,
To mediate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw. 'Twas strange to me,
To hear so young a creature speak so well,
And eloquent, of nations, and their rights,
Their equal balance, and their policies,
Which we, in our republic, think that none
Can comprehend, save grave and bearded men.

Her words went wandering wide o'er all the earth,
For so her sphere requir'd. But there was still
Something she said not, though all closely twin'd
With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was one,
One little word, imbedded in her soul,
Which yet she utter'd not.

Fruitful in change
Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood
In this august assembly, to convoke
The power of parliament, the crown adorn'd
A maiden brow : but now that vow had pass'd
Which Death alone can break, and a new soul
Come forth to witness it. And by the seed
Of those most strong affections, dropp'd by Heaven
In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ
That fain would have disclos'd itself in sound,
If unsuppress. Through her transparent brow,
I could discern that word, close wrapp'd in love,
And dearer than all royal pageantry.

Thy *babe*, young Mother! Thy sweet, first-born
babe!
That was the word.

And yet, she spoke it not,
But rose, and, leaning on her consort's arm,
Pass'd forth. And, as the gorgeous car of state,
By noble coursers borne exultingly,

Drew near, the people's acclamations rose
Loud, and re-echoed wildly to the sky.
Long may their loyalty and love be thine,
Daughter of many kings!—and thou the right
Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed
The cry of lowly poverty, as one
Who must account to God! So, unto Him,
From many a quiet fireside of thy realm,
At the still hour of prayer, thy name shall rise,
Blent with that name which thou didst leave unsaid,
And blessings which shall last, when sceptres fall,
And crowns are dust, be tenderly invok'd
On the young Sovereign and her cradled babe.

London,
Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1841.

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! city of the gay!
Paris! what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth,
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets,
In fix'd and stern array,
With buckled helm and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower, and battlement, and tree,
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home,
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil and captives in his train,
Proud trophies of his might?

Behold, in glittering show,
A gorgeous car of state;
The white plum'd steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight;
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparison'd along,
Seems wildly for his lord to ask,
And fiercely scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?
The incense flameth high;
Comes there some demigod of earth?—
No answer! no reply!
Who rideth on that car?
No shout his minions raise;
But, by a lofty chapel-dome,
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And, with uncover'd head,

Receives him in the name of France.
Receiveth whom?—*The dead!*
Was he not buried deep,
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean-surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus his stony tomb he brake,
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells—
A deep, soul-thrilling strain;
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again!*

A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew;
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crush'd at Waterloo;
The banish'd, who return'd;
The dead, who rose again;
And rode in shroud the billows proud,
To the sunny banks of Seine!

* The music of the elaborate requiem, performed at the Chapel of the Invalids, on the reception of the ashes of Napoleon, was destroyed, to preclude its repetition on any future occasion.

They laid him there in state,
That tyrant strong and bold,
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold;
While round those columns proud
The blazon'd banners wave,
Which in a hundred fields he won
With the heart's blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarr'd and old;
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge
And purple Leipsic told.
Yes; there, with arms revers'd,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin, kept
Those veterans grim and grey.

A cloud is on their brow:
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife
Where their country's legions fled?
Of Borodino's blood?
Of Beresina's wail?
The horrors of that dire retreat
Which turn'd old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow:
Is it sorrow for the dead?

Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped,
Where countless mounds of snow
Mark'd the poor conscript's grave,
And, pierc'd by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave?

A thousand trembling lamps
The gather'd darkness mock;
And velvet drapes his hearse who died
On bare Helena's rock;
And, from the altar near,
A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests,
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious One, and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh! when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what thy God's to thee?

Paris,
Tuesday, December 15, 1840.

FLORENCE HOWARD.

FLORENCE HOWARD;

OR, TWO DAYS IN A LIFE.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"Look on this picture, and on this."

SHAKESPEARE.

The experience of most persons will attest that it is not the events of months, or even weeks, which govern the character of their lives; but, rather, that they take their hue of good or evil from the action of days, often of hours. Who, when memory rushes over the records of the past, does not seize on some brief yet special points in time, which seemed like the landmarks of destiny to conduct him to the goal of weal or woe!

The story which I am about to narrate is one of the instances where life might be said to be divided into two days, concentrating in the one the essence of earthly happiness, in the other that of misery.

Florence Howard was the only daughter and heiress of one of the richest and noblest of the aristocracy in ——shire. That beauty which in this country so pre-eminently, I had almost said exclusively, belongs to high birth, had, in a very

remarkable manner, been bestowed upon her. A small, exquisitely-shaped head, fair, ample brow, and large, deep blue eye; a complexion with the smoothness and faint blush of early infancy; an unusual quantity, for an Englishwoman, of the brightest of chestnut hair; and a form which Canova might have taken for the model of his Venus, so luxuriously yet delicately moulded; were the claims which she advanced to that supremacy in loveliness which the men eagerly demanded for her, and which even her own sex conceded without attempt at disputation.

Nor was she only in external semblance perfect — of as rare a quality were her heart and mind. So essentially gentle, almost humble, was she, so unelated by the extrinsic advantages surrounding her, so warm and generous in every impulse, so noble in conception, so utterly unsullied by any the slightest admixture of meanness or deception, that they who had the best opportunity of observing her could but regret that a nature so finely wrought should be given to one of earth's denizens, doomed, as all are, to perpetual collision in their sojourn here with the grovelling and the base.

Her intellect only required exercise for its development, to have won admiration for its grasp and power. It need not be said that, with all these attractions, the hand of Florence was the object of anxious rivalry among many competitors. Too

much beloved by her mother, her only surviving parent, to sway her in her inclinations, she was left to the full indulgence of her own taste in the selection of the object on whom to bestow her affections, and she was precisely the most improper person to be trusted with so hazardous a responsibility. Undoubting of evil, overflowing with all that ardour, one of youth's most beautiful characteristics, which confides with fond and earnest trustfulness in the excellence of mankind, she was ever ready to be the dupe, as it were, of her own perfections, by investing others with those attributes of virtue which herself possessed. She had read of grief and crime with sceptical incredulity. Living in an atmosphere of unclouded joy, which had never been dimmed by the presence of pain or sorrow, the tales which occasionally reached her of the existence and consequence of sin in the world without, appeared but as the exaggeration of fable, or the distortions of malice.

Such was Florence Howard when I was first introduced to her. The portrait illustrating this little tale, which was taken among many others at the period referred to, when the bloom of undimmed beauty, the flush of unshadowed hope, gathered like a halo around her, will convey to the eye some idea of her rare loveliness.

A few weeks afterwards, the busy tongue of rumour informed me that she had at length smiled

on the homage of one of her worshippers, and was the affianced bride of Sir Loftus Fitzgerald. The courtship and preliminaries having been arranged at Vienna, little was known in the neighbourhood of the merits or defects of her betrothed husband, beyond the fact that he was the scion of a noble Irish family, and not overburthened with the gifts of fortune. They, however, who had seen him, represented him as being equal in personal endowments to Florence herself, combined with manners the most dazzling to a creature of her temperament —reserved and cold to others; to her soft and conciliating in the highest degree. It was determined that her nuptials should be solemnized on the day that she attained her majority, now but a short period distant.

Those persons who have lived in a country village, must be quite cognizant of the "note of preparation" heard on every side, when any of the principal inhabitants are about to perform that most serious act in life's drama — marriage. It will, therefore, be readily conceived what activity, what excitement, what joyous yet restless anxiety, reigned in every house and cottage, when it was formally announced that the star of the county, the idol of her tenantry, and the richest heiress within a hundred miles, had fixed the day for plighting her faith, and stamping with the changeless fiat of bliss or sorrow the remainder of her life. I recur

to the time, and it seems as if I could now see the eager, important-looking faces of the villagers, hurrying to and from Howard Park to their dwellings, all accessory in some way or other to the approaching festivities, and each deriving individual though temporary consequence from their connection with it. Cattle were to be fattened for slaughter, trees to be felled for bonfires, all the gardens for miles round to be laid under contribution to furnish garlands for the occasion. These and a thousand other employments gave to the quiet village of Woodfield all the stir and merriment of a country town on the eve of an election, without its defacing adjuncts of brawling and intoxication.

The eventful day at last dawned, and the heavens could not have worn a lovelier aspect, or earth shown a fairer surface. The season, June, was rich in the full flush of summer luxuriance; the air had that clear, transparent buoyancy which, not often breathed in our climate, is felt by us, when it is bestowed, as so very a blessing, that the spirits of all are involuntarily elevated. Every breeze inhaled came loaded with such excess of fragrance from the ten thousand blossoms waving around, that it had been oppressive, but for the singular freshness mingled with it. The sun lighted up every nook of the wide-spreading forest which skirted Howard Park; and never did its glory

shine on so matchless a specimen of Nature's workmanship as the heroine of the day, the heiress and the bride. That woman must be plain, indeed, if, arrayed by the hands of a "*Devy*," with the delicate auxiliaries of Brussels lace and white satin, added to the adventitious charm associated with her position, who does not dress into a pretty bride at twenty-one. How, then, did Florence appear? I actually started as if I had seen some fairy creation when I beheld her. With the simplicity and piety of her character, she refused to be married by special licence in her own drawing-room, preferring to come to that altar where, in infancy and youth, she had performed the rites of religion, and there, in the sight of God and man, record her vows of allegiance to the husband of her choice. The peasants, who had probably never gazed upon so costly a toilette, surveyed her with astonishment; and, when she lifted the bridal veil, and gave her young cherub face to view, forgetting the solemnity of the place, they burst into loud, undisguised admiration. She uttered the responses clearly and firmly; and I almost fancy I can still hear that low, sweet voice, which, even in its gayest tones, had a touch of sadness in it. She looked radiant with happiness; yet, when Sir Loftus placed the ring on her finger, his hand was wet with the fast-falling tears which gushed from her eyes, and which even yet filled them, when we

retired to the vestry; and this gave rise to a remark from him, which, though spoken playfully, grated on my ears with peculiar harshness.

"I hate to see women cry—even you, Florence; I can scarcely stand it!" were the first words breathed by the bridegroom to his bride. I confess it cost me a struggle with temper to avoid some comment on so abrupt a speech. She, true to her meek and loving nature, hastily wiped away her tears without reply. But, with woman's unerring tact, having observed the effect which the little circumstance had made on me, she whispered, "Why do you not scold me for crying? it seems ungrateful to Providence, when I am so very, very happy!"

We returned from the church to her home over a path literally strewn with flowers. The peasants, in their best attire, lined each side of the road, and poured forth warm and hearty blessings on her as she passed. And well did she merit their prayers and benisons, for there was not a cottage on her estate that she had not personally visited; nor from any had the cry of pain or sorrow ever appealed in vain. A *fête champêtre,* in a style of magnificence commensurate with the occasion, was given at the park; and, so universally beloved was she, that I do not think the hateful taunt of envy mingled with one of the congratulations offered by her assembled guests.

It is rarely given to man or woman to live a day of such unalloyed felicity. The wife of the man she fondly loved, the mistress of enormous wealth, the idolized child of a doating mother, life lay before her, in imagination, one line of unbroken sunshine. Her pure, warm heart, full of gladness, communicated a portion of its intense happiness to all who approached. The old became younger as she drew near—the sad, gay. Even while I write, I fancy I can again hear her clear, musical laugh, as she flung back the shower of roses which her juvenile companions, in playful frolic, crowned her with. Their blushing leaves looked pale by her cheek, which the excitement of the day had tinted with the deepest glow, and which the long, auburn ringlets, sweeping over and descending nearly to her waist, could not quite conceal.

Never did I see human happiness so beautifully and vividly depicted as in the face of Florence Howard on that her wedding day. The radiant yet sportive expression, the entire abandonment of the soul to the bliss of the moment, the concentrated look of full and perfect content, all spoke the felicitous harmony which reigned within.

But I must not linger over this period. The breakfast was finished, the travelling carriage at the door; and, amid the tears of many—the blessings of all—she set out for Milan.

It was early in the morning of a dark winter's day; the ground was covered with snow, which fell thick and fast; and the streets of Paris were almost utterly deserted. Uncongenial as the weather was, a lady, whose delicacy of appearance seemed ill able to combat with the elements, was yet seen hurrying along. She held in her arms a little girl, about two years of age, while a fine boy a year older clung to her hand. She bent her steps to the *Poste restante*, and inquired in an eager voice for letters. The mail from England was not yet ready for delivery, and she retraced her path to the Rue des Lombards, and entered a house where she occupied a small apartment. The room was meanly furnished, destitute of every accessory of luxury, deficient almost in those of comfort and necessity. One article only, quite out of keeping with the rest of the appointments, struck the eye: it was the picture of a gentleman, admirably painted, in an elaborately embossed gold frame, suspended over the fireplace; on it the gaze of the lady instantly fixed itself.

"No letter yet! and I must bear another intolerable hour of suspense and agony! God give me strength to endure this wretchedness, and keep my mind from frenzy! Oh, Loftus! Loftus! in mercy write to me!" And, in an attitude of wild supplication, she flung herself before the picture, while the hoarse, choking sob of anguish convulsed

her frame. The children gazed on her with that affecting look of earnest wonder and scrutiny with which infancy ever beholds any violent exhibition of suffering. The little girl, flinging her tiny arms around her mother's neck, lisped in broken accents, "Oh, dear mamma, do not cry so — papa will be sure to come. He has promised little Florence a doll from England, and papa must not tell a story, must he, my own mamma?"

"No, sweet child, he ought not — he will not. Loftus, dear boy, what hour did the church clock chime last? My head is so giddy, I cannot count the time."

"It was nine, mamma."

"Then the letters must now be ready." And she again hurried with her children to the post-office. This time her application was successful. She received a large packet of letters, tore them open with frantic impatience, read them, staggered a few paces forward, and, with one loud, piercing shriek, fell senseless to the ground.

I was sitting in the apartments which I occupied in the *Hotel Meurice,* in Paris, when the *garçon* came bustling into the room, to tell me that an English lady, as her dress and *contour* indicated, had fallen in a fit in the street. I waited not to ask particulars, but hastened forth. When I reached the spot, I found that she had been con-

veyed to a neighbouring surgeon's, still in a state of stupor. I followed. Those about her were using stimulants to restore her to consciousness. Oh, that return of consciousness! to the wretched how awful is it! For a while we refuse to believe in this new calamity; we would fain force back the dial of time, and make it point where it did only one little hour ago: then we strive to wrestle with the weight that has fallen like an avalanche on the mind; we seek to hurl it from us, to walk again in peace and freedom: vain effort! The fiat has gone forth for us to suffer, and, though every heart-string may quiver with agony in the conflict, we cannot flee from the encounter.

Branded in ineffaceable characters on my own brain is the image of that poor young creature, as I entered the shop; she was slowly recovering, seated on a low stool, her body rocking backward and forward with dull, monotonous movements. She opened her eyes, and looked about with a quick, restless glance, which had all the glare of delirium without its vacant apathy. She shed no tears; but a gasp, between a sob and a groan, occasionally heaved her bosom, and disturbed the muscles around her small, exquisitely-chiselled mouth. One hand was pressed tightly against her forehead: in the other, the letters she had received were firmly clenched, and the surgeon informed me that she had grasped them with

unrelaxing tenacity, during the whole time of her swoon. We were thus left in ignorance of the origin of that earthquake of passion, beneath whose throes she had sunk. That the shock had been mental there could be little doubt; and this, if possible, riveted more strongly the chain of interest which insensibly linked me to her. For what is the acutest bodily pain but a grain in the balance compared with the intolerable anguish of grief's colossal machinery, playing against the heart and brain.

There is something to my feelings inexpressibly solemn in viewing any one stricken by a special visitation of Providence. I carry out my sympathy even to inanimate nature: I never look upon a tree, scorched and shrivelled by the thunderbolt from on high, but my attention is imperatively arrested, my reflections become sad and serious. Its companions, perchance, are flourishing around, still revelling in the sunshine, still tossing their green heads to catch a kiss from every passing breeze, while it stands a blasted monument of the wrath of Heaven. But, when the victim selected for punishment is taken from my own order of intelligence, when I see a being before me like myself, far better, it may be, chosen out and smitten to the earth by the chastisement of Deity while I stand unscathed, my sensibilities are aroused — how keenly! — and my soul filled alike

with mysterious wonder and humility. The fair creature before me, what had she done to be thus afflicted? Still in the early summer of existence, gladness should have filled her breast, bloom freshened on her cheek. Yet she lay before me, crushed and wan, with the succour of strangers only to support her from without, and a mine of exhaustless wretchedness within! Why was this? We cannot fathom the inscrutable purposes of the Omnipotent; be it ours to acquiesce in them, meekly and unrepiningly, unquestioning their wisdom, confident in their mercy!

To still the passionate cries of the children, on beholding the state of their mother, they had been taken up stairs, where the wife of the surgeon, with that ready humanity which French women possess in an eminent degree, was caressing them into silence. But their mother was now restored to perception, and with it came the evidence of their absence. With strength which, in contrast with her preceding feebleness, seemed supernatural, she sprang from her seat, pushed aside the persons who were bending over her, exclaiming, in a voice whose tone thrilled every one present, "My children! my children! where are they?" They were quickly placed in her arms, and an hysteric laugh of frightful gaiety greeted their appearance. She was now sufficiently recovered to be placed in a *fiacre*, and driven to her lodg-

ings. The surgeon, whose interest in her was only less intense than my own, insisted on accompanying her; and I promised at his suggestion to visit her again in two hours.

I lounged in the interim to the Louvre, but in vain did the treasures of art present themselves to my eye; my every thought was preoccupied by remembrance of the scene I had witnessed. The form of the lovely, fragile sufferer was ever before me. It seemed, too, that her features were familiar. They haunted me like a dream of the past; but identity came not with the vision. One moment I fancied I had seen her in the Ionian isles, where my health had obliged me to pass the last four years, and from which I was returning, taking Paris *en route*. Then again she recalled the beautiful Lady Fitzgerald. But she it could scarcely be, for, though no accounts of her had reached me during my sojourn in Greece, still she was too fixed in position to associate, even in possibility, with the poor, faded being I had lately seen. Yet it was strangely like her, and I almost regretted that I had obeyed the surgeon's order to retire into the inner shop during her resuscitation, as he was fearful lest the presence of so many strangers might exasperate her nervous excitement; otherwise there would have been opportunity for mutual recognition. But it was chimerical to suppose this. It was doubtless one of those casual resem-

blances which sometimes come across us to perplex and baffle memory.

I returned to the surgeon's; he had just arrived from Mrs. Gordon, for so he told me she was called. He gave a fearful report. She was externally calm and collected, but his experienced eye could detect, through the artificial trammels she had placed on her manner, the vehement struggle of the inner mind. He considered her tottering on the very verge of insanity. He urged me instantly to visit her, and offer the plea of my sex and country to induce her to confidence. I proceeded to her residence, and was admitted. At sight of the picture of Sir Loftus Fitzgerald, which hung over the chimney-piece, I literally stood aghast, for it all but determined my fears that it was indeed his wife whom I had recently seen.

I was not long in doubt. She entered from an adjoining room, looked at me with surprise and earnestness, called me by my name, and burst into tears. I did not attempt to stem the gush of feeling from which I hoped for relief to her overwrought brain. During its indulgence, I had full leisure to observe the almost miraculous havoc which four years had wrought on her person. She was thin to attenuation; her hair was banded back, and showed her once fair, round cheek hollow and sunken; her large, lustrous eyes, by their size and

brilliancy, seemed to make yet more conspicuous the ravages of suffering in the rest of her face. Her brow, once smoother than the polished marble, ploughed by the furrows of care, was now defaced by wrinkles. Her figure, though its graceful symmetry nothing could destroy, retained but the outline of its former perfection. Even her hands, once so remarkable for their beauty, had lost their fair texture and delicate plumpness, and looked thin, feeble, and sickly. Her mouth only was that of other days—a model of expression and beauty.

The torrent of her sorrow at length found pause; and, well divining the anxiety which devoured me to learn what vicissitudes had brought thus lowly in station and broken in spirit one whom I had last seen surrounded by grandeur, beaming with felicity, she murmured, in a low, indistinct voice, "You must indeed wonder to see me thus. It is a long, wild story: will you listen to it? It is well that some one should be the depository of my wrongs; and I thank Heaven for the contingency that has brought you near me this day. The hour may not be far distant when my beloved children may want a protector." And she shuddered as she spoke. It is unnecessary to say with what eagerness and sincerity I offered my services, or with what variety of emotion I listened to the following narrative.

"I will endeavour to be brief and coherent: but my head is strangely confused. You know that, immediately after my marriage, we proceeded to Milan. A few — a very few months elapsed before the conduct of Sir Loftus began to change. All his love and devotion were gone, and succeeded by coldness and indifference. You know my temper is not violent—you will believe, therefore, that I bore the alteration uncomplainingly, though I was sick — how sick! — at heart. My station in society compelling me to be much in public, we were necessarily but little alone, and that little he abridged by every device in his power.

"This continued for a year: I became the mother of that boy. His unkindness, amounting to inhumanity, during my illness, even my attendants commented on. Still I reproached him not: it is not invective that will restore affection. We left Milan, and took a *palazzo* at Naples; and here"— (and her whole frame was convulsed, and for a while she was unable to proceed), "here it was the abyss of that misery opened on me which has so utterly and fatally engulphed me! There was a lady at Naples—Miss Lascelles; I thought her my friend; she was an old playmate, and I rejoiced to see her. She was with us constantly, and I was glad at the attention my husband paid her, for, poor fool that I was! I believed it indirect kindness to myself. But soon it became of

such a nature, that it had been degrading to myself to witness it. Hours, days elapsed, and they were out alone together. Oh! how I shudder when I think what burning, maddening moments of torture I counted over! Passions, more fierce and devastating than the volcano near me raged in my bosom. I knew the man I worshipped — may God forgive me! I fear with sinful idolatry —while I was pacing my lonely chamber, deserted and wretched, was caressing another. Sometimes I imposed on myself the sight of this. It was less intolerable than the thick-thronging fancies which swept over my brain during their absence. But I could not long bear it. The intimacy between them became matter of such public animadversion, that I forbade her my house; from that hour he was almost a stranger too. Even the birth of his little girl sufficed not to draw her from his side.

"At this time a new and singular evil threatened me, the realization of which has precipitated me from affluence to poverty. A claimant to the estates which I possessed made his appearance. It was the son of my father by a woman in the West Indies. I knew not of his existence; but, as if fate had determined to task me to the uttermost limit, he came at this epoch. I cannot explain— my head is too bewildered — all the causes which had kept him so long away. Enough; he produced a certificate of his mother's marriage. Sir Loftus,

who depended so much on the gratification of the senses for enjoyment, regarded the menace of loss of wealth with peculiar apprehension. He met the claim at first with derision, then with the fixed determination to resist it to the utmost. On me he heaped every species of abuse and violence, accusing me of having duped him.

"The man withdrew not his pretensions. Leaving me here, Sir Loftus proceeded to England. Legal authorities were consulted, and a trial followed, in which the jury awarded a verdict to our opponent. We were thus in a moment given over to poverty. All the long arrears of rent were demanded. The property which had accrued to me from my dear mother's death—how often have I blessed Heaven that she lived not to see her child's sufferings!—availed not to meet this: my jewels were sacrificed, and I, the heiress of tens of thousands, forced to employ my musical attainments to procure subsistence for myself and my children.

"I have not told you that I found Sir Loftus, after my marriage, to be deeply involved in debt; and he had long since squandered at the gaming-table the patrimony which he possessed. He returned, with Miss Lascelles living openly as his mistress. I saw him but rarely — his time was divided between her and Frascati. Yet, even yet, I hoped to reclaim him. I would have forgiven him, and he had been dearer to me in poverty than wealth: but it was not to be. With what

delight would I have laboured for him day and night, if his smile had brightened my scanty meal! Riches I did and could surrender unrepiningly; but, oh! the idol whom I could have prayed or defied Heaven for I could not renounce—him, the one love of my youth, of my life! With all his frailties, still was he dear to my fond heart—still was he my husband, whom I had knelt with at the altar, and swore to obey till death. I fear I sinned, for my excess of love has brought on me my doom of woe.

"One morning, about four weeks since, he received letters from England, which strangely discomposed him: he said his presence was instantly necessary in London, and, without bidding me farewell, without one kiss, he set off in the diligence." Here she became so fearfully agitated that I urged her to cease.

"No, no," she vehemently answered; "it is coming to an end—it is all coming to an end. I heard nothing till this day. I had letters—one from my solicitor: he tells me" (and she grasped my hand tightly, while her wild, haggard looks filled me with alarm) "that—that Sir Loftus is a married man—has had a wife and family for years; and I, wretched creature, have been but his paramour! My children, my poor children, they, too, will have the brand of infamy stamped on their brows — they are illegitimate!" And her ashen cheek became streaked with a crimson light.

"But that is not all;" and her large eyes had a look of fierce despair, and she shrieked, rather than spoke, the other words: "I had another letter; it was from him, my husband—oh, no; I have no husband! I was but his mistress. He wrote from Liverpool. He tells me that he supposes I shall commence proceedings against him; but he cares not, for he is sailing for America—and not alone: she—the woman—my friend, goes with him, and he intends to marry her as soon as he lands. And he says he never loved me — he only married me for my fortune; and I have bartered my all of happiness here, perilled, it may be, my soul hereafter, for one who never loved me. How shall I live? the finger of scorn will point at me, the laugh of derision greet my approach. Where shall I hide? I have no money, no character, no name!" and she groaned aloud.

For some time I had watched her with foreboding apprehensions. As she uttered the last words, she started up, and rushed to the window, and, had I not caught her by the robe, would have dashed herself into the street. I seized her hand, and her screams were heart-piercing. "Off, let me go; I will — will die!" The violence of her cries brought up the inmates of the apartments below. It was but too evident that her senses were gone, and that strong coercion was necessary. I sent for the surgeon. He pronounced her immediate removal to a lunatic asylum compulsory;

and, when the night of that eventful day closed over her unhappy head, she was an inmate of *La Salpétrière*, a raving maniac. There she remains to this hour.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! oft, in the depth of a dark winter's day,
The sun his bright beams on the landscape may fling,
Soft breezes around us may wooingly play,
And our senses rejoice in the softness of spring.

But the groves and the gardens deserted and drear,
Once gay with rich foliage and roses in bloom,
Remind us that soon must the charm disappear,
And winter return in its coldness and gloom.

Thus oft, when we pass through the valley of years,
Our way may be lighted with Fancy's warm ray,
Our hearts may thrill fondly with hopes and with fears,
We may feel the glad freshness of Life's dawning day.

But vainly we seek for the early-loved race
Of friends and companions that brightened the earth.

They are gone; chilling strangers appear in their
place:
We mourn the lone hall and the desolate hearth.

The spell has passed over: Life comes on our eyes
In its chill, wintry aspect of sternness and truth.
Alas! we must reach a bright home in the skies,
Ere we welcome again the lost spring of our
youth!

MONODY.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

They're all, all gone, my loved, my own!
With swelling heart and swimming eye,
In our old home I sit alone,
And call them; but there's no reply.

The moon a sad, cold lustre pours
Along these dim, forsaken walls:
No form moves o'er the silent floors,
Nor shade appears, nor footstep falls.

I see no dear, familiar face,
I hear no soothing, kindred tone:
The hush profound, the vacant place,
Assures me I am all alone.

But in the vine that, quivering, clings
About the casement and the eaves,
A solemn dirge the night-wind sings
Among the tendrils and the leaves.

And while the sighing breezes sweep
The branches of the door-yard tree,
They seem like spirits come to weep,
And hold a mournful watch with me.

I ask the moon so sadly fair,
The night's cool breath through shadows drawn,
"What are they who were mine? and where?"
A void but answers, "All, all gone!"

I pray yon holy evening star,
Since here they are no more to come,
To tell me how and where they are;
But Silence answers, "All gone home!"

I bid the heavens their vault unclose,
And show me what that home may be
Where my earth-wearied ones repose:
A spirit answers, "Die to see!"*

Newburyport, Mass., U. S.

* Independently of the high poetic beauty of this Monody, it will have a deep interest for every reader of feeling who learns that it was suggested by the decease of the author's father, that venerable parent who is so affectingly mentioned in the opening piece of our last volume.—EDITOR.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

Midnight! How I love that solemn hour! there is something in its perfect stillness that brings peace to the soul. Summer eve would be delightful could it only be divested of its varied sounds; but how often, when you are enjoying the beautiful sunset and the balmy air, and lost in wild imaginings, is your reverie disturbed by *baa, baa,* in its various intonations, from the deep bass of the old bell-wether to the tremulous treble of the lamb! The sheep are going to fold. There is something pleasing and pastoral in the idea, if they would only do it quietly; but there is no eluding the horrid noise. No; I have tried every corner of the park in vain; it seems to pervade the atmosphere like the oppressive perfume of a bean-field, which is enough to give every one a headache within a mile of it.

Then there are the cricketers on the village green. I would not for the world deprive them of their amusement. I am delighted to see that, after the toil of the day, the industrious peasantry have spirits enough to enjoy this good old English

game. But does one man among them get an extra notch by all that shrieking?

I cannot understand why it is that noise should be so absolutely indispensable to perfect enjoyment, where the restraints of civilization do not interfere to prevent it. Look at savages under excitement. They rush to battle with a shout; their dancing would be no pleasure were it performed in silence; and the necessity of observing silence during the chase must no doubt diminish the satisfaction they experience in that universal amusement. Look at children—when freed from control, they can shout and shriek to their hearts' content. Oh, it is enviable! Even a dog would not quite enjoy his game, did he not give vent to his pleasure in barking.

I have often thought that deafness would add greatly to my benevolent feelings towards my fellow-creatures. I love to *see* people happy, but to *hear* them so — alas! I cannot do it without an irritable sensation, which I have difficulty to control.

Harsh and dissonant sounds seem almost peculiar to living creatures — I will not say human beings, because some animals may be included in the censure—and their inventions. In Nature, every thing proceeds either without sound, or with sounds that produce either exciting or pleasing emotions. The sun, moon, and stars perform their

course in silence, while the mighty and terrific voices of the thunder, the wind, and the waters, cause sensations of mingled awe and pleasure. This last class of sounds may be said to produce excitement, the former irritation.

Now I have no doubt that the irritable susceptibility of my organs of hearing is as incomprehensible to some of my readers, as it is to me to see persons put themselves in a passion — and I have seen such a thing — because a dish is placed upon the table awry. It is very probable that, from some peculiar formation of the eye, it may be quite as painful to them to see the dish in that position as the most discordant sound is to me. I should like to take forcible possession of some such unsusceptible person, and place him in a room in the middle of a long street, in which he could hear distinctly, from one end to the other, the old Scotchman who did, and, for aught I know, does still, perambulate the "West End" at a snail's pace, extracting from a cracked flageolet tunes, each note of which drawls out like drops of half frozen oil from a narrow-necked bottle. Let him at the same time be occupied in the composition of some letter of importance, by the touching eloquence of which he hopes to move the heart of some wealthy, obdurate damsel, or draw from the iron-bound coffers of some miserly old relative a sum which he scarcely dares name to free himself

from the daily persecutions of an inexorable tailor; if he does not, within ten minutes, rise in a state little short of frenzy, and, seizing the bell-rope with an energy that brings it to the ground, desire the alarmed and breathless servant to purchase the absence of his tormentor at any price, why then I am a loss for words to express my sense of his insensibility.

It is some consolation to me to know that I possess this weakness in common with one great man at least. The renowned Wallenstein, who delighted in the tumult of war and the noisy bustle of a camp, could not in his retirement bear the sound of a wagon, the jingling of spurs, the barking of dogs, or even loud talking in his antechamber. I have, therefore, resolved that insensibility to noise proceeds either from extraordinary absence or great vacancy of mind. Having settled the point so satisfactorily to myself, I will return to my first point, "The Midnight Hour."

The sky is bespangled with stars; not a sound is heard, save now and then a faint rustling of the leaves, and the occasional note of the owl and the night-hawk. It may seem strange taste, but I prefer them to any other birds, they sound so "entirely country." You may hear the thrush, the blackbird, the nightingale, in the green lanes round London, but the owl loves a quiet retreat; and, if the voice of mirth ever breaks in upon his re-

tirement, it is the merry song of the reapers returning from the harvest-home, not the noisy hilarity of "three in a gig," the wheel-tracks of which give indubitable evidence of the state of the driver.

It was on a fine moonlight night in summer that I was sitting at the open window, enjoying the solemn stillness of the hour, and, in a sort of dreamy abstraction, picturing to myself the variety of different scenes that were then acting in the world, and how few of the actors were *really* happy in their occupations. I had been reading in the morning the twelfth canto of the Orlando Furioso, in which Atlante lures the knight to his enchanted palace, where he vainly pursues the shadow of Angelica. In a state between waking and sleeping, the enchanter and his fairy mansion mixed themselves up with the thoughts that had been passing through my mind.

I found myself at the entrance of the palace just as the turret-clock had chimed the hour of midnight, and was met there by Atlante, who offered to be my conductor through its apartments, and to display to my view the various scenes that were then acting on the stage of human life. I followed him, and, looking through a glass that he gave me, observed a motley crowd, some in eager pursuit of their being's end and aim, and as unsuccessful as Orlando in the pursuit of Angelica, be-

cause, like him, they mistook the shadow for the substance; others suffering in a thousand different ways the "vast variety of pain," the bitter pangs of remorse, hopeless poverty, or agonizing disease. Oh! could the discontented minions of prosperity, who, like the Sybarite, complain if but a leaf be folded in their bed of roses, could they know but a thousandth part of the misery there is in the world, surely their consciences would reproach them for their repining spirit, and they would turn with gratitude to that beneficent Being who has bestowed on them blessings of which they are so unworthy!

I passed over the field of battle strewed with the dead and the dying, and the groans of the wounded rang mournfully in my ears. I entered the tent of the victorious general. Melancholy was depicted on the countenances of himself and his companions, as they gazed on the vacant seats which, but the evening before, had been occupied by their friends now no more. He pronounced an eulogium on the departed, and congratulated those who were present on the glory they had acquired. Is glory happiness? Ah, no!

I visited the pale student, whose midnight lamp shed a dim gleam on the ponderous volumes of antiquity, over which he was poring in the eager pursuit of that fame which his wan cheek and

wasted form plainly indicated that he would not live to enjoy.

The calm stillness of the Arab encampment; the smooth gliding of the Venetian gondola, with the wild song of the gondoliers; the reflection of the domes and minarets of Constantinople in the peaceful bosom of the Bosphorus; the midnight vigil of the monk; the raving of the maniac, and the dreamless slumber of infancy, formed a strange contrast to the scenes of thoughtless gaiety and dissipation, of avarice and ambition, that passed in review before me in the metropolis of my own country. There I saw slumber banished from the pillow of the anxious speculator by schemes of gain, the success of which would only add to the cares instead of increasing the happiness of the busy schemer, and the sleepless couch of the votary of ambition, in whose mind plans of expediency overpowered the sense of justice, realizing the words of the poet—

> Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
> If not, by any means get wealth and place.

My guide now pointed out to me an apartment, over which was inscribed, in characters of fire,

LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI CH' INTRATE.

We entered; it was fitted up in the most magnificent style. The rich hangings and gilded cornices, with the brilliant light of the numerous

lamps, formed a striking contrast with the haggard appearance and anxious looks of its inmates.

My attention was attracted to a young man of about twenty-three. His trembling hand, and the intense anxiety depicted in his countenance, convinced me that his all depended on the next throw. With desperate energy he dashed the dice upon the board. Never shall I forget the look of agony with which he rose from the table, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, in a tone that yet thrills in my ear, "Ruined! utterly ruined!" He left the room with a slow and tottering pace. Within an hour he had ceased to live.

The scene vanished, and a strain of slow and mournful music came floating on the air. I found myself standing in a small but highly ornamented chapel, hung with black. A funeral procession approached; servants in long mourning robes bearing torches, and the priests chanting the funeral dirge, as they consigned to the tomb of his ancestors the unhonoured remains of the last of the Sydneys.

His was a melancholy but by no means a singular history. He was the only son of an ancient Catholic family. His father died while he was a child, and left him and an only sister to the care of an affectionate but weak mother, who had never controlled his inclination. His naturally good disposition preserved him from falling into those ex-

cesses into which many might have been led by the absence of all restraint at so early an age; but she had neglected to instil into his mind those principles which are alone to be depended on when temptations assail. He had returned from his travels only in time to receive her last blessing. For some time after her death he continued to reside with his sister on his family estate, where his agreeable manners and cultivated mind caused him to be universally beloved in his neighbourhood, and his unaffected kindness and liberality to be idolized by his tenantry. On the marriage of his sister, which took place a few months before the scene which I have just described, he came to London; and, falling into the society of one of his former companions, whose fascinating manners but too well concealed the dark spirit that lurked beneath, was by him introduced to the associates whose evil influence, acting on his too easy disposition, led to the fatal result just related.

O Gaming, baneful and destructive vice! thou powerful engine of Satan, with which he destroys thy votaries, body and soul!

Many a man has entered the career of a gambler with all the upright and honourable feelings of a gentleman. No man ever continued in it any length of time, and retained those feelings — the nature of the pursuit renders it impossible. The man who, when he first gives way to this frightful

vice, would scorn to take an unfair advantage of his adversary, become a decided gamester, would, without compunction, avail himself of any dishonest artifice, when his all was at stake. Nor is this the worst: while there is life there may be repentance; but how often does the losing gamester, committing that "sin which is unto death," because it can never be repented of, rush unbidden into the presence of his Maker, to expiate a life of guilt by a futurity of torment!

I quitted this melancholy scene, and, a blaze of light and lively music attracting me to a distant part of the building, I entered the ball-room, whence the sounds proceeded. Here, at least, pleasure seemed to reign triumphant; but, on looking through my glass, the aspect of affairs was greatly changed. Mortified vanity, anxiety, and disappointment usurped the place of the "wreathed smiles" that had misled me. Here rank and wealth met with the attention denied to merit, and mothers and daughters vied with each other in their flattering devotion to elder sons, and all those who were considered what are called "good matches." The gentlemen were not backward to take advantage of the distinction thus bestowed upon them, and treated their worshippers with the careless neglect and impertinence which, I could not help allowing, they deserved. Nor did I consider them much to blame in the affair. If

a lady herself forgets the respect that is due to her, she has not much right to condemn the gentlemen for following her example; and, if she is content to put up with slights and presumption in the hope of eventually succeeding in her aim, I do not much pity her for the mortifications which she must undergo in the pursuit. Devoutly is it to be wished that they may serve to put an end to the race of manœuvring mothers, who have so long infested society, to the scandal of England and the wonder of the continent.

My interest was particularly excited by a lovely girl, who seemed to take but little notice of what was passing around her, for her eyes were constantly directed to the door; when suddenly her heightened colour and animated look induced me to turn mine in the same direction. I saw a young man of prepossessing appearance just entering. I raised my glass, and sighed for the fair object of my interest, when I perceived the vain, selfish, heartless being that was concealed beneath this pleasing exterior. Having arranged his curls in the most becoming style in the opposite mirror, he approached with an air of *empressement*, that made me hope his affections were not entirely centred in himself, to claim her hand for the dance. I was soon undeceived. They had retired, on the conclusion of the quadrille, to the window, where he was evidently exerting all his powers of fascina-

tion, and with no slight effect, if I might judge from the happy countenance of his fair auditress; when, on a sudden, his eye caught some object on the other side of the room, which seemed to paralyze his efforts, and, some one addressing his companion at the moment, he abruptly left her. The story is not a new one, and soon told.

He was about to sacrifice virtue, beauty, and accomplishments at the shrine of Mammon, and yet his heartless vanity could impel him to tamper to the last moment with the affections of his confiding victim. She saw him by the side of her rival, and the fatal truth of the report which she could not credit flashed upon her mind: not daring to trust her feelings, she hastily retired.

I have often been much at a loss to account for a phenomenon which I have frequently remarked — a sensible woman really attached to one of these heartless coxcombs. It is quite beyond my comprehension. I can only conclude that it is a wise dispensation of Providence for the benefit of the future generation; for, were both parents destitute of feeling and principle — alas for the poor children!

After the glare of the ball-room, the next apartment seemed darkness visible; but when, in a few seconds, my eye had become accustomed to the gloom, I perceived at the other end of the room a window, at which was placed a telescope. I ap-

proached, and, on looking through it, saw a gallant vessel dancing on the waves of the wide Atlantic. The sultry day had confined the passengers to their cabins, and they were now enjoying the cool night-breeze as they slowly paced the deck. I heard the hum of voices, and, occasionally catching the sounds "promotion," "rupees," "the company," was aware that she was an outward-bound Indiaman, their future prospects being the subject of conversation. Some were anticipating a golden harvest, while others looked for a moderate competence only, with which they might end their days in peace amid the scenes of their childhood; but all had hope: life were a dreary waste without it. There was a little knot of ladies sitting apart from the rest, and apparently deeply interested in the details furnished by one of their number, who, from her appearance, was not crossing the "vasty deep" for the first time. I was anxious to hear the subject under discussion, but I listened in vain, "the governor's ball," "the last Paris fashion," being the only words I could distinguish: so perhaps I did not lose much.

As my eye wandered over the ship, it rested on a well-remembered face. Yes; there he sat, the cherished one of many a fond heart—why joins he not the throng? Ah, no! the busy future occupies not him at that still hour—'tis sacred to the past. The summer rides beneath the greenwood

shade, the terrace walk by moonlight, the cheerful circle round the Christmas fire—yes, one by one, that circle pass before him, and he trembles as he thinks that some may be missing ere he returns. But he, too, has hope—a hope that cannot end in disappointment; he has placed his trust above; and, as he raised his tearful eyes to heaven, I heard him gently murmur, "Father, thy will be done!"

If there is a road that leads to happiness on earth, that one short sentence points the way.

L. B.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I love thee not
For all thy pomp and power,
But that thou never hast forgot
The friend who shared thy lowlier bower!

I prize thee not
Because thou'rt decked with gems and gold,
But that thou never hast forgot
My love in hours of sorrow told.

That heart is thine,
Which, ev'n in all thy grandeur, turns
More to the god than to the shrine
On which its passion-incense burns!

ISAMBART AND EDITH.

ISAMBART AND EDITH.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

A girl, whose hair in golden shower fell lightly from
her brow,
Sate wreathing many a summer flower beside a
fountain's flow;
The beauty of her youthful face was very fair to
see,
A woman's in its thoughtful grace, a child's in purity.
The dimpled softness of a child's was on her rounded
cheek,
But the rich blushes mantling there did the woman's
heart bespeak;
Scarce fourteen summers on her form their sunny
light had shed,
Yet even now was she betrothed a noble youth to
wed.

For once a maiden's gentle heart knew no dissentient
voice
Unto her sire's imperious will, and the lover of his
choice,
The orphan of an ancient house, young Isambart had
come,
A boy of ten years old, to find a shelter in her home;

And she, a babe, scarce numbering days so many as his years,
Knew him first prompter of her smiles, first soother of her tears,
First gatherer of the meadow flowers, her silken hair to deck,
First plunderer of the wood-bird's eggs, to wreath her dimpled neck.

'Twas Isambart who earliest taught the songs and legends wild,
That filled with bright imaginings the fancy of the child;
'Twas Isambart who guided first the little maiden's hand
Those wands of wondrous power, the pen and pencil, to command;
'Twas Isambart who made her feel, whilst Learning's path she trod,
Her mind should ever fix its goal beside the throne of God,
And in the stars, and in the flowers, and in the singing rill,
He bade her read bright lessons of her Maker's wisdom still.

Oh, what a burst of glad surprise, when, at her sire's command,
She gave to him who won her heart the promise of her hand!

It was the opening of a view so happy and so bright,
Her timid spirit almost shrank beneath its sudden light.
Yet sadly fell a shadow too on Edith's loving heart,
When the dreary thought beset her soul that they must surely part;
For Isambart a proud career of valour would begin,
And knightly spurs and a warrior's meed and fame were all to win.

Yes, he was gone, and that light heart, that knew no other woe,
Was saddened just enough to make the fountain's whispering flow
Seem like a voice of gentle grief, whose low melodious tone
Lent to some loving heart relief in sorrow like her own;
And giving freedom to the thoughts that heaved her bosom fair,
Her wild sweet song gushed softly out upon the balmy air;
Like the lightest chords of a lovely lute that simple music rang,
And thus amidst the summer flowers the youthful Edith sang:—

Softly the waters glitter
In the sunny ray;
Sweetly the wild birds twitter
On the bending spray.

Yet a tone of sadness
  Mingles with their glee:
Where is now the gladness
  Of light and melody?

What hath taught the flowers
  With their gorgeous dyes,
From my own gay bowers,
  To look like pitying eyes?
Oh, the very sunbeam,
  Touching thus my brow,
Seems sad in the bright stillness
  Of its shining now!

Whisper, fountain, whisper!
  Tell me what thou art;
Art thou grown a lisper
  For some lonely heart?
I have learnt thy language,
  I can love its tone,
For it seems the echo
  Springing from mine own!

Now see that lovely one again, but what a change is here!
It is not grief, it is not pain, that prompts that starting tear;
And now her cheek is burning red, and now as ivory pale;
And see, she droops her timid head beneath her bridal veil!
Her bridal veil! Ay, three long years in light and shade are flown
Since by the fountain's side she sate amidst the flowers alone,

And, glowing with his fair renown, and full of love
and pride,
Sir Isambart hath hastened home, and claimed his
promised bride.

Another parting! Must it be? oh, the first sadden-
ing woe
Of her happy girlhood seems a joy to that she now
must know;
How little did the blushing girl love like the noble wife,
How little *then* within his own was twined her very
life!
How shall she bear it? Yet in vain to murmur or to
pray,
It is the voice of duty calls, the warrior must obey:
And she hath calmed her throbbing brow, and stilled
her beating heart,
And knelt in prayer, and nerved herself to feel that
they must part.

Talk not of manly fearlessness upon the battle-field,
Talk not of warrior bravery beneath the helm and
shield;
There is as high a courage in that woman's loving
breast,
There is her constancy of heart put to as stern a test;
Why, it were wild relief to fall upon his neck and
weep!
To loose the torrents of despair, that now their boun-
daries keep;

But that unburdening of her heart must shake no
chord of his,
And all her energies are roused to bear the farewell
kiss.

His steed stands ready at the gate, one hand is on
the rein,
The other circleth still the form he ne'er may see
again.
A moment's pause, a long long gaze into her pallid
face,
One kiss! he dare not turn again to take a long em-
brace:—
"Farewell!" the word comes gasping forth, and
nerveless falls the hand
That clasped his own, and, statue-like, awhile he sees
her stand;
"Farewell!" then bowing low her head, like a
storm-beaten flower,
With slow and faltering step she turns and seeks her
lonely bower.

She kneels and hides her beauteous face. Ay, *now*
will come relief;
Speak not a word, try not to soothe! but let her
spend her grief!
Loose fall her tresses on her neck, and loosened is
her zone
By the wild sobs that shake her frame, and she is
best alone.

Oh, nought but Heaven should see the might of such
o'erpowering woe,
For what but Heaven the wondrous depths of love
like hers can know?
Fear not her bosom will be left to wither in de-
spair,
Soon o'er its troubled waves will float the balmy
breath of prayer.

"Now ply your needles well, my maids, and be the
colours bright,
This silken banner 'broider we, to greet my own true
knight,
A wreath of laurel on the marge, his griffin crest
below,
And many a favourite flower around in graceful group
must glow.
And, while we weave rich tracery here, the time will
pass along
Lightlier, perchance, if we shall sing in turn some
simple song.
Constance! Matilda! Nay, ye blush! then must I
try *my* skill;"
And thus they heard her soft sweet voice the spa-
cious chamber fill.

Distant from me!
Thou who art ever enthroned in my heart,
Thou who of joy and of life art a part,
How may it be?

Yet art thou gone,
Gone, where the clashing of swords and of spears
Stills in thine heart the remembrance of tears
Shed by thine Own.

White plumes around
Dance in the sunshine, and music sweeps by,
How may the breath of the absent one's sigh
Pierce through the sound?

Day after day
Thou wilt be passing o'er valley and hill,
Beauty unknown will be greeting thee still,
Wooing thy stay.

Wilt thou forget?
Will not sweet eve with her earliest star
Bring with the memory of those who are far
Gentle regret?

And when the night
Wraps thee in slumber, *One* surely will be
Gazing with looks of affection on thee,
Mournfully bright!

Come to me, come!
If in the magic of love be a spell,
Homeward the wanderer's step to compel,
Come to me home!

Hasten, to find ———

The lady paused with sudden start, she let her needle fall,
And gazed, with awed yet vacant gaze, upon the chamber wall;

Half had she risen, yet spell-bound stopped, and
gently raised her hand,
As if some solemn scene were there, that silence
should command;
Slowly her eyes went wandering the spacious chamber
round,
Rested a moment on the door, and then her voice
she found,
But oh, *so* changed! a tone of deep but whispered
agony,
"Believe me, or believe me not, I tell you it was He.

"I tell you it was Isambart, all stiff, and cold, and
white,
Yet not a wound, no trickling blood, or scar, hath
met my sight;
His armour was not girded on, his stately head was
bare,
And the phantom wore that damask robe ye know he
used to wear;
'Twas no deceit, that damask robe is ever kept by me,
And treasured as a sacred thing, in strict security.
Surely my love a pallid corse in foreign land doth lie,
Or weak and wasted by decay, he cometh home to
die!"

"Fling wide the portals! hang the halls with ban-
ners rich and gay,
Conspicuous be our 'broidery, my maids, this happy
day!

And fill yon nimble page's hand with crowns of ruddy gold,
And give him, too, my blessing, for the blessed news he told.
And for the meanest vassal let the richest wine-cask flow;
I would have nought but cheerfulness to-day on every brow;
Let all partake our festive joy; I long to say to all,
My own dear Isambart returns unto my father's hall!"

He hath held her to his heart again, and now she need not stay
Her tears, for they are happy tears, to wash her woes away;
No likeness to the vision clouds his proud and open brow,
He never had a brighter smile and gayer laugh than now!
The sun of other lands hath touched with ruddier hue his cheek;
How could she fear that manly hand had grown unnerved and weak!
Thank Heaven! he hath returned, and all her anxious fears are o'er,
Thank Heaven! the war is over now, and they shall part no more.

Who are the parted? Those whom seas and rolling
floods divide?
Betwixt whose dwellings mountains stand, and de-
sarts lone and wide?
Or those, whose hearts, once twined as they could
ne'er in love be changed,
Some sudden storm, some hasty word, in anger hath
estranged?
Not these—the ocean may be past, the desert may be
crossed,
And time and counsel may recall the friends that folly
lost;
Not these—where dwells one dawning beam of hope
her noon may spread—
On earth the truly parted are the living and the
dead!

Feels not the noble lady this? was not the warning
true?
Oh, that she might the anxious days of his warrior
life renew!
Their restlessness, their trembling love, their mingled
hopes and fears,
Were transport to this blank despair—these unavail-
ing tears!
Moons have gone by, yet still she steals at twilight's
hour away,
To sit beside the sculptured form, stretched o'er his
mouldering clay;

And then that voice, so often raised in tenderness or glee,
Breathes on the balmy evening air this dirge-like melody.

Home for the wanderer, home!
I prayed that thou might'st come
In safety o'er the sea,
Thou camest at my prayer,
But couldst not tarry there,
And I must go to thee!

Peace for the slumberer, peace!
All storms and sorrows cease,
And thou art truly free;
Free from the cumbering clay,
That I must cast away,
Ere I can go to thee!

Rest, my beloved, rest!
Peace dwelleth with the blest;
Yet Joy shall surely be
Like some soft zephyr's balm,
Rippling thy spirit's calm
When I shall go to thee!

Couldst thou return! but no!
That wish hath brought me woe,
Thou mayest not come to me;
Hope, even amidst despair,
Prompts in my heart this prayer—
That I may go to thee!

THE PIRATE.

BY MRS. LEE.

Towards the close of the last century, one of his majesty's small frigates, the Sylph, having cruised for some time in the Indian Sea, was short of water, and made for one of the numerous islands in that ocean, to replenish her casks. Two midshipmen and a boat's crew, well armed, were sent ashore to reconnoitre, but, after several hours' search in the western part of the island, they were obliged to return unsuccessful, and without having seen any living thing, except birds, reptiles, and insects. Convinced, however, from the luxuriance of the vegetation that fresh water must exist there, Captain C., the commander of the Sylph, ordered one of his lieutenants to make a second trial the next day. He and his men accordingly started at daybreak, and, rowing in the contrary direction to that taken the preceding morning, they came to a small creek, which proved to be the outlet of a stream; but the water, even when they had proceeded some distance up, was so brackish, that it could not possibly answer their purpose. The trees became more lofty, the

jungle thicker, and the soil gradually assumed a rocky aspect close to the stream. "All these signs betoken water," said the lieutenant to himself, and, leaving one or two men in charge of the boat, he, with the rest, jumped ashore, in order to penetrate through the jungle. Armed with hatchets, they made their way into the mass of bushes and creepers, which formed a barrier at almost every step, and after much toil reached an open space, covered with short thick grass.

The distance which they had come was not great; but the toil had been heavy, and they were glad to rest themselves. A spring of clear pure water gushed from between two low rocks, of which they availed themselves, in order to bathe their hands and faces, and to refresh their parched throats; and they threw themselves down upon the beautiful carpet beneath them. The loveliest flowers bloomed around: the jessamine, in tropical profusion, hung in festoons from tree to tree, and perfumed the air; and birds of the most brilliant plumage fluttered among the branches.

After an hour's rest, the lieutenant started up, and, rousing his men, ordered them to return by the path which they had themselves cut, "for," said he, "I see no way of getting to these springs which will serve us. We must make another trial to-morrow, and go quite round the island. Now we must be gone." The men took

their hatchets and departed, but he still lingered in this tiny paradise, and again went round its outskirts, to seek for some outlet. While thus occupied, his foot struck against something loose which lay in the grass, and, stooping to pick it up, he found a small dagger, wrought in the oriental fashion, and the shining condition of which proved that it had been recently dropped. He turned round, in expectation of seeing the owner, but there was not the slightest trace of any human being; he called, he whistled, but the silence was undisturbed by man.

Securing the dagger, he was about to retrace his steps, when a low murmuring sound met his ear; he paused, and it ceased. "Speak again," said he.

"Hush," replied the voice. "Big pirate close by, ship in rocks t'other side, men sick. Go now, come again to-morrow."

Hesitating as to the prudence of himself verifying this intelligence, he considered for a minute, then hastily rejoined his men, who, uneasy at his absence, had just determined to seek him. He was the last to enter the boat, and stood upright in it, without appearing to think of those around him, when, suddenly springing again on the bank, "Belay a little, my lads!" he exclaimed, "I should like to climb that tree, and see if from the top I can discover any other way to the springs."

Clinging to the trunk like a cat, Lieutenant Neville soon attained the summit, and what he saw there he did not impart to his men, but, coming down, and seating himself in the stern of the boat, he gave orders to row back to the ship. They obeyed in silence; but, after a few minutes of apparent meditation, he raised his head with a cheerful animated look, and said: — "We must try again to-morrow, and go northwards."

By the time he trod the planks of his floating home, he had entirely regained his cheerfulness, and, stepping lightly on the quarter-deck, cap in hand, he reported his adventure to his commanding officer, adding, that, from the tree which he had climbed, he had seen the masts of a vessel, and that he hoped if Captain C. should decide on attacking the pirate, he might be allowed to conduct the enterprize.

"Certainly, Mr. Neville," replied Captain C., "it is your turn; but so formidable a force as we know this fellow to possess requires some deliberation as to the best mode of meeting it. How many of his men are sick we cannot tell; he himself may be ill, but there are others to take his place, who are not inferior to him in point of courage, and scarcely so in authority over their lawless crew. However," continued Captain C., with an air of great satisfaction, "I flatter myself we have caught him at last, and it shall go very hard with us if we do not secure him."

Retiring to the cabin with his lieutenants, all three deliberated on the best mode of securing the prize; the effervescing courage of the younger officer being tempered by the experience of the elders. In a spot so little known to them, it was not deemed advisable to undertake the attack during the night; still no time was to be lost, as, if the pirate ascertained the vicinity of the Sylph, and should not be in a condition to fight, there was little doubt that he would be off immediately, and, from the speed of his vessel, wholly escape them. The moon rose late, and all were to be in readiness to start when she was fully up; but first communicating to the men the supposition, from what had passed, that the pirate was on the other side of the island, volunteers were called for to man the boats. The whole crew expressed their willingness to undertake the duty, but, as all could not be employed, one of the midshipmen was desired to cast lots among them, and those on whom they fell were ordered to take some rest, while the others made preparations for the expedition. A careful watch was kept; and the young lieutenant, far from turning into his cot himself, superintended all the operations, seeing that the arms were in good order, and the ammunition provided for the pistols. The boarding pikes, cutlasses, and grappling hooks, were stowed away in the bottom of the boats, and over them were

placed the empty casks, to give the expedition the semblance, when at a distance, of a watering party.

At length the moment arrived when all was ready: the men were full of joy and alacrity, and the lieutenant and midshipmen seemed to tread on air. Captain C. rose to see them off, and, at parting with Mr. Neville, impressed on him the necessity of using the utmost caution, and proceeding with perfect coolness and prudence.

"I know it, sir," he replied, slightly lifting his cap from his head; "I own that I am very apt to be impetuous, but, indeed, sir, you may now confide in me, for I have dearly bought a little coolness," his eyes slightly glancing at a scar upon his hand, which was an evidence that the wound there inflicted had nearly disabled him for life.

"I believe it, and, as a proof," said Captain C., "I give you command of this expedition. I am happy to see that the lots have fallen well, and, had you picked your men, you could not have had a better crew. May God grant you success!"

In silence did the men embark, and, steering for the island, they rounded the eastern point, avoiding the creek, up which they knew that no vessel of any size could go, but quite uncertain as to what was on the other side. Here they came to a ridge of rocks, which entirely concealed them. Lieutenant Neville, ordering them to lie

close, mounted one of the peaks with infinite labour, and, no sooner had he reached the summit, than a most beautiful sight presented itself. In a peaceful cove, formed into the shape of a crescent by the ridges of rocks on either side, with the island itself shelving down to it, lay the exquisite vessel of the pirate under bare poles, and every one on board apparently buried in slumber. An awning was stretched across the quarter-deck, and every thing wore the appearance of utter security, and an intention to make a long stay in that spot. In fact, nothing could be better calculated to restore health; the verdant shore, the little amphitheatre of wood behind it, the picturesque rocks, imparting beauty and freshness; the tranquillity; all transformed it into a perfect ocean gem, and contrasted it strangely with the ferocious character of those who were taking advantage of its loveliness. The vessel herself was of exquisite shape; long and sharp was her hull, and painted white, with a broad green streak; her tall and taper spars were calculated to carry those lofty small sails which catch the light breezes of the tropical seas; her figure-head was a tigress, most admirably carved, as if springing on her prey. This was, probably, meant to convey not only the character, but the name of the vessel, for so had her commander called her.

Descending as speedily as possible, Lieutenant

Neville re-entered the boat, and gave orders to his men to pull round the rocks, but, if possible, to find a pass through them to take advantage of, as he thought much depended on his coming near before the enemy knew of their approach. This enemy was evidently numerous, and certainly of the most formidable nature, but not once did any individual of the crew think of their comparatively small number, and each, strong in himself, believed that he was as good as any five of "the rascals" whom he had to encounter.

Passing swiftly between two of the rocks, they kept close in to the shore, as if seeking for a landing-place for their casks. When within gunshot of the Tigress, a voice from the bows proved that some watch was still kept on board.

"Now, lads," said the lieutenant, "pull with all your might, and straight for the ship."

"Boat, ahoy!" again proceeded from the Tigress, and several heads then appeared. "Long and strong" were the strokes given by the Englishmen to their oars, the boats flew across the glassy surface of the cove, till they were within close hail, and the union jack was hoisted. The signal remained unanswered, but the alarm was given, and the decks appeared to teem with life.

"We are in want of water," said Lieutenant Neville; "can you tell us where to fill our casks?" There was evidently a consultation on board, and

while it was holding the Englishmen approached, the grappling hooks were fixed to the vessel, and they poured upon her decks armed to the teeth; Lieutenant Neville being the foremost, and, in spite of his promised caution, so rapid had been his ascent, that for a few moments he stood alone among the ruffians of the Tigress.

"Treason, ho!" cried a loud voice, which reached from stem to stern of the vessel; "fire upon them!"

But it was no longer time; they were already engaged in close combat with the ruffian crew, some of whom were only half dressed, while others, in their thin and pale faces, bore evidence of recent sickness. Seizing the first weapons which they could find, there seemed to be no end to the forms which issued from every part of the ship; and they disputed every foot of the deck with the assailants, showing a desperation which supplied the place of strength. The Englishmen, keeping as closely together as possible, in two parties went fore and aft, and literally hewed them down with their heavy strokes and self-possessed movements; now and then they whispered to each other, "Hot work this!" but the wedge was too close to be broken; and frequently the pistol which would have given the mortal blow was wrested from the hands of the pirates, and hurled over their heads into the water. One voice

was heard every where, directing and encouraging the men, and that proceeded from the captain of the pirates; who, standing at the door of his cabin, deliberately aimed at the intruders when he could do so without wounding his own men, a circumstance most difficult to avoid in the confusion of so close a fight. Through his bronzed complexion, his thick moustaches, and long hair, which fell wildly about his face, signs of illness were still apparent, but his hand was steady, and his voice thundered above the imprecations and the cries and groans of the wounded and dying, who were now beginning to strew the deck.

The number of combatants was evidently thinned, though but few of the Englishmen had fallen. Lieutenant Neville gradually advanced towards the cabin-door, when the pirate, whose pistols were already discharged, levelled a pike at him, which slightly grazed his side, and entered the left arm. Regardless of the blood which followed, the young man now engaged with the pirate hand to hand in mortal combat. The remainder of the crew had drawn themselves up in a body before the cabin; the Englishmen, then quitting their close order of fight, sprang upon them, and many dropped from wounds or exhaustion. At length, their leader, finding his chance of victory becoming every moment less, suddenly left his adversary, and darted into the cabin, and as instantaneously

returned, bearing in his arms a young female, who struggled to get free; but, retaining her in his iron grasp, he shouted, "Behold your countrywoman! she is my prisoner, and shall not survive me; the first who strikes shall see this dagger plunged into her heart."

The lady fainted, and the Englishmen, appalled, stayed their already uplifted arms; but the scene was changed in a moment; some unseen person from behind made a cut at the pirate's head, and struck him to the deck, upon which he fell lifeless. The remainder of his crew yielded themselves prisoners; the lady was dragged from under the bleeding body of the pirate, and, as Lieutenant Neville carried her into the cabin, and laid her upon the sofa, he lamented his inability to attend to her, and try to restore her to life. An old negro, however, claimed her for his mistress, said he could do every thing for her, and she was left in his care.

Binding up his own wound with a handkerchief, for the loss of blood began to make him feel faint, Lieutenant Neville sought for means of securing his prisoners. He had not far to seek, as the Tigress was amply provided with irons, which were immediately fastened upon them, and a guard placed over them. The next care was to clear the incumbered deck. Of all those who had fallen on the side of the pirate, not one survived, but almost

all the wounded Englishmen eventually recovered, and Lieutenant Neville was on the point of putting them into the boats, to send them back to the ship, when he heard a signal gun, and, looking seaward, he saw the Sylph approaching, ready to fire upon the enemy, in case assistance had been necessary. Joyfully did he hoist his own British flag on board the Tigress, and the Sylph, hailing the signal, bore down upon her. Uneasy at the prolonged absence of his men, and at the uncertainty attending their movements and success, Captain C. had cautiously followed in their track, unwilling to deprive them of the glory of conquest, yet hoping to support them in case of need. The portholes of his ship were open, her guns were primed, and murderous would have been the broadside she had prepared to pour upon her adversary; but the well-known jack showed that all was done, and that the brave band had triumphed.

Lieutenant Neville then joined the Sylph, and, presenting the pistols and dagger of the pirate chief to Captain C., reported what had been accomplished. "Keep the arms, my dear fellow, for they are your well-earned trophies. And now let the doctor look at your wounds, for you are beginning to turn pale. I will go on board the Tigress with another doctor, and see to all the rest." A cordial was given, and the wounds were dressed, while Captain C. proceeded to make all the necessary arrangements.

His first care was for his wounded men, who were all carefully conveyed to their own berths on board the Sylph by the surgeon, and the next was for the lady, whom he found in the cabin, restored, indeed, almost to animation, but scarcely believing in her rescue, and panting with alarm and expectation. Her sole companion was the old negro, who stood by her side, endeavouring to assure her that all danger was over, now "dat de Englis had took de ship."

When Captain C. entered, he exclaimed, "Eh! Look, missy, deres massa captain!" She raised her eyes, and did, indeed, behold the friend of her father, and who had been distinguished by him with more than common affection.

"Oh! I see how it is," said Captain C., when the mutual recognition was over; "that dog of a pirate took you on your way from the Isle of France to Calcutta; and your father . . . . . ?"

The lady made no reply, but shuddered, when the negro stepped up to Captain C., and said in a low voice, "Pirate kill old massa, missy cry, pray for him, but he stab him, and den trow him into de sea. Him spare only young missy, and old Yusuf; him take all, only give missy some clothes to put on, take all massa's gold and tings. Poor old massa, and poor Misser Henry, I'm tinking him die for fear missy neber come, but I'm tell her keep good heart, and God and Yusuf take care of her."

The poor young lady, who, during this effusion on the part of her faithful attendant, had sat with her head buried in her hands, now confirmed all that he had said, and added that the pirate, having learned that she was on the way to her friends at Calcutta, (and here a slight blush tinged her cheek) had, she supposed, looked for ransom, for he had treated her with respect and attention, and had constantly suffered her to have Yusuf by her side, and even allowed him to sleep outside her cabin-door.

"But, now," added she, "I know I am safe. Yet I have witnessed so many horrors, and shed so many tears, that I seem as if I had none left. I cannot rejoice in my own rescue, for my poor father's fate is for ever before me, and I seem as if my mind could scarcely comprehend, even now, what my real situation may be."

"Your real situation, dear lady, is that of being under the care and protection of a faithful friend, who mourns for your father's fate nearly as much as you do, and who will supply to you the place of that father. It is not I, however, whom you must thank for your deliverance; it is my brave lieutenant, to whom I shall introduce you presently; but you need repose, and, leaving Yusuf to follow you with all that you require, you must go on board the Sylph, and there gradually receive the conviction that happiness is yet in store for you."

The lady having taken her departure, Captain

C. had the decks cleaned, and the bodies taken ashore to be buried. Only two Englishmen had fallen, but the grave dug for the pirates was large and deep. A rude inscription was cut in wood, and placed at the head of each mound, bearing the date of the action, and its results, with the names of the two gallant fellows who had fallen in the conflict; the prisoners were put under hatches, and the prize manned from the frigate, Lieutenant Neville having the command. Plenty of water was procured, the wounded men revived, and, as soon as the Tigress could be got ready for sea, she, in company with the Sylph, sailed for Calcutta, where they arrived without accident.

It is needless to state, that the imprisoned pirates stood their trial, were condemned, and executed, and that restitution of as much of the property found in the Tigress as could be claimed was instantly made. The rest was divided between the officers and crew of the Sylph. Lieutenant Neville's promotion reached him as soon as communication could be held with England, but there were two mysterious points which he could not satisfactorily clear up, and he determined to ask old Yusuf for any information he might be able to afford, especially as he had remarked, under the simplicity of the negro's appearance, a degree of shrewdness for which he had not at first given him credit.

Calling him to his side one day when they were at Calcutta, "I have had too much to do to attend to you, old boy," said he; "but now I must have some talk with you. In the first place, was it your voice I heard in the wood?"

The negro chuckled, and replied, "Yes, massa, 'twas I tell you about big pirate. I'm go ashore ebery day, and get flowers and water for missy; ebery body in pirate ship take no notice of Yusuf, tink him stupid, so him see all. I let em tink, den I no watched you see massa, and who know but I do some good to missy. Old massa bery kind to Yusuf, feed him, keep him, teach him, make him pray; him dead, and nobody but Yusuf take care of missy. Dat day you come I hear Englis talk, so I'm hide, cause dem kill me. I listen, listen, and den I know big Englis ship close by, and I tought how I sarve you, massa."

"Then it was you dropped the dagger?"

"Yes, massa."

"You are a fine fellow, Yusuf."

"Yes, massa; I no tell missy; stupid Yusuf keep him secret, but I look ebery minute for Englis ship, and when pirate men fast sleep, I no wake him for tell him to fight."

"Now, the second thing is, who struck the pirate down?"

"Dat me, massa; nobody look weder stupid Yusuf fight, and when dat great tiger-man take

missy away, and trow me down, I take him great hatchet, and run after him, and cut him head till he die."

"Why, Yusuf, we may thank you, then, for all that has happened; but you may be sure you will never want friends among us."

"Me no want noting, massa, only live always wid missy."

All was astir in the government house at Calcutta for the wedding of the fair captive. The captain of the frigate was not the bridegroom. No! he had his own dear wife at home; neither was the brave lieutenant the bridegroom. No! he had never thought of such a thing; but, as he was looked upon as the author of all the present happiness, he stood before the altar, and put the hand of the lovely being whom he had rescued into that of her lover, to whom she was going to be united when seized by the pirate, and who had been so long expecting her in vain.

The church was filled with the sailors and officers of the Sylph who had been engaged on board the Tigress, and munificent were the presents which the bridegroom made to them. The calm joy with which they viewed the scene had nothing selfish in its nature; it was too much a matter of course for British sailors to do as they had done to be elated at it; and the men, scarcely knowing the value of the donations made to them, and

caring still less, were not only delighted to see the young lady happy, but thought their holiday ashore, when they spent all their money, ample compensation for the share they had taken in the matter.

Yusuf's wish was gratified; he lived the cherished attendant of his beloved master and mistress, and did not close his eyes till he had seen a new generation come into the world, all the members of which bore the name of Neville, added to their other appellations.

THE DEAF MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

To me, while neither voice nor sound
  From earth or air may come,
Deaf to the world that brawls around,
  That world to me is dumb.

Yet well the quick and conscious eye
  Assists the slow, dull ear;
Sight can the signs of thought supply,
  And with a look I hear.

The song of birds, the waters' fall,
  Sweet tones and grating jars,
Hail, tempest, wind, and thunder—all
  Are silent as the stars:—

The stars that, on their tranquil way,
In language without speech,
The glory of the Lord display,
And to all nations preach.

Now, though one outward sense is seal'd,
The kind remaining four,
To teach me needful knowledge, yield
Their earnest aid the more.

Yet hath my soul an inward ear,
Through which its powers rejoice;
Speak, Lord; and let me love to hear
Thy spirit's still small voice!

So when the archangel from the ground
Shall summon great and small,
The ear now deaf will hear that sound,
And answer to the call.

THE GREEN MOSS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

A delicate thing is the green, green Moss,
That clings to the crumbling wall;
It's mother's the damp from the steaming earth,
And the air its sire it may call;
For 'tis fed by the breeze with the tiniest dust,
And is suckled by Eve's soft tears,

Till it daintily spreads forth its emerald crust
O'er the stone it had clung to for years.
It grows, and it lives on the rich man's loss,
And many a tale tells the green, green Moss!

It creeps o'er the tombs of the bold and brave,
That crumble to dust alone;
And spreadeth a shroud o'er the poor man's grave,
Which not e'en a friend will own:
It silently telleth how pride decays,
And how vain that pride has been,
And the ruinous towers of ancient days
It mantles in gorgeous green.
Thus glorying in the great man's loss,
A tale is told by the green, green Moss!

A carpet it spreads o'er the marshy bed
Where forests uprooted rest;
And mildly it raiseth its delicate head
On the mouldering princely crest.
When it clothes the cracks in the old church spire,
It tells how bright life may be,
If, when age quencheth youth's spark of fire,
The heart from guilt is free.
It riseth, like hope, from the broken cross,
And a true tale tells the green, green Moss!

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The mother's hearth is lone, her child hath roamed
away—
A truant from the morning meal, 'till now the
close of day;
And whither he hath wandered, what field-path he
hath crost,
She knows not, but distractedly is seeking for her
lost!

He used to play so cheerfully about the cottage
door,
No wanderer after bee and bird — he loved his
mother more!
And now, though every spot she'd search'd within
the village ground,
She dared not meet her husband's face until his
boy was found.

Where wild nuts grow, and blackberries their
tempting treasure bear,
She sought, she ask'd each cotter's girl—but none
had seen him there;
She told them of his fair young face, his sunny
curls, his years,

But when she strove to tell them more, she could
not for her tears.

Away she sped, o'er upland field, and by the
orchard bank,
Until she near'd a rushy brook, whose bridge was
but a plank;
And, half afraid to look therein, she hurried o'er
and found
Two foot-prints small — the mother knelt, and
kissed the grassy ground!

Two little foot-prints *o'er* the bridge, beside the
golden plain;
And 'midst the grass a flower-crushed spot, as
where a child had lain;
And scatter'd rushes wild about showed where his
feet had stray'd—
Her child had crossed the dangerous brook, and
must have reached the glade.

The forest glade, that lonesome track, where 'neath
dry leaf and weed
The viper hides his venom'd fang, and noxious
insects breed;
Where — ah! was that a garment moved? she
rushed into the wood,
Alas, 'twas but the hawthorn grey, before whose
boughs she stood.

By thicket and wild brake she searched, but every
trace was gone;
It could not be so mere a child thus far had ram-
bled on:
And, sinking down bewildered, unknowing how to
stir,
She heard a voice, a little voice, but oh! 'twas
bliss to her!

And forth he ran, the truant one, and clasped his
mother's knees,
Put up his fruit-stain'd lips to kiss, and tried each
art to please;
And bade the weeper not to cry, although his own
poor cheek
Show'd traces of his day's long tears in many a
piteous streak.

And in that wood the mother sat, and pointed to
the sky,
And bade her boy remember Him who'd watched
him from on high!—
Had sent his influence down to guard his little
footsteps there;—
So, with her child, the mother knelt—and blessed
her God in prayer.

SONG.

BY MISS E. SCAIFE.

She was not fair, she was not fair,
  The lady of his choice —
He lov'd her for her gentleness,
  And for her sweet, low voice;
He lov'd her for her quiet smile,
  Her feelings pure and high;
He lov'd her for her innocence,
  And maiden modesty—
Her innocence, her innocence,
  And maiden modesty!

He lov'd her first, and she lov'd him
  Because he lov'd her well;
And they were happy in a love
  That Time could not dispel.
Yes, they were happy through the change
  Of every mortal scene;
And now they sleep together well
  Beneath the churchyard green—
Yes, now they sleep together well,
  Beneath the churchyard green.

BEAUTIFUL KATE.

To you, my dear nieces, who are now living, and are yet in the pride of youth and life, to you and to your daughters, should you ever marry, do I dedicate this sad but true story of beautiful Kate Stanley and poor Will Withers. As a warning do I bequeath it to you never to play upon a heart that truly loves you.

And now I think I hear you, my dear nieces, exclaim, "Why dedicate a story of this kind to us? Had you not better have told some tale of the kind to your nephews? They are more likely to break hearts than we girls. We have heard you say, dear aunt, that men do not often die for love, but you never said that girls did not."

"All this may be very true, my dears; but listen to my warning tale, and then tell me, on your consciences, if it may not be of service to some of you. But, perhaps, after having heard it, you, my dear nieces, may say, 'This narrative never can bear upon us; it relates to persons in a grade of life so much lower than that we move in.'

"True; but this story is a true one, and hap-

pened just as I tell it; human nature is the same in all gradations of rank—from the duchess to the dairymaid, from the duke to the dustman."

And you, my dear nephews, be not jealous, although this is dedicated to the female part of our family. Depend upon it, I shall find something equally applicable to you, when I am rummaging in my portfolio among my records of bygone occurrences. But, indeed, my good young gentlemen and ladies, I cannot parley with you any longer, so shall take my leave of you for the present: and now to my story.

John Stanley, the father of Kate, was a carpenter in a country town in the north of England, and Will's father was a mason in the same place. Carpenters and masons in small country towns, in the eighteenth century, were very different kind of persons from what they are in this "building age." They were poor, but generally honest, respectable men.

Kate and Will were each the only child of their parents—at least, the only ones that lived. Kate was always lovely: when a baby, no one ever saw her without exclaiming, "What a sweet creature!" "What a pretty little dear!" being sure to express their admiration in some way or other. When she was about four or five years old, none ever spoke of her but as "Pretty Kate Stanley," and, when

speaking to her, calling her "Pretty Kate," or "Pretty-face."

Will was two or three years older than Kate, and from her birth might be said to love her. Hour after hour would he with his little hands rock her cradle, and, when she began to toddle about, how carefully would he lead her by the hand, crying, "Take care, Kitty dear; mind you don't fall;" and the lovely little girl was as fond of him. "I want Willy!" was the first sentence she lisped. When she was eight or ten years old, they went to the same school, about a mile from their homes, for only a garden separated their parents' houses, and the school was at the end of the long, straggling street. Willy always carried her basket with her dinner for her, and brought her safe home in the evening.

All the gossips in the place had foretold from their infancy that in time they would be "man and wife." And what a handsome couple they would make! for Will was a fine, noble, handsome boy. His countenance was open and generous; and his eyes, beaming with inexpressible good-nature, won the regard of all who looked on him. His dark, curling hair contrasted well with the ruddy hue of health which overspread his face.

Beautiful Kate! how soon did you begin to practise the airs of a beauty, and tyrannize over

poor Will! Even before they left school, the young flirt would not always let him walk by her side, or carry her basket, but would either carry it herself, or permit some other lad to do it. And how patiently did he bear all her little tormenting ways, though they made his heart ache! But then he always thought she loved him, and he could bear any thing from her.

When she was sixteen, it was still worse. Sometimes she behaved kindly to him, at others took every opportunity to vex him. For instance, when he was waiting to accompany her and her mother home from church, she would contrive to get out at the other door, and walk along with Tom Barnes and his sister: in short, she had all the coquettish ways of a spoiled beauty.

I will now endeavour to describe her face and person as she appeared at seventeen. In height she was rather above the middle size, and so finely formed, that she might have sat as a model for one of the Graces. She was delicately fair, and had a most lovely bloom; it was not that coarse colour which country girls generally have — oh, no! it was the soft, rich tint of the opening rose, and went and came with every emotion of her mind. Her hair was a light brown, soft and bright as silk; her teeth, mouth, and nose were the very perfection of beauty; but her eyes—how can I describe her eyes! so tender and yet so

roguish — in colour rather darker than her hair; her eyelashes were very long and dark, and curled up towards her arched eyebrows, which were likewise darker than her hair.

She also had that most rare beauty, a pretty hand and arm, for they had never been spoiled with hard labour. Her mother did the household work, while Kate spun, and made all their clothing, and knit all their stockings. She was an industrious girl; so lively, and, in general, so good-tempered, that she was the very doting piece of all the neighbours.

Kate's dress was a tammy gown of the finest texture, the colour either a bright green or blue. She never would turn her hair over a roll, as the little silk cushion was called that was then worn—no; she wore it as she had done from early childhood, simply parted from the centre, from whence it lay in glossy waves on her fair forehead, and, being put back just below the temples, mingled with her hind hair, which, escaping from beneath her pretty little mob-cap, fell in rich natural ringlets on her neck. Her hat—all females then wore hats of the same shape (I believe they were called the milkmaid's hat), the brim being of a moderate size, quite round, and altogether nearly flat, the crown not being more than an inch and a half high. Kate always trimmed hers with two rows of puffed ribbon. They were worn rather for-

ward, and, instead of being tied under the chin, as at present, the ribbon that confined the sides down formed a bow at the back of the head; and whose ribbon so smart as Kate's! for every lad saved his money that he might bring pretty Kate a ribbon from the fair.

Oh, Kate! lovely Kate! as thou wert fairest among women, so mightest thou have been one of the best and happiest, had it not been for that vile demon of coquetry, ever inciting thee to vex and torment him whom thou didst love beyond all others, and who did indeed love thee, not "wisely, but too well."

At eighteen Kate was chosen queen of the May, and Will was chosen king. Seldom have there been seen so handsome a king and queen: for Will was as handsome a man as Kate was a woman. She looked every inch a queen—for did not the young ladies at the Hall make her dress, and help to adorn her! and every one agreed that never before had there been (nor do I think there has since) so gay a May-day festival. There is no doubt it is remembered to this day by the Tickhill people, should any be now living who were present at it.

The day was delightful, and the procession, headed by the king and queen, was most beautiful. First in order was the music—the full band from Doncaster had arrived to grace the scene; immediately following it was carried the milk

kit,* completely covered with lovely flowers. In that northern clime, it is true, flowers are not so bounteously supplied in the earlier part of spring, as in those enjoying a more genial temperature; but the season was more than usually forward, and all the gardens in the neighbourhood had been culled, and contributed their choicest produce. Many beautiful exotics were sent from the Hall conservatory, or greenhouse, as it was always called in those days. And then to see the plate shining amidst the flowers! There were curiously enchased cups,

* A kit is a large wooden vessel, and, in the north of England (and perhaps other parts), is used for carrying home the milk from the pastures. It is pretty much the shape of a bushel measure, and is large or small according to the number of cows milked. It is perfectly white and smooth on the outside, being, I believe, usually made of ash. It has a short, upright handle on each side, and, whenever there is a May-day procession, they take the largest and whitest kit they can possibly procure, and contrive to fasten two smooth, pliant rods across each other over the top of the kit, rising about twelve inches in the centre. On these rods they tie flowers, so that it is altogether very much in the form of a garland. As to the kit itself, it is, or ought to be, completely covered with flowers; they are fastened to ribbons, and tied on as they best may, either festooned from the handles, or tied round the kit; and, if they cannot get sufficient natural flowers, they make up with artificial, and always borrow some handsome pieces of plate, which are intermingled with the ribbons and flowers, always taking care to hang the largest piece from the middle of the rods. And this is what they call a kit-dressing.

cream vases, cream jugs, and, in short, every article that could be thought of as used for the produce of the dairy; and the whole so gracefully arranged, the flowers so well contrasted, that it was more than guessed who had superintended and directed that kit-dressing. Next after the kit came the king and queen, followed by a select number of young men and maidens, all in their very best holiday costume, and each pair carrying a garland and wreath alternately.

A concourse of people had come from far and near to see the procession, and to be present at this anticipated festival. All was joyousness and gaiety. Exhilaration seemed to take possession of every breast, and the day was not more sunny than appeared the faces of all engaged in this interesting pageant. It was, however, afterwards remembered that, as Kate walked by the side of Will, she could not forbear giving him many a sly look, as much as to say, "Don't be too sure of me yet." After they had gratified all admiring eyes, and paraded and tired themselves to their hearts' content, the king and queen and all the procession repaired to the Hall, by special invitation, to partake of refreshment, and conclude the evening with a dance on the lawn in front of the house. And, though I fain would linger yet awhile amidst this scene of beauty, love, and happiness, yet it may not be — I dare not dwell too long on this bright scene of rural pleasure: delay as we may, time

will not stay; and, although 'tis pleasant to indulge in all the dreamy delights of bygone recollections, yet the longest day must have an end, which reminds me that I must now return to my story. They all retired to their peaceful homes about ten o'clock, thoroughly satisfied with their day's pleasure.

Soon after this Will urged his suit more boldly, when Kitty said, "Dost thou think I'll ever marry ony one wi' a deformed foot like thine? If thou could'st get rid o' that deformity, I might think about it." Now the deformity she quarrelled with was merely this: the large toe on one of his feet being bent, caused a rising up of the joint, which was seen through his shoe. Will made no answer, but, the next morning, went into his father's workshop, pulled off shoe and stocking, took a chisel and hammer, and, before any one was aware what he was going to do, struck off his toe just above the offending joint! He then bound it up, and kept in doors until the stump was healed, begging that no person would tell Kate what he had done, but, if she inquired after him, to say "he was not well." At the end of a month he walked into Stanley's house in a new pair of shoes, and, going up to Kate, said that "he now trusted she would have him, as he had lost the deformed toe." She seemed much affected at the time, and every body thought that Will would now soon carry off his prize. However, in less than a month, she

told him she never would have him, and wondered how he could ever think she would.

He left her in despair. He then went into his father's yard, and took two large stones, chiselled a groove in each, went to the mill-dam, tied the stones round his neck, and jumped in. Poor, poor Will! A man saw him throw himself into the pool, but was at too great a distance to prevent him. His corpse was not found until some hours afterwards.

I have seen the place where he plunged in; and, though the rest of the stream is perfectly clear, that particular spot is black and turbid. It is called "Will's Pool" to this day.

The coroner's verdict was insanity. Six aged men, friends of his father, bore him to the grave, and six of his own young companions walked before, bearing a white garland. All said there never had been so beautiful a garland hung up in the church as that for him: it had a pair of white kid gloves suspended from the middle.

It was entirely covered with white natural flowers: there were white roses, white pinks, white lilies, and white jasmine. They said poor Will did not rest, for the gloves kept constantly moving. I have watched them myself (for our pew had a full view of the garlands), and it did appear as if it was so.*

* At Tickhill it was formerly customary, whenever young unmarried persons died, to hang up a white garland for them

And Kitty! what said she, when tidings of Will's death reached her? At first she tried to brave it out; but it would not do. She never held her head up after, as folks said, but pined away, and would scarcely ever be persuaded to leave her room. There she sat, talking to Will's shoe; though how she got it none could tell. Tears of bitter grief would course each other slowly down her pallid cheeks; her eyes lost their lustre, but not their loveliness; for, even altered as she was, none could look on her without being struck at the beautiful ruin of what was once so very lovely, and with a sigh declare that "Death had marked her for his own."

If she thought the church door was open, she would rush out, and, darting through it, fix her earnest gaze upon poor Will's garland, and, stretching forth her still beautiful hands, cry, "Rest thee, Willy, rest thee! I am coming to

in the church. In the centre of the garland was placed a pair of white gloves; and if, after it was fixed, the gloves continued moving, it was decided that the dead person did not rest. The gothic arches that separate the main body of Tickhill church from the chancel are surmounted by a screen of beautiful oak carving, which also fills up the inter-spaces between the points of each arch; beneath these arches were suspended the garlands. I fear the custom has become obsolete, but I do indeed hope otherwise, for I will own that there is a romantic, melancholy beauty about it which is exceedingly pleasing to my mind and imagination.

thee; and *then* I know that thou wilt rest!" And she did indeed soon follow him; for, on that very day twelvemonth that poor Will Withers was buried, was beautiful Kate, the pride of Tickhill, borne to her grave; and they hung up a garland for her close by Will's, and, strange to say, the gloves in Will's never moved after. I suppose that Kitty's garland obstructed some trifling current of air, that used to move them. However, be that as it may, the garlands now rest; and peace and rest to thee, poor Will! and to beautiful Kitty, peace! A. F.

WINDERMERE.

Queen of the lakes, how fair art thou, with all thy wild array
Of gushing rills, and wooded hills, and mountains far away,
Whose distant peaks and craggy sides all cold and grim appear,
While dancing beams and glancing streams are bright in Windermere!

Fair art thou with thy spring's soft green, thy summer's richer bloom,
Thy autumn's storm, thy winter's snow — thy glory and thy gloom;
The gem-like isles, like fairy homes, upon thy breast that lie,
And the darkness of thy waving woods, and the brightness of thy sky.

Within our little bark we float, I and the one I love,
Thy deep blue waters round our prow—thy dark blue
sky above,
When not a breeze is on thy shore, and not a leaf is
stirred,
And the light falls bright on glancing oar and wing
of passing bird.

It is the summer's golden prime, and oh! how blest
are we,
Far from the cares of common life, alone with love
and thee;
Idly we ply the lingering oar, through the long sum-
mer's day,
Two happy hearts, whose perfect bliss Earth cannot
take away.

Thy leafy dells, thy woodland paths, we tread with
joyous feet;
And every brawling brook we know, and every green
retreat;
And where the snowdrop first peeps out, the earliest
roses bloom,
And primrose pale, and purple heath, and yellow
waving broom.

The ringdove's note, so soft and sad, we hear at close
of day;
We watch the screaming wild-fowl come back to each
well-known bay;

The hern's low flight and heavy wing, the bittern's
mournful cry,
And the mighty eagle's upward flight of lonely ma-
jesty.

Beneath the arching boughs we sit—they overhang a
burn,
Which foams o'er rock and moss-crowned stone,
'twixt banks of waving fern;
The rocky burn, the waving fern, the birch trees slim
and tall,
The hern's low flight, the bittern's cry, we know and
love them all.

We gaze on thee, beloved lake, as on some worshipped
face,
Dear in its storms, its tears, its frowns, as in its
summer grace;
Our love grew up upon thy banks, our only home is
there,
A cottage, with dark-ivied porch, and roses clustering
fair.

Fair are Italia's cloudless skies, her groves of faint
perfume;
Spain has her valleys and her hills, her purple and
her bloom;
But lovelier far to us than these, to us more fair and
dear,
Are thy valleys and thy crowning hills, beloved Win-
dermere.

E. S.

THE BURIAL OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

A TRADITION OF 1658.

BY MRS. WARD.

[General Fleetwood, who married Ireton's widow, eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, occupied a mansion at Stoke Newington, which still remains, but is now divided into two private residences. Each contains relics of the age of the Commonwealth; and from one of them proceeds a subterraneous passage, the extent of which is not known: there, it is said, part of the republican troops often found refuge, and that, in its dark recesses, valuable treasures have been deposited. The land now forming the Abney Park Cemetery belonged to this house.

Among the historical traditions connected with Fleetwood's occupation of part of this estate is one, which relates that in a mound or tumulus in the northern corner of the grounds repose the remains of Oliver Cromwell. This tumulus is popularly called "Watts's Mound," because Dr. Isaac Watts is said to have here planted that fine specimen of the horse-chestnut tree. This report has been received from the lips of several old people born in the parish, who affirm that they heard it from persons living not so much posterior to the Restoration but that they might have had some plausible authority for this assertion. It has been said that Richard Cromwell communicated this secret to Dr. Watts.

The story current is that, immediately after Cromwell's death, his body was secretly conveyed to Abney Park, and

there buried. In an old anonymous life of the Protector (the sixth edition was published in 1755) we are told, "it is reported by some that his body was carried below bridge, and thrown into the Thames; but 'tis most probable that 'twas buried in Naseby field .... It is pretty certain that Oliver's corpse was not really interred in Westminster Abbey; consequently, that it was not his body which was taken to Tyburn."]

On a brilliant autumnal evening, in the year 1658, there sat, looking out upon a garden illuminated by a glowing sunset, more brilliant from being the successor of an awful storm, a lady, whose eye, as it wandered abstractedly over the bright scene before her, showed that soul and sight were far apart, and that, though her looks were fixed on the beautiful things of earth, her heart was far away, pondering on mournful subjects. The carvings of the cornices and pillars of the apartment in which she was seated were of the elaborate style peculiar to the seventeenth century, and little suited to the dark, heavy furniture, and studiedly plain dress of the fair occupant. Yet was she not of that order of women whom men are apt at first sight to designate as fair. There was even, perhaps, a little of harshness in the outline of her features, which nothing but a kindly expression, and that "most excellent thing in woman," a sweet voice, redeemed. She appeared to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of some one, for, ever and anon, she called to a fe-

male attendant in the garden. "Is there yet no sign of their coming?" she inquired. "None, madam," said the serving-woman, whose costume of humbler materials corresponded with her mistress's array; and, having turned away from the garden palings, which commanded a view of a by-road from London to Stoke Newington, in order to reply with becoming deference, she betook herself again to her patient watch.

"I would," exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood (Cromwell's daughter), for it is she whom I have endeavoured to describe, "I would that I had ventured on remonstrating with my husband and my brother Richard, when they advised me to remain at home, and persuaded me that my father would be spared yet a little while. Alas! can they, too, be deceived by the vain delusions and false prophecies of those who seek, for their own subtle purposes, to persuade my father that his hour is far distant! Better were it for him and them, now and for ever, that the truth were laid bare; better were it for his departing soul that, instead of rejoicing fallaciously in the certitude of grace, he would pray earnestly for that mercy on his soul which he hath refused to others. Father, father, God be merciful unto thee, and help thee in this great struggle! Sister! alas! *thou* didst foretell terrible thoughts to our father on his dying day."

The picture of her sister, Mrs. Claypole, looked

down with meek eyes from its dark, oval frame of carved oak. Peradventure, there was something comforting in the expression of those dove-like eyes, for, after contemplating them in silence for some minutes, Mrs. Fleetwood fell on her knees before a bible which always stood open on a table in one of the recesses of the windows, and sought solace in its pages. She had become so calm from the comfort thus sought, and her ideas were so completely abstracted from earthly sorrow by her religious occupation, that a shadow passing the window fell on the book, but disturbed her not.

She was roused from her kneeling position by the serving-woman, who, putting her head in at an open window, exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy upon our souls, and deliver us from evil communications! even now a cavalier, with flapped hat and drooping plume, standeth on the threshold of the door, and, failing to make himself heard by striking on it with his hand, doth already give warlike warning of his near neighbourhood by rapping on it with the hilt of his rapier."

By the time Mistress Alice had concluded her breathless communication, Mrs. Fleetwood had reached the hall, and the trailing of the cavalier's rapier announced his entrance and approach to the mistress of the mansion. In the obscurity of the coming twilight the lady was unable to identify her visitor as a friend until he spoke.

"Madam," said Lord Broghill, in a hurried tone, and wiping his brow as he doffed his plumed hat, "are you alone?"

"My lord, my lord, what mean these symptoms of haste, these looks of dismay? Assuredly you are the bearer of evil tidings. Enter, enter, I pray you; there be none here but my faithful Mistress Alice"—for the serving-woman was already close at hand—"and, if I divine rightly, I shall have need of her support ere you have closed your intelligence. Tell me, I implore you, hath aught befallen my husband?"

"He is well, madam, and you cannot but be prepared for my intelligence, mournful though it be, for you have always deemed those in attendance at Whitehall deceivers either of themselves or others. Your father——"

"He is dead!" exclaimed the unhappy daughter, forgetting every thing but that the blow had come at last—"he is dead!"

The visitor and the serving-woman bore the drooping form of the mourner into the apartment I have described, and, before many moments had elapsed, she had recovered her composure sufficiently to ask why Lord Broghill had been deputed to announce the fearful news to her, and wherefore her husband tarried with Richard at Whitehall."

"The council," said Lord Broghill, "have

already assembled to learn the will and pleasure of the new protector, Richard——"

"My brother Richard protector!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood, in a voice of anguish; "nay, then, my grief may have no bounds in this life. I had hoped for peace of mind, albeit it would have been somewhat poisoned by the recollection of the past. I had imagined that, after our many conferences at Wallingford on the subject, to which my brother always lent an attentive ear and ready speech——"

"Pardon, madam, I pray you," said Lord Broghill, "my unseemly interruption; I would, however, relieve your mind of its apparent burden, since I know you have always dwelt with distaste on such an advancement for——"

"Call it not advancement," replied Mrs. Fleetwood, with an earnestness of manner approaching to vehemence; "rather let us look upon it as adding degradation to our name. Let the memory of the dead be sacred; but——" A shower of tears came to the relief of the afflicted lady, and for some time she could not proceed. Lord Broghill, leaving her to the tender attentions of the kind Alice, waited at some distance in respectful silence. It was a curious group — the Puritan lady and her dark-browed, homely-featured waiting-woman weeping together, while the moon, having superseded with her silver radiance the

more glittering glories of the sun, shed her hallowed light upon the pious daughter mourning a guilty parent's death; while, leaning against a pillar of the highly-ornamented Corinthian order, a cavalier, with his showy dress, loose curls, and worldly air (albeit subdued to pity), looking on.

"May we," at length resumed Mrs. Fleetwood, in a solemn tone, "may we, who are left, strive, by our retirement from the pestilential paths of ambition, make ourselves happy members of this world, and steady seekers of the world to come! May my brother be brought to a sense of his sin before it is too late, before, as his father hath been called away, he, too, shall be summoned as an usurper!"

She paused, and Lord Broghill proceeded at once with his intelligence.

"Your brother, madam," said his lordship, "at once disclaims all intention of assuming the office of protector; and, when occasion shall favour him with an opportunity of retiring with dignity, he will rejoice in giving up what he has unwillingly accepted for the present."

"Now Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood; "and God send him grace to maintain his good resolve! May the Lord shed blessings on his future paths, and may those paths be always paths of peace!"

"Permit me, Mistress Fleetwood," said Lord

Broghill, after a pause, "to request the favour of a private audience for a few moments. Nay, cast not such looks of inquiry towards faithful Mistress Alice; I do not doubt her desert of your confidence;" (and here the cavalier bowed to the serving-woman with that courtesy for which he was remarkable), "but the secret that I have to impart is of so important a nature, and I am so bound in honour to the writer of this" (at the same time presenting a slip of paper with a name written thereon) "to confer with yourself alone, that though, after our conference, you may be willing to divulge the subject of it to such as you may wisely trust, I cannot break faith with one of your dearest friends by permitting even your trusty waiting-woman to be an ear-witness to my communication."

Mrs. Fleetwood cast her eye upon the paper, and desired Mistress Alice to withdraw, adding, "See that there be no one admitted within earshot of this apartment; close the windows, bring lights, and do thou remain at a fitting distance to keep watch. In all good time, it may be, I shall have need of thy trusty offices."

The latter part of this speech was uttered in a tone of deprecation, as though the mistress had much compunction in dispensing so unceremoniously with her waiting-woman's attendance. Mistress Alice obeyed, returning, however, in a few

minutes with lights; she then drew the bolt across a door leading into a passage, and left the room by an opposite one.

The paper which Lord Broghill had presented to Mrs. Fleetwood bore the autograph signature of the Marchioness of Ormond. In former days, when, as Ireton's wife, Bridget—now Mrs. Fleetwood—had been a resident in the capital of Ireland, circumstances had thrown the marchioness and herself much together; and an acquaintance thus begun was afterwards cemented into a lasting friendship. It is well known that, with all Cromwell's errors, he had, or appeared to have, his generous impulses. Lord Broghill had been one of the first to experience kindness at the hands of the stern Protector. Such kindness might have been the result of deep policy; but, where the result produces good, it were ill advised to inquire too minutely into the motives. Even when Cromwell discovered, as he had done in Lord Broghill's case, that Lord Ormond was concealed in London as an agent of the Royalist party, he sent a friendly intimation to him, desiring him to retire immediately; and, after his departure, which had been so hurried as to prevent Lady Ormond (then an invalid) from accompanying him, the Protector not only permitted her ladyship to remain in England, but made her an allowance of two thousand pounds a year. This, indeed, had well nigh been discon-

tinued, and herself banished for life, when some letters, which had been taken out of a cabinet in an apartment of her former residence, went far to prove that she had engaged in several practices against the government. Fortunately, her friend, Mrs. Fleetwood, was present when her father and Fleetwood discussed the matter; and, when the former declared his intention of banishing the marchioness, the true-hearted Bridget, convinced of her friend's innocence, inveighed so strongly on the injustice of condemning her without a hearing, the more so as she declared her disbelief that the documents were in Lady Ormond's handwriting, that Cromwell, always a kind father, yielded to her entreaties that he would consult Lord Broghill, whose services to the commonwealth had proved his good faith, however opposed he might be in heart and principle. Lord Broghill obeyed the summons immediately; and, on his entrance into the apartment where the Protector frequently spent a portion of each day with his family, Cromwell, in his usual blunt style, opened the conversation at once with—

"So, my lord, you have passed your word for a fine person; the Lady Ormond is in a conspiracy against me with her husband, though, at your request, I permitted her to remain here, and allow her two thousand a year. She is an ungrateful woman, and I shall use her accordingly;" and

the Protector took two or three of those giant strides across the apartment, which bespoke more than words could do his resolution to carry his threats into effect.

The Lady Cromwell's gentle frame trembled visibly as she plied her tapestry needle; his daughters, all but Mrs. Fleetwood, withdrew noiselessly into an inner apartment, and Bridget's lips parted to speak; but her husband, whose caution was proverbial, raised his fingers to them, enjoining silence. Nevertheless, her air of vexation attracted the quick eye of her acute father, who, at once putting a paper into the hands of Lord Broghill, bade that nobleman "read, and contradict it if he dared!"

"That will I at once, your highness," boldly replied Lord Broghill, "since I can prove those letters to have been written by the Lady Isabella Thyn. When my friend Lord Ormond's papers, which, in his hurry, he neglected to take with him, were seized, most of them fell into my hands, and I can produce letters in the Lady Thyn's handwriting, which, when your highness shall see, you will have no difficulty in identifying with these as being executed by the same hand. Nay," continued Lord Broghill, perceiving his wily hearer smile incredulously, "will it please your highness to send a trusty messenger for a small red box, lying in a closet of my house, whereof I have the

key here at hand, and I will open these papers in your presence."

The result of the examination so conducted was highly advantageous to Lady Ormond; it was well for the Lady Isabella Thyn, that she was considered of so little importance as to require nothing more than a peremptory order to quit England within twenty-four hours: and the "morning entertainment," as Cromwell facetiously called it, at Whitehall, concluded with the perusal of some of Lady Isabella's love-letters to Lord Ormond, read aloud by Oliver, and commented on by him in expressions so little delicate or refined as to drive his lady and his daughter Bridget to the inner apartment, where Mrs. Claypole sat with her sisters, the Ladies Fauconberg and Rich, reading to them; while the grandchildren of the Protector played at "court," and "parliament," and "council," in a recess leading from the chamber to the gardens. Strangely contrasted were the voices of those young children, as they trooped up and down the steps between that fragrant garden and the chamber where their mothers sat; and strangely contrasted, too, were Mrs. Claypole's meek reproofs at their noisy disturbance, with the rough, loud voice of Cromwell, still holding converse in the adjoining room with Lord Broghill and others.

The conference between Mrs. Fleetwood and Lord Broghill was about to close. Mistress Alice heard his lordship's rapier rattle across the room, bespeaking his approach to the door, when she was startled by a stealthy footstep at her elbow, and, before she had time to utter a word, a powerful hand was laid on her arm, and she was enabled to discern the face of her master by the light of the moon, which streamed in through a staircase window. A slight shriek would have escaped the waiting-woman's lips, but her master prevented it, by placing his gloved hand on her mouth: he was on the point of asking her the meaning of the sound of the trailing rapier, when the voice of his wife weeping, and that of Lord Broghill endeavouring to soothe and quiet her, made him advance, and, without stopping to examine whether the door of the apartment were bolted or otherwise, he placed his boot against it, and at once burst it open.

But Mrs. Fleetwood's anguished looks, enhanced by her deep mourning-dress — for Mrs. Claypole had not long been consigned to the grave — disarmed the angry doubts of the general, and, signing to Mrs. Alice to withdraw once more, Lord Broghill proceeded to explain the cause of his secret conference with his friend's wife.

Lady Ormond and himself, still attached to the Stuart cause, although deep debts of gratitude had

made them faithful adherents to the Commonwealth as long as Cromwell's life lasted, had learned enough from the royalist party to convince them that the family of Cromwell would not only be obliged to retire from public life, but that they would, probably, meet with insult of every kind. The nobility and gentry were mostly aware that the Protector's family had always regretted his usurpation; but the rabble could not be so easily persuaded of their disinterestedness. Lord Broghill's mission to Mrs. Fleetwood from Lady Ormond had two purposes. Urging her to bear out her husband in his oft-repeated advice (assisted by Desborough) to Richard Cromwell, to decline the Protectorate, and thus to endeavour to confirm him in his resolution but lately declared, he hinted to her, in as gentle terms as the circumstances permitted, that, no sooner should the royalist party gain the ascendency, than the body of her father would be torn from its coffin, and openly exposed to every outrage and indecency that an infuriated populace could commit.

I shall not attempt to detail Lord Broghill's intreaties and Fleetwood's wavering arguments. The former, in his attachment to one who had served him and his friendship for Richard Cromwell, could not bear the thoughts of the party to which he should in future belong wreaking their vengeance on the remains of his benefactor, the

father of his friend. In an eloquent appeal, he sketched a rapid plan for the removal of the Protector's body from Whitehall on the following night. Richard Cromwell, his uncle Desborough, and himself, would perform the part of watermen as far as Lady Ormond's villa on the banks of the Thames; thence the corpse could be removed by night to Fleetwood's residence, or whithersoever it might be judged best to convey it. He recommended that the rest of the Cromwell family now sojourning at Whitehall should not be informed of the design till it was executed: the attendants about them were already supposed to be partially corrupted by the royalist party. In conclusion, Lord Broghill intimated that he had already arranged for the body of another person lately deceased to be brought from the Surrey side of the river before daylight on the following morning, and laid in state instead of that of the Protector, the effigy only of the deceased being exhibited to those who were admitted to the ceremony. The superstitious soldiers, terrified by the storm which shook the earth as Cromwell's spirit was departing from it, shrunk from their office of centinels, and prayed for leave to draw lots who should watch in the night. A faithful page or two, whose education placed them above such puerile fears, had volunteered to take their duty; and, as the Protector's death had taken place in one of those

apartments through which he had caused a secret door to be made leading to the river in case of an attack on his life, which latterly he had so much dreaded, every thing might be managed with the utmost privacy and safety.

Lord Broghill had manifested extraordinary sagacity and forethought. Long before the Protector breathed his last, all knew that there was ample warning to the wise of his approaching end; however Hugh Peters, Sterry, and others might affect to deceive themselves, this faithful adherent had sounded the depths of his friend Richard's position, and found shoals and quicksands wherever he moved. Our business, however, is not with the politics of the day; we merely relate that which, if not matter of history, there is not only good foundation for believing, but which there is no means of proving false; inasmuch as many historians touch on the subject of the rumours of the time tending to lead to the supposition that Cromwell's body was not buried in Westminster Abbey. There is ample proof of a magnificent funeral. There is not such proof that there was a corpse, or, if there was, that that corpse was Oliver's. Neither could the head which was subsequently exposed at Tyburn be identified as Cromwell's, since almost all his biographers mention that "before he had been dead many hours his corpse was in such a state of decomposition, as to render it

necessary to embalm and fasten it up without delay." Many eminent historians assert that the body was removed by water from Whitehall shortly after his death, and "carried somewhere below London Bridge."*

Lord Broghill and Lady Ormond foresaw, as I have said, probable ruin to the Cromwell family, utter disgrace to the government of the Commonwealth, and ignominious treatment of the dead; and, before that nobleman broached his opinions and his plans to Richard, he had made every arrangement for the removal of his late master's body, and the safety, at least for a time, of the great usurper's family.

In a room in Somerset House, hung with black cloth, and surrounded by wax-lights, and all the paraphernalia of such mockery, was extended the effigy of Oliver Cromwell, clothed in long robes, and lying on a bed of state, which covered, or, as Lingard says, "was supposed to cover the coffin." Silently the spectators moved on, casting looks of

* Lingard states that Somerset House was selected for the ceremony of the lying in state, and gives a long description of it, adding, "that, in spite of every precaution, it became necessary to inter the body before the appointed day," &c. A note of Thurloe's is subjoined, saying, "I do not notice the silly stories about the stealth of the Protector's body." It is plain, however, that they could not be *proved* false.

curiosity, not unmingled in some cases with those of disgust, on the strange scene. Truly, there were none to say "God bless him!" He who had raised himself by struggling for the freedom of his country had become in the end a thorough tyrant, and detested and dreaded by all. Those few who had through policy or better feeling remained true to the last, could not but rejoice in their release from thraldom. Strange, too, that he who in his lifetime had been ostentatiously plain in his habits, should in death be surrounded by the gorgeous trappings of royalty! His funeral was one of "regal magnificence;" and his coffin, surrounded by the rich and powerful of the land, guarded by his Ironsides, the only men who even affected to regret him, and followed by thousands, was borne along and deposited among kings in Westminster Abbey.

In the same apartment described in the opening of my story again sat Bridget Fleetwood, but not alone. The Lady Ormond, her grateful friend, was with her. It would seem that the minds of both ladies were ill at ease; for, instead of being seated calmly, and holding quiet converse together, they paced the room, linked arm in arm, but with irregular footsteps, and, as on a former occasion, Mrs. Fleetwood summoned Alice to her ever and anon, not from the garden, for the evening had closed in, but from a staircase-window, where the serving-woman watched.

"You are sure, Alice," said Mrs. Fleetwood, "that our people, such as are not gone to Westminster to witness this wretched mockery, are faithful."

"All faithful, madam!" said Mistress Alice, in a steady voice.

"Prepare, then, for the ceremony, which, when your master and his friends shall arrive from Whitehall, we must perform with secrecy and despatch. The people absent from the household are to return at midnight, and there is little time to lose. Are there yet no messengers on their way? — they might be heard at some distance, for the air is clear, and even frosty. How now! there are footsteps in the hall. Who waits at the gate of the front garden?"

"Trusty David Harris, madam," replied Alice; and even as she spoke David threw the door more widely open, admitting General Fleetwood, Lord Broghill, Richard Cromwell, and a private chaplain, who, having attended Mrs. Claypole in her last moments, was greatly endeared to the rest of her family. All were attired in mourning habits, and looked exceedingly weary.

"My Lady Ormond here!" exclaimed Fleetwood and Richard Cromwell.

"I have to thank you, madam, for a world of services," said the former; "but for my Lord Broghill's assurances that you would assist my

poor Bridget in her work of love, I had not listened to her entreaties; for, truly, I think it ill advised to risk the peace of the living for the sake of the dead. If the soul be well cared for, there is little need for concerning one's-self so deeply for the safety of the body: but, as you well know, the deed is done, and we must abide the consequences."

He said this with an air of vexation, as though he had been brought to consent to it against his will; nevertheless, Lady Ormond and Lord Broghill signed to Bridget to bear with his mood, which was always uncertain, and to which, in truth, she was too well accustomed, to be much disturbed by it. Richard Cromwell, meanwhile, conferred apart for a few minutes with David Harris, and shortly afterwards, Mistress Alice entered at the door leading, as I have described, into a passage, and announced in a low, but solemn voice, "All is ready." Not more than four trusty servants besides Alice and David lined the passage as the little procession passed through it. The chaplain led the way; Fleetwood conducted his lady, who was supported on the other hand by her brother Richard; Lady Ormond and Lord Broghill followed. As they emerged from the house into the garden, David took the lead through a shrubberry of evergreens, whose luxuriant foliage concealed a small summer-house. Into this the party passed, and there stopped, till David, opening a

trap-door in the pavement of the building, held a lantern over it, to light their descent. As the last of the party reached the bottom of the steps, the door above was cautiously closed, and in that dimly-lighted vault, in a common coffin, rudely put together, and roughly covered with coarse black serge, lay the body of Oliver Cromwell.

The young chaplain took his place at the head of the coffin, and read aloud the burial service. Bridget Fleetwood, leaning on Lady Ormond, and her brother stood at the foot; the dim lights, flickering in the draughts of damp air that filled the vault, gave a ghastly hue to the features of those present, and the voices of all trembled as they responded "Amen" to each solemn passage of the ritual. The echoes of those trembling voices came back from the gloomy recesses of the cavern, and the shrill whistle of the equinoctial wind * through the crevices of the upper earth made music fitted to the awful scene.

The service over, they raised the coffin from its rude trestles, beneath which yawned an open grave, and, with these few standing round it, the women weeping, and the men too much engaged with the active part they were compelled to take to give them comfort, he who had once been the terror of the world was committed to the earth.

* Cromwell's public funeral did not take place till some weeks after his death.

Before the coffin was quite covered with the mould, Mrs. Fleetwood walked resolutely forward, leaned over the grave, and, raising her eyes, prayed in silence for a few minutes. Lady Ormond and herself stood then apart while the chasm was filled up, but could not be persuaded to leave the scene till all was over. In a few minutes the gulf was closed; the implements and trestles were gathered together by David; and the chaplain, reciting a short but earnest prayer, in which all joined with subdued but fervent voices, closed the singular ceremony. Before another hour had elapsed, the trap-door through which the party had descended into the vault was replaced, the trusty servants were sitting in their accustomed places, waiting the arrival of their fellows from Westminster, and in the chamber before-mentioned the little circle of the Fleetwoods and their friends gathered round Richard Cromwell, who then and there assured them of his determination to abdicate his authority when the fitting opportunity should arrive.

And at the Restoration, when the graves were rifled of their unconscious tenants; when the mad populace yelled in triumph over their dead victims; when crowds hurried to Tyburn to witness the ghastly spectacle of Cromwell and Ireton exposed to public view, beheaded, and cast into the grave below the gallows; there, in that dim and spacious chamber at Stoke Newington, sat Bridget Fleetwood, habited in deep mourning, but solaced

by the presence of her sisters and her friend Lady Ormond, and by the knowledge that, although the grave of her former husband had been violated, her father, through her courage and perseverance, lay sleeping peacefully under the greensward before her: for the summer-house had been removed, the mouth of the cavern closed, a velvet carpet of Nature's weaving laid over it, and, singularly enough, a laurel-tree shaded the resting-place of the great ruler with its dark boughs, and gave shelter to gentle birds tamed by the tender care ever bestowed on them by the faithful watcher of that quiet and mysterious spot. She loved, she said, to hear their songs, and see the laurel blooming; might not such evidences be taken as types of grace from Heaven, and might there not be hope that God would be merciful, as well as just?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

"Della Memoria vivo, che della Speranza."

Gliding along the current of Life's river,
Whose waters heave in storms for evermore,
Two heaven-sent spirits watch beside us ever,
Nor leave us 'till we reach the eternal shore:—
One with pale cheek, sad brow, and raven tresses,
Still glancing backward at the shadowy Past;
The other, smiling as if man's distresses,
Like dews on flowers, were never made to last.

Memory is one, and sadly brings before us
The fading records of departed years;
The other, bright-eyed Hope, who scatters o'er us
Those sunny heart-beams which disperse our tears.
And ever, 'mid Life's varying joy and sorrow,
Those guardian angels cling to us on earth,
Hope gives glad promise of a smiling morrow,
And saddened Memory mourns our vanished mirth.

And, in the hushed and silent midnight bower,
When wearied Nature sinks to placid sleep,
Memory and Hope still exercise their power,
And, linked with Fancy, vigils o'er us keep.
With shapes and glimpses of immortal seeming,
They people many a vision of the night,
And bring back to us, 'mid that happy dreaming,
The loved and lost long vanished from our sight.

Oh, may I deem that ye were sent, fair spirits—
Who join the eternal Future with the Past,
Blending the joys and griefs which Life inherits—
By those whose course is now all heavenward cast?
Yet, while I speak, methinks there hath descended
A change upon each bright immortal brow,
The Hope of yesterday to-day has ended,
And voiceful Memory sadly greets me now.

THE INDIAN NECKLACE.

A LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LION."

Lettice. But, prithee, good Master Rhodomontade, how much of this brave tale is true?

Jasper. A waiting-woman, and not believe all thou hearest? The latter days, then, *are* come. How much true?—the sorrow, at all events, wench: that's sure to be from life: if there be wit in the fable, 'tis of mine own making.

Lettice. Good lack, then, tell it again, for, indeed, I lost the wit on the first hearing.

The Oratory.

The night, to use a vulgar saying, was as dark "as a wolf's mouth," and a storm was abroad which swept the brands off the hearth again and again, and wasted candle after candle, till the myrmidons of the little rude sea-shore inn where we were sitting announced that the pair just presented were the last of their stock. Furious as the wind was, however, we could hear throughout its tremendous peals the dull clanging of the watch-bell of the lighthouse on the cliff, in one nook of which our shelter was nestled; and we only continued conversation—I have been since

aware—because the time of the pauses betwixt unwilling speech and unwilling speech, thus measured, became intolerable to the very point of torture. The hurricane had already lasted for eight and twenty hours: the vessel in which the Baron was to sail from England was a week behind its time. A little more of that tremendous suspense, and my poor friend's reason, I was sure, *must* give way!

Somehow or other at such times the suffering cease to be nice in the exaction of courtesies. We had admitted into companionship with us a being with whom, at any other time, my fastidious friend and my experienced self would alike have hesitated to come into contact, especially after making his acquaintance in no more formal way than by finding him established "in the worst inn's worst room," before we arrived to claim its more habitable chambers. He was an old East Indian: with all the unlovely and ancient hues of the East upon his skin, and none of its treasures to compensate for a bilious eye, and a furrowed cheek, and a parchment complexion. He had teeth long and separate, like those of a cat, and—Heaven be good unto us!—sharpened, I verily believe, after the fashion of the warlike Malays, to give him an appearance of ferocity. He could not enter the room without filling it with the odour of tobacco: he spat on the floor at every third word, and pried

into the pale and saddened features of the Baroness with a mean curiosity, as though the wretch dared suspect her sadness to be but a pretended grief. His remarks, too, were more inquisitive than acceptable :—and still there was such potency in the long protracted agony we were enduring, that he might have been a hundred times more detestable, were such a miracle possible, and we should not have known it! He was another human creature, that was all!

"This grows worse and worse," said he, after one of the excruciating passages of silence I have described. "Before high water the wind will be frightful. Madame," (to the Baroness) "you should wear something warmer than that little handkerchief over your head,—you should have a mantle on your shoulders; the gale searches this old rat-trap through and through! Will you like to use my cloak for a while?"

"No, no, thank you," was the abstracted reply, and again the eyes were bent on the cheerless hearth, and again the ear lent itself to that vainest of mortal occupations, listening for sounds that come not!

"Could you not sleep a little," said I, "if you were to lie down?"

"Sleep!" was the echoed reply, in a tone so low that it hardly reached me, but with what an agony in its softness! — "Sleep!" and her hands

unwittingly sought her rosary, though it is doubtful whether at that moment she was sufficiently mistress of herself to be able even to *think* a prayer.

"A strange pagan necklace you have got," said the man, prying infinitely nearer than would have been endurable, had we been in a humour to stand upon niceties—"Indian, I perceive. I know the oddest story about a set of beads precisely the fellow to that. Hark, rising higher, the wind! Shall I tell you the tale to pass time? Don't snuff the candles, sir, if you are thinking of sitting up all the night again. You heard them say these were the last till the diligence comes by, and that's not till noon to-morrow."

We let him talk on, . . . the Baroness keeping up a cold mechanical smile. How she endured what she was enduring, the Almighty only knows; but I had not to learn the extent of her fortitude; as for me, I was charm-bound betwixt fatigue and the influences of repressed anxiety. The fire burned dismally on the hearth; and the light from the waning candles, which threw the speaker's figure in mysterious shadow on the wall behind and above her chair, grew dimmer and dimmer. He talked on.

"The beads were Indian. It is now long ago since an officer, more daring than his fellows, made his way into one of the most ancient and holiest of the pagodas at the sack of Delhi. The

alarm had been spread, and the priests and fanatics and dancing girls who belong to such shrines had all escaped, taking much of their treasure with them; so that when Captain von Helmont rushed in, sword in hand, to have the first rifling to himself, before any one could follow him—lo and behold you! he found nobody to bar his way; all silent, all dark, save for a few lamps just burning in their sockets, and, at the feet of the grim statue, a female dead and cold. She was a woman of great age, who, it seemed, was too infirm to be moved with the rest; and it was apparent to the physicians, by the strange colour of her skin, that, rather than abandon her to the mercies of the Christians, her companions had administered poison to her. What is more, it has always been believed that she had attempted to do her part in removing the treasury of the shrine, and that the rich necklace found round her neck, (otherwise she was all in wretched rags) had belonged to the goddess, not herself. Be this as it may, it was eagerly snatched by Captain von Helmont, and, in fact, was the only costly spoil taken by his party, so completely had the natives accomplished their purpose of concealment and departure."

Von Helmont! The name came over my ear with a strange and distant familiarity. I was sure I had heard the Baroness or the Baron .... but the wind roared with such frenzy at that moment,

as to break the current of my thoughts. She had not stirred: and was sitting there upright and pale; so still, that she might have passed for dead!

"To this necklace there hung a quaintly-shaped ornament; it was of filigree, pomegranate-shaped, proved to be hollow, and was found to contain some dry fragments of palm-leaf, traced with ancient characters. The only one which oriental scholars have been ever able to read contained these words:

The Sword—The Poison—The Shadow—

TO HIM WHO TOUCHES ME

and with this was a date—one of these very days, by the way—one of the days of the Equinox. Some have supposed it a talisman. What became of the pomegranate and its contents I never heard, after Von Helmont had sold them to a famous curiosity-monger at Milan. There was a rumour of such a toy being seen on one of the cabinets of the Petit Trianon, in Marie Antoinette's gay days. But it need not have been the same.

"Shortly after this, Captain von Helmont's regiment returned to Europe. His own luck was always wretched: to work hard, to succeed in nothing. He found his family dead, or dispersed; his betrothed unfaithful: the few acres he could call his own ravaged by a terrible storm. (How

the wind is roaring now!) and was only too glad to enter into the Russian service. But Von Helmont was any thing rather than a down-hearted fellow: and, though he had been sufficiently knocked about in India, he was still the handsomest man of his time. So he determined, and not unwisely, to make his fortune by matrimony. After looking round for a time very cautiously, he fixed his choice upon a young princess, whose possessions were as vast as her pride. To be sure, there was Tatar blood in her veins; and it was said that her temper was at times frightful; but Von Helmont had a stout heart and a strong arm, and, therefore, in defiance of threat, counsel, or warning, he laid violent siege to the lady, declaring from the first that carry her he would, in the teeth of all his competitors. The Princess Anna Schouloff (such was her name) appeared amused rather than otherwise at such a stalwart declaration, and, like many another self-willed woman, who knows the last 'yes' or 'no' to be in her own power, succumbed to the gallant captain's resolution in a manner which surprised every bystander. Those who knew best, however, whispered that Von Helmont would have done better to speak less insolently on the matter. There were rumours travelling about St. Petersburg, which whispered that so gorgeous a prize was not to be won so easily; but every hint and warning only made Von Hel-

mont more and more outrageous, and the Princess, it seemed, more and more complaisant.

"There was a brilliant masked ball at the Winter Palace; one of those sumptuous festivals which are only possible in such a land of barbaric wealth as Russia. And, perhaps, the notorious vying between noble and noble which should parade himself the most sumptuously, was never carried further than on that occasion. This was sufficiently perplexing to one like Captain von Helmont, who generally wore his wealth on his back, yet was determined to make a brilliant appearance. And, poor fellow! I have heard tales enough to fill a comedy, of the shifts to which he was put to get together the sumptuous Hindoo dress it was his pleasure to wear that evening. But the labour was worth the pains; for the adventurer was universally admitted to be the finest figure in the room. And, distinguishable by his tall stature and noble port, many an eye followed him as he cleft his way through the motley crowd, with a small shapeless bundle of cloth of gold and diamonds hanging heavily on his arm.

"'She must have given him that splendid string of beads he wears round his neck,' said one voice.

"'She will give him all she has next,' was the not unnatural rejoinder.

"'But did you see that small figure in black behind them?' asked a third.

"'Where?'

"'Why—now it is gone, and yet . . . . . I am sure, though, it *was* a figure, and no shadow!'

"It is curious to watch how an object totally unimportant in itself can sometimes gradually engage the curiosity of a crowd of people. On this occasion, it appeared as if the small mask, who seemed fitfully to hover on the course of the Herculean Adonis and the unlovely queen of his vows, by degrees succeeded to the attention which his height and her wealth had at first excited.

"A relation of mine who was present has often described to me the singular effect produced as the night wore on, when all the room, even the Czarina herself, began to follow the pair, and to await the announcement of supper, as if the familiar process of unmasking was sure, somehow or other, to open a new scene in the romance. My ancestor was one of those who believed himself to have seen the appearance, or man, flitting past the splendid couple, and used to talk till he frightened himself of the small malicious and bright pair of eyes that flashed through the creature's mask. At last the party stood up to dance a mazurka, Von Helmont as before leading the Princess."

"And had the black figure any partner?"

"I never heard that it was seen to dance, or noticed for more than a minute at a time, and then possibly some other dress so like its own would

come by, and people would begin to wrangle which was which, and then it was wholly gone. The dance went on gaily, when, on a sudden, in the most involved part of the figure, a piercing shriek from one of the ladies silenced the music, and arrested the dancers;—and the crowd parted this way and that, leaving an open space round the unfortunate officer, who tottered one step forward—tried vainly to recover himself, and then fell heavily on the floor, stabbed to the heart with a poniard!

"The doors of the hall were closed, the guests deprived of their weapons, the attendants strictly examined; and it came out that, in the first confusion, ere the order could be enforced, more than one short figure clad in a dark domino had been seen hastily departing by different doors. Each of the pages in waiting was ready to swear that the figure which had brushed past was the shadow of the ball-room, but undeniable it is that, from that day to this, it was never clearly known how many of these persons there had been, or who they were. By one of them it was universally admitted Von Helmont had met his death, and as he was a foreigner, and had little to leave beyond the Indian necklace, which was taken from him when the body was undressed, it is possible that the inquiry was not very searchingly made. The Princess Schouloff obtained a dispensation to leave

Russia, provided she left her fortune behind her, and entered a convent at Ratisbon!"

"And the talisman?" I said, though the wind now roared so frightfully that I could not hear the sound of my own voice.

"O, I did not say it was a talisman," was the man's reply; and, had the dying fire and the waning candlelight allowed me to see his face, I am sure, from his tone, it must have worn a sneer. "But the fate of the next person into whose possession it fell was still more curious. The lady is asleep, or I would not tell it."

"I hear," spoke the Baroness, in a voice which sounded almost sepulchral; "but do not forbear on my account. The story will help us on towards morning. What time is it now?"

"Nearer midnight than eleven," was my reply.

"There is then time to tell it," said the stranger; and, rising (he had all the evening shown himself a restless sitter) he leaned against one end of the settee on which the Baroness was sitting, till, in that fantastic half light, his shadow seemed to tower like a giant's above her. I have since often asked myself why I did not . . . . But I had better proceed with my strange story.

"Poor Von Helmont's necklace," resumed the man, in a deeper voice, "was purchased by a travelling Armenian, who took it with him to one of the German fairs, where it fell into the hands of

a rich merchant of Nuremberg. You have never been at Nuremberg, sir?"

"Often; that lady" (I spoke *avec intention*) "is a native of Nuremberg."

"Ah! . . . then I dare say I need not tell my story."

"Pray go on," said the Baroness; "I know of no legend connected with my necklace. It was my mother's."

"*Your* necklace! did I say that you wore Von Helmont's talisman?—though that is very like it, I confess. Well, then, as you ask it—I said the necklace fell into the possession of a rich burgher (I mention no names, for obvious reasons), and was considered as a very great rarity and treasure, even in that rich and sumptuous place. So that good Herr Behaim (we will call him—'tis a common Nuremberg name), though he allowed his wife to consider it her own, never permitted her to wear it, and 'twas kept in a rock-crystal box, for which Peter Visscher had designed the clasp and hinges; and, perhaps, the box was opened once or twice a year, when rich relations came, to whom it was an object to deny nothing; and the mother of the house was permitted to talk of wearing it at one or two high festivals. But it was remarkable that, whenever such a piece of prodigality was planned, the dame sprained her ancle, or was teased with a quinsy, or had dined too well, and was kept at

home by her affectionate and careful husband. 'Why Martin chose to pay such a sum for that old rubbish,' would Madame Behaim irreverently say to her gossips, when no male ears were in the neighbourhood, 'I cannot tell, as it is too precious for any body to wear, forsooth. But I will have them on for once, if it's only to show him that men cannot always have their own way, be they ever so clever. Let us see; how far hence is it to the Michaelmas ball?'

"'I declare,' exclaimed another of the conclave, dropping a huge piece of cake from her mouth in the fulness of her credulity, 'the beads absolutely flashed fire. I wonder whether it means any thing?'

"'Hush! here's Martin; let us not mention them before him. Annchen, take my key, and lock them up in the *schrank* again.'

"Now, Annchen, who, though *factotum*, was only woman after all, when she heard so much fuss made about this necklace, could not help feeling very curious about it, and just turned the key once in the crystal box to see whether she could open it or not. Though the clasp might be by Peter Visscher, the key was like any other key, and did its duty, so easily as quite for the moment to convince the mind of the waiting-woman that there could be nothing very uncommon in the necklace, and that masters were always

particular. So the talisman was put by as commanded.

"Well would it have been for Annchen, the maid, and all concerned with her, if her discretion had kept pace with her inquisitiveness. But, though she could keep her hands off the beads, her tongue was another matter. Up the street and down the street went the tale of these wonderful ornaments which might not be worn, and sparkled if they were looked at; and presently to these facts were added a yet greater wonder—that, on Preacher Drucker taking the box into his hand, when he happened to be letting fall some good words by accident, it burnt him so, that he wore his right hand in a stocking-foot for six weeks, to the great damage of his preaching. Some said this was only owing to a whitlow; but Annchen knew better.

"It may be presumed that, in a place like Nuremberg, the existence of good Madame Behaim's necklace was as well known as the *Sacrament's Häuslein*, or the seven holy carvings on the *Via Dolorosa;* and it may be guessed why Monsieur Frontin, the *valet de chambre* of a French nobleman, detained at The Ostrich by a sore fit of rheumatism, should especially desire to stand well with Annchen, when once the reader is aware that the said Frontin was as subtle a scoundrel as ever was nurtured in Paris. A handsome, clean-limbed fellow, he had little difficulty in ingratiating himself

with the simple, stupid girl; and, as nothing less than an offer of marriage would go down with her, an offer of marriage did he make, on this proviso, that it should be communicated to no one for a month. 'Long ere that day comes,' he thought within himself, 'I will have this redoubtable Indian necklace in a certain lapidary's shop, in a certain street of Paris, or I have not robbed man, woman, or child all these years for nothing.'

"The Michaelmas ball came—the time appointed by herself for Madame to dazzle all her townsmen's eyes with the parade of her splendour. But that worthy matron's discomfiture may be judged, when, on opening the *schrank* where the crystal box was usually deposited, it was found missing; and, to her frenzied inquiries, Annchen replied that it had been removed by her master's express orders, and that she had been threatened with immediate dismissal if she said a single word more about the matter. Totally discrediting the maid's story, her mistress dragged her into the presence of her lord and master . . . but he, so far from heeding his wife's complaint, publicly gave Annchen a bran-new florin for having fulfilled his orders; and, upon the lady becoming very energetic, threw out a hint (it has been said) of a certain oaken staff, which had, ere this, been instrumental in keeping household tranquillity unbroken. So that, in spite of her vauntings and her anticipated triumph,

Madame was compelled to equip herself for the ball without these tormenting ornaments, and to endure sundry jeers from her gossips, on the good order which some men maintained, and some mean-spirited women submitted to. 'Were I in your place, Lotte,' said an old schoolfellow, who was the most spiteful woman on her side of the Pegnitz, 'would n't I go this instant, and wouldn't I *insist* to have the jewels which belonged to me given up there and then, and wouldn't I wear them this very night before the clock struck twelve, to show people he hadn't been giving them to Lina Aurnheimer, as some are vicious enough to say!'

"'Where is *she*, by the way?' put in another speaker, yet more actively amiable. 'O, I recollect; laid up at home *with a lame foot*, poor thing!'

"'And where is *he?*' was the inevitable sequel; while the mortified wife stood turning from one affectionate neighbour to the other, her head moving like a piece of clock-work.

"'O, I saw him creep away just half a second ago, more shame to him! Somebody—a servant, I think—whispered in his ear, and . . . . .'

"'Silence your scandalous tongues,' broke in the stern voice of Preacher Drucker, who knew too well the humour of certain among his flock, and had joined them unperceived. 'Silence! or try to help your neighbour to bear the heavy trial with

which the Almighty has seen good to visit her. Good friend, your house is on fire, and your husband is gone there in all haste. Come with me. This is no scene for you.'

"'And Gretel . . and Bella . . my children ! . . ' gasped out the terror-stricken woman, from whose face its look of shrewish jealousy had scarcely yet had time to fade. The preacher grasped her hand in silence: by which she knew that some terrible thing had happened.

"How the news of the fire had escaped reaching the party so long was not the least remarkable event of that awful night. What had happened in the household could never be distinctly known, save that Frontin had paid his nightly visit to the nursery-maid, and, as her betrothed, had been permitted to sit with her beside the children's cradles. More than this no one could tell, save that, about half past nine of the clock, a dreadful shriek had rung through the house, and a strong smell of fire had immediately made itself perceptible. On the men hurrying up stairs, they were arrested at the door of the nursery by some heavy object, which was laid across the threshold. This proved to be the body of poor Annchen, whom the miscreant had stabbed to the heart — wherefore, it was not hard to guess, for she had dragged with her, toward the door, the cradle of one of the children, on the pillow of which lay the crystal box, shattered to fragments; and round and round her

fingers was twisted the necklace. The wretch, then, had been disappointed of his prey. But, besides the poor servant, the talisman had yet another victim, since, in the fire which Frontin had thrown about to facilitate his escape, the fairest of the two children had perished of suffocation. The other, a baby only two months old, was hardly saved. You can remember nothing of this, my lady Baroness," added the man, methought, maliciously.

"I?"

"But for all that," continued he, his voice taking a tone which raised it above the wildest rage of the storm, "but, for all that, do not suppose YOU shall be let off. It is the year, and the day, and the hour;" and the demon rose to his feet, and one hand audaciously approached the string of beads round her neck, while, with the other, he began to fumble in his bosom; and I thought that I saw the glimmer of bright steel. But, woe is me! I was spellbound, and could not stir, though I made an effort, in my agony to rise, which would have else moved a mountain.

"Fiend!" exclaimed the lady, also rising, and her eyes flashing indignant fire, "neither year, nor day, nor hour is thine! I am stronger than thou—I can render thee charm for charm! This is my children's hair!" and, as she spoke, she took a locket from her bosom hung to the necklace where the pomegranate had been.

The stranger shrunk back with a cry which I

hear at this moment of writing—a cry which delivered me! My sleep had deceived me. There was no longer any old Indian before me; and, though the Baroness held, as I had fancied, the locket in her right hand, it was because the string was broken, and the beads scattered from corner to corner of the room by the rapturous embrace which had caught her. She was in her husband's arms; and it was her scream of long pent-up agony at last released that had awakened me.

What mattered it that Theodore was travel worn, —his rich, sweeping curls dripping with rain, his face and hands bruised by struggling through the storm up the desperate ladder of rocks he had been compelled to climb from the wrecked vessel! What mattered lost treasures on board, and the hours of hunger he had needs endured, and the *year* (it seemed) of misery she had undergone! He was there — alive, and safe, and in her arms! The dismal presentiments of the past hours were falsified — the present relief too exquisite; and she could but weep out her full heart on her husband's shoulder, and sob forth, " O, never, never go to sea again!"

Such a meeting is too sacred to admit the intrusion of any third party, be he even an attached friend of many years; and I was glad to leave the pair to themselves, though little less agitated than either. Strolling out, therefore, into the wretched inn kitchen—now rapidly becoming an hospital for

the forlorn and shipwrecked folk who had saved themselves with the Baron, in their arrival only outstripped by his love — I asked for our fellow-watcher, the German. He, too, might have had some friend—a daughter, perhaps . . . . .

"O, as to him," replied the *kellnerinn*, when she had a moment's breath to spare for my satisfaction, "he set off at nine o'clock in the *fahrpost* for M——, because he said he had just discovered he should not be wanted here to-night. You did not, then, know he was gone! That is strange!"

"*Not wanted here to-night!*" I repeated mechanically to myself, mixing up his words with the strong impression I had just received. "So, then, he knew that the power of the talisman was destroyed . . . . Pshaw! . . . . I suppose I am still not properly awake!"

"And the Indian necklace?" asks some gentle reader.

The beads were never gathered in sufficient number to enable it to be restrung. The floor of the old inn was *so* full of crevices, and, besides . . . . but, were I to tell you all the strange suggestions Fancy has offered, you might think me superstitious. This I know, that the stones which were recovered were set in the frame of the picture of the Baroness, given (after many former denials) to Theodore in the fulness of her delight at his escape from shipwreck. And I know that the picture hangs most respectably in his study, between a Madonna

and a St. Bartholomew. Possibly such orthodox neighbours may have contributed utterly to extinguish the spirit of mischief which dwelt, some have conceived, in the Indian Necklace.

THE PRESS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Press! what is the Press? I cried;
When thus a wondrous voice replied:

In me all human knowledge dwells;
The oracle of oracles,
Past, present, future, I reveal,
Or in oblivious silence seal:
What I preserve can perish never—
What I forego is lost for ever.

I speak all languages; by me
The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
The dumb converse, the dead of old
Communion with the living hold.
All lands are one beneath my rule,
All nations learners in my school;
Men of all ages, every where,
Become contemporaries there.

What is the Press?—'Tis what the tongue
Was to the world when Time was young,

When, by tradition, sire to son
Convey'd whate'er was known or done;
But fact and fiction so were mix'd,
Their boundaries never could be fix'd.

What is the Press?—'Tis that which taught,
By hieroglyphic forms of thought,
Lore, from the vulgar proudly hid,
Like treasures in a pyramid;
For knowledge then was mystery,
A captive under lock and key,
By priests and princes held in thrall,
Of little use, or none at all,
Till the redoubted ALPHABET
Free their own great deliverer set,
At whose command, by simplest spells,
They work their mental miracles.

What is the Press?—'Tis what the Pen
Was thrice ten centuries to men,
When sybil-leaves lent wings to words,
Or, caged in books, they sang like birds.
But slow the pen and frail the page—
To write twelve folios ask'd an age;
And a pet babe in sport might spoil
The fruits of twenty authors' toil.

A Power was wanting to insure
Life to works worthy to endure;

A Power the race to multiply
Of intellectual polypi:—
It came, all hardships to redress;
And truth and virtue hail'd the Press.

What am I then?—I am a power
Years cannot waste, nor flames devour,
Nor waters drown, nor tyrants bind;
I am the mirror of man's mind,
In whose serene, impassive face
What cannot die on earth you trace—
Not phantom shapes that come and fly,
But like the concave of the sky,
In which the stars, by night and day,
Seen or unseen, hold on their way.

Then think me not the lifeless frame
Which bears my honourable name:
Nor dwell I in the arm, whose swing
Intelligence from blocks can wring;
Nor in the hand, whose fingers fine
The cunning characters combine;
Nor even the cogitative brain,
Whose cells the germs of thought contain,
Which that quick hand in letters sows,
Like dibbled wheat, in lineal rows;
And that strong arm, like autumn sheaves,
Reaps, and binds up in gather'd leaves,
The harvest-home of learned toil
From that dead frame's well-cultured soil.

I am not one nor all of these;
They are my types and images,
The instruments with which I work;
In them no secret virtues lurk.
— I am an omnipresent soul;
I live and move throughout the whole,
And thence, with freedom unconfined,
And universal as the wind,
Whose source and issues are unknown,
Felt in its airy flight alone,
All life supplying with its breath,
And, when 'tis gone, involving death,
I quicken souls from Nature's sloth,
Fashion their forms, sustain their growth,
And, when my influence fails or flies,
Matter may live, but spirit dies.

Myself withdrawn from mortal sight,
I am invisible as light—
Light which, revealing all beside,
Itself within itself can hide;
The things of darkness I make bare,
And, nowhere seen, am every where.
All that philosophy has sought,
Science discover'd, genius wrought;
All that reflective memory stores,
Or rich imagination pours;
All that the wit of man conceives;
All that he wishes, hopes, believes;

All that he loves, or fears, or hates;
All that to heaven and earth relates;
—These are the lessons that I teach
By speaking silence, silent speech.

Ah! who like me can bless or curse?
What can be better, what be worse,
Than language framed for Paradise,
Or sold to infamy and vice?
Blest be the man by whom I bless;
Accursed he who wrongs the Press;
The reprobate in prose or song,
Who wields the power of right for wrong
—Wrong, to outlast his laurell'd tomb,
And haunt the earth till crack of doom.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Another Christmas day is come!
Another year is well nigh gone!
The time is rife with joy to some;
Oh, that it came with care to none!

But, since last merry Christmas sped,
Alas! what thorns have strewed our way!
Some mourn we number'd with the dead,
While others at our side decay.

Then knew we those who woo'd the hour,
  While joyous faces hemm'd them round;
But with their wealth has fled their power,
  And now their place is nowhere found.

Then saw we those on whose clear brow
  Bright beams of Mind and Genius shone,
And Reason sat enshrin'd; but now
  All trace of thought and feeling gone!

Then saw we mirth in varied form,
  And boards o'erflowing with good cheer;
But, oh! Life's dark, impending storm
  We saw not, felt it not, so near!

The tiny cloud from out the sea,
  No larger than a giant's hand,
We little thought so soon would be
  A dark pall, shrouding all the land!

And still we revell'd, still were gay,
  Regardless of its frown severe;
Nor saw the forked lightning play,
  Till we were struck, and felt it here!

Ah! many an aching heart can tell
  Of mirthful seasons gone and past!
Then seize the present, use it well,
  Since, haply, it may be *thy last*.

Franklin. del.ᵗ Pub.ᵈ by Ackermann & Cᵒ London. 1843 J.ˢ Carter. sculp.ᵗ

JANE VAVASOR'S VISIT.

JANE VAVASOR'S VISIT.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

Some two hundred and odd years ago, the arrival of a letter at one of our inland county mansions was not an every-day occurrence, and, therefore, perhaps, it was that the Lady Margaret Wenham felt some two hundred and odd times more curiosity to know the contents of one lying before her than would be experienced by a modern country dame under similar circumstances. It was addressed to her worshipful spouse, Sir Eustace, who was "disporting himself" with hawk and hound somewhere upon his own extensive domains, and a messenger who had been despatched to inform him of the important event had already been gone three hours.

"Heigho!" she exclaimed, throwing the letter once more upon the table, after the hundredth close but fruitless inspection of its exterior, "heigho! what an extraordinary fact it is that a gentleman, a knight, and one who hath spent much time in actual service in the wars, and who, moreover, hath distinguished himself on divers occasions, and who else hath been employed by

our late most gracious sovereign in matters which, if rumour may be accredited, were not of small import to the realm; how very extraordinary is it! how passing strange it seemeth! marvellous indeed, that *such* a man should devote the whole morning, day after day, to the degrading, senseless, and, to me, incomprehensible occupation of carrying a bird about upon his hand! ay; and fondling and doating upon the nasty, greedy creature, too, even as the court-fool doth with his bauble. Truly, *that* was a gallant remark he made yesterday! To tell *me* that the vermin's eyes were the most beautiful he ever saw in his life! Alas! two years ago not so would he have spoken! *Then* he would have——"

Here the lady broke off, and began to pace the room, musing upon the past, till a glimpse of herself in a mirror recalled her to the present. Perhaps she discerned somewhat there not quite satisfactory, for she rang her little silver bell rather hastily, and, when her maid appeared, gave her certain toilet instructions expressed not exactly in her very kindest manner. She then, after several more vague and unsatisfactory guesses at whom the letter could be from, and what it could be about, determined magnanimously to sit down to a piece of worsted embroidery (which is still in existence), and so employ herself with industrious patience till her lord's return. But, alas, in the

minor as in the more important affairs of life, when any one thing occurs to annoy us, it is almost invariably followed by others, which, however trivial in themselves, tend at the moment to keep up the irritation; and thus the Lady Margaret's fancied equanimity was disturbed by finding herself at work upon the likeness of a hawk, one of those very objectionable birds that had latterly lured Sir Eustace so much from home, to the sad deterioration of his character.

How strangely will trifles rise into importance when unwisely permitted to occupy our thoughts! But the courtship that had preceded the Lady Margaret's wedding had been carried on in London, where Sir Eustace was a favourite, not only in certain select fashionable circles, but even at court; so how could she conceive that her gay and gallant knight (to her the flower of chivalry) would become by his own choice the companion of grooms, horses, dogs, and hawks?

"It is well that the creature is hooded, and I have not got to work its *beautiful* eyes," she ejaculated, spoiling the appearance of her really very pretty little mouth by a most unseemly twisting of the lips. "If I had, I know not where I should look for a pattern. Certes not in the looking-glass. Heigho! what can be the matter with me? I am not superstitious." (This is what people still generally affirm when most open to

the imputation.) "And yet, do what I may, that horrid bird seemeth to haunt me with its odious, glaring eyes. Ugh! it maketh me shudder! Can it be an omen? I know not. But I cannot work any more; that is im-pos-si-ble! I will go and take a walk;" and she rose and went her way, nursing strange and uncomfortable fancies, and, sooth to say, in no very amiable mood. Under such circumstances it might be deemed impertinent to follow her, and, therefore, we take leave of her for the present.

"Well trussed!" exclaimed Sir Eustace, as one of his hawks, having pounced upon her quarry (or prey), and borne it first aloft, descended with it like an arrow to the ground; "she doth thee credit, Wilder."

"She'll come to be a real good one, an't please your worship," replied his falconer, while his eyes sparkled with triumph; "I knew she would, though she took so much time to man and reclaim. But she a'n't fairly summed yet. She's a spirit of her own, and wouldn't mind binding a dragon if she caught sight of one, I do believe. Woho! thou savage little puss! I mustn't let her plume away at that rate, or she'll spoil the pelt;" and away he galloped to give the creature her "reward," and perform other technical sporting duties.

It may be as well here to state that Sir Eustace

had but recently evinced any portion of that intense love for "the noble science," which was then generally felt by persons of his rank when residing in the country. The days had gone by when "it was thought sufficient for noblemen to winde their horne, and carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people:" but it was still as needful a part of a country gentleman's education to "carry his hawk fair," as is now some practice in our modern field-sports. Even in the present day, with our multifarious resources for amusement, our nature is not so utterly sophisticated but that the chase, the gun, and the rod hold yet their animating, healthful, and care-dispelling influence over the best and wisest. The energetic mind, like the strong bow, needs to be unbent, that it may retain its power; and what relaxation can be more invigorating than that enjoyed in the pure air, beneath the canopy of heaven, amid green fields, and waving boughs, and sparkling streams, with all nature rejoicing around us!

Now Sir Eustace was possessed of many a broad meadow, through which the running waters wound and glistened; many a mile of dark green woodland, and many a wide-spread field, now waving with corn, and anon more satisfactory to the sportsman in its less picturesque dress as a stubble; and it seemed but just that he should find

some mode of recreation amid all such pleasant places, since the mere fact of their being his own paternal property was the chief cause of his brooding so deeply over his one disappointed hope. Every man hath his trouble, for, if one come not unto him in the ordinary course of events, he will contrive to "get up" one for his own private and especial mortification; and that of our knight was the non-appearance of an heir.

"It was my *only* reason for marrying," said he to himself; but he did not say so much to his good dame; and, if he had been brute enough to be guilty of such coarseness, he would have told her an untruth, for his had been the common lot of mankind. He had been regularly captivated by her various inexpressible charms, and had indefatigably wooed and won, thinking of *her only*, and fondly dreaming that the acquisition of her fair hand would exalt him to the summit of human felicity. Had he kept a faithful register of his thoughts and feelings during the halcyon days of courtship, he would therein have so found it written; but he had not, and, therefore, was enabled to grumble himself into the belief of having acted in a very cool, calculating, deliberate, prudential manner, instead of being the slave and creature of impulse and passion.

Sir Eustace was a gentleman, not only by birth but by nature; therefore he vexed not the spirit

of the Lady Margaret by vain repinings; but, as she loved him right well, and watched his every look and movement as those who love are wont to watch, it was not long concealed from her that something was preying upon his mind, and what that something was she at length, unhappily for herself, too shrewdly guessed. And thus stood matters between them at the time when our history begins.

We left Sir Eustace and his attendants, with hawk, and horse, and hound, by the greenwood side, not more than a mile from his own mansion. He was about to proceed with his sport, when he caught sight of one of his servants galloping towards him, as though riding for his life.

"Please your worship!" he cried, the instant he arrived near, and sharply pulling up his horse, "there's a letter come by a specious messenger."

"A letter!" exclaimed the knight; "where is it?"

"Please your worship, I don't know. I never set eyes on it, not I; but that's what I war told to say."

"Follow me!" exclaimed Sir Eustace; and away they dashed across the park to a wicket communicating with "the pleasaunce," through which the knight, after giving his steed in charge to the man, hurried towards the house, and soon found himself alone with the letter, while the

Lady Margaret was sitting up stairs at her window, anxiously watching for his arrival by the accustomed avenue.

"Jane Vavasor!" said he, thoughtfully. "She was *quite* a child when I was last in Paris! Truly there is nothing that I would not do for the child of her father. But this is nothing; rather is it a favour conferred upon us, for my good lady wanteth society sadly. I fear me that she findeth the mornings pass but wearily at times. Would that she could conquer that timidity which besetteth her when on horseback! By St. Paul, there was much good sense in the mandate of her late highness, Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory, ordering us away from London to dwell upon our estates, for, verily, that artificial town life tendeth grievously to the weakening of both mind and body. Even as the choicest flowers, in their gilded and crystal vases, droop in the impure air of the banquet and the crowded hall, and may no more be compared with those that bloom in health and beauty beneath the canopy of heaven, strengthened by every passing breeze, so is it with those fairer flowers, those 'delicate creatures,' as Will Shakespeare hath it — but beshrew me! whither am I wandering? She is in good health —she *shall* be in good health! All she needeth is something akin to the gaieties to which she hath formerly been so much accustomed, and *that*

she *shall* have; for the coming of this young maiden may well excuse, if need there be, a departure from the, perchance, somewhat too quiet mode of life that we have led latterly. Yea, it is but meet that the orphan and only child of the brave Sir Arthur should be treated with all hospitality beneath the roof of one who deemed it an honour to serve under him and call him friend. And, for the maiden herself, what with her French extraction by the mother's side, and her French education to boot, it were marvellous indeed to find aught of the puritan in her. But fie upon me! why dally I thus, when my good dame sitteth alone in suspense!"

"I perceive that there is something well pleasing to thee in that letter," said the Lady Margaret, as her husband entered her room; "and of a truth I am well pleased also, though I know not what it may be, for my mind misgave me."

"Away with all misgivings!" exclaimed the knight; "I have excellent news for thee, my dear Margaret. But, verily, it is a lengthy epistle to read, and somewhat obscure withal in parts, as lengthy matters are wont to be now-a-days, from the king's speech downward; and the inditer of this, though he should be a plain, money-getting, plodding citizen, seemeth to aspire unto courtly circumlocution: so thou mayest read what he sayeth at leisure, but I will give thee the pith in

few words. The writer is one Cockayne, a London merchant, to whom my late worthy comrade and friend, Sir Arthur Vavasor, left the custody of his daughter's property, and, as it now seemeth, some control over her person. She hath but recently come to England under the protection of the Marquis de Rosny, the French ambassador, whose suite she appeareth to have quitted soon after her arrival in London, and betaken herself to the house of the old merchant, but not soon enough for the avoiding of that sort of notice which pretty maidens, particularly if they be heiresses, are sure to attract from certain gay young gentlemen, who, as the citizen writeth, 'beleaguer' his house, so that he hath no peace of mind, fearing what may come to pass; and, therefore, he prayeth me, for the love I bore her father, to give the damsel harbour here for a short time. What sayest thou?"

"Right willingly will I receive her," replied the Lady Margaret; "although I fear that a gay young person, accustomed to Paris and London, may hardly be contented with our *very* quiet mode of living."

"Ha, ha! sayest thou so," exclaimed Sir Eustace; "very quiet indeed hath it been latterly; but wherefore should it so continue? Thou smilest?"

"Nay," said the lady, "imagine not, I pray thee, that I wish for any change. So long as

thou, my dear Sir Eustace, art happy, so long shall I ——"

"Thou art a very model of propriety!" exclaimed he, interrupting her, "yet art thou no cloistered nun, nor am I a monk; and so, methinks, a little change may not be amiss. Therefore, should this semi-French demoiselle be so minded, let us even be gay for a while. But order those matters as thou willest. Suffice it that I shall leave our young guest entirely in thine hands, and she cannot be in better."

The lady duly acknowledged this compliment, and, after some further talk upon the subject, wrote a very kind note of invitation to the orphan, which was duly despatched, with Sir Eustace's reply to the merchant's epistle.

About a month after the above conversation, Dame Brown, the old housekeeper, was sitting alone in her "still-room," her hands mechanically engaged in knitting some article, which she would ever and anon drop upon her knee, while giving utterance to portions of the following broken soliloquy: "Don't tell me of their Frenchified customs! What's right's right, and what's wrong's wrong, all the world over! .... My lady, maybe, may have her little odd ways — and who hasn't, I should like to know?—but, if she wasn't more of a saint than them as the papishes pray to, there'd have

been a pretty rumpus before now. Howsomever, things can't go on long this way, that's certain .... Dear, dear me! to think of Sir Eustace! Why I've dandled him on my knee, and he's been to foreign parts in the wars, and seen the pope, or some of his chronicles — cardinals, I mean — and so has gone through all sorts of temptations, ay, as clean as a whistle! ay, and come home here again to his father's and grandfather's and great grandfather's house, to settle himself down like an old English gentleman, the same as all the rest of his posterity; when there comes me all of a sudden a young thing, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and bewitches him downright. I do believe it's a plot of the French king's, or the Spaniard's, or that nasty old woman of Babylon, who, they say, is the same as the pope, though how that can be I can't exactly understand. But there — never mind; that's a mystery, I suppose, and all that poor old creatures like me have got to do is to believe all the parson tells us, and withstand temptation Heigho! .... Then there's that French maid of hers, too — though she can't speak two words like a Christian—she is for everlasting gabbling and ogling the men all over the house, and has turned 'em all topsy-turvy. If she's any better than she should be, my name's not Molly Brown, that's certain. I suppose *she*'ll be after riding about with a hawk upon her fist next,

with one o'th' fellows at her side, as her mistress does with Sir Eustace. Plague take 'em both, I say! . . . Then there's that sly, demure-looking chap that came with 'em, and never goes out riding at all, but creeps about the house like a mouse, and follows my lady like a spaniel, simpering and whispering in her ear, no good, I'll be bound. Enough to make Sir Eustace jealous, if he wasn't such a precious fright! I'm half sure he's a jesuit in disguise; else what should he be doing with that great black book I saw him poring over t'other day in the library window, when he thought nobody could see him, and drawing figures with compasses and such strological things? Mercy upon us! suppose he's a magical man, and so we're all betwattled together—I shouldn't wonder, not I. Nothing would surprise me, after what I've seen. Heigho! Well, well, I'll do *my* duty; and, now I think of it, it is high time to put out some preserves for the dessert."

Here she demurely laid down her knitting (the constant occupation of her leisure moments), and, selecting a key from the large bunch suspended to her girdle, proceeded to unlock the folding-doors of a press containing the said delicacies, and before which was a sort of dresser, whereon she systematically arranged her jars and dishes for the performance of her task, during which her back was necessarily turned toward the door; and she

was thus standing when Jaquette, the attendant of Mistress Jane Vavasor, opened the door unperceived, and, being as usual playfully inclined, tripped lightly forward, and tapped the busy housewife upon the shoulder. This produced a start and a scream, and, moreover, the involuntary ejaculation, "Talk of the devil and . . . ." but she checked herself before the rude termination of the proverb could pass her lips.

"He, he, he!" tittered the little brunette, while her sparkling black eyes gleamed with childlike delight. "Tink me vas de devil? He, he, he!"

"Not much better," thought the housekeeper: but she had been long enough in service to know the value of keeping a control over her temper when in the presence of those whom she was expected to entertain; and Jaquette, as a stranger in a strange land, had been particularly recommended to her attention by the Lady Margaret; so she strove to subdue the expression of her countenance down to a look of friendly reproach, and said, "La, Mumzelle Jacket, how could'st thou be so foolish?" and then went on with her work as before, pleading that she had not a moment to spare. Jaquette wished to lend her assistance, and, on her offer being declined, first praised the various good things upon the dresser, and then, merely saying "*Pardon!*" selected a small variety in a saucer, with which she forthwith walked across

the room, and coolly seated herself in an arm-chair.

"How I should like to box the hussey's ears!" thought the housekeeper, while she said, "Oh, dear! take as many as thou likest;" and moved not from her post, but continued busily engaged with her face turned away from her tormentor during the strange conversation that followed.

"Mais c'est delicieux! excellent!" &c. &c., exclaimed Jaquette, approvingly, as she tasted the different specimens of Dame Brown's skill; but her compliments were either not understood, or deemed unworthy of notice, till she cried, "Mais, par example! Dou been at Paris, Madame Brun?"

"*Me* go to Paris for an example!" sharply exclaimed the indignant dame; "that *would* be a pretty go! Why I never was twenty miles from home in my life!"

"Mais c'est—dat is vary extraordi*naire!*" observed the French maiden.

"The air may be all very well, for aught I know," said the dame; "but the air of this country is quite good enough for me, and I don't believe there's any better anywhere. Look at our cherry-cheeked, nice-looking lasses."

"Sherry sheek! looking-glass!" muttered the bewildered maid; but, having an active imagination, she soon guessed that she was invited to look at some preserved cherries in a glass, and so started

up, and, running toward the dresser, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, tank dee; I love moche de sherry."

"Dost thou?" said the housekeeper, drily; "I shouldn't wonder! But thou must ask the butler for that, if thou pleasest, for I never keeps nothing of *that* sort here;" and she asked herself silently, "Is it possible that the little prying heathen can have found out where I keep my bottle of sherris-sack?"

Thus much of what passed between them may suffice to give an idea of Jaquette's proficiency in the English language, and account for the sad character which, before they separated, she unwittingly gave of her mistress. They were speaking of that young lady, and the old dame had just observed that she seemed to be a great favourite with the gentlemen. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the French lass; "she alvays make love to all the gentilmans verever ve come;" meaning that she caused all the gentlemen to love, or, rather, to like her.

"What!" almost screamed the housekeeper; "thou can'st not mean what thou sayest, sure*ly*? I never heard of such a thing!"

"Yes, madame," replied Jaquette, somewhat pettishly, for her patience had been sorely tried by being so frequently misunderstood, "I mean vot I spoked. Verever ve come, she alvays—toujours—alvays make love to all de gentilmans she see, von after de toder. Dou most comprend dat, for it is so plain as my nose in his face."

"Ah!" thought Dame Brown, "thou hast impudence enough to push thy nose in anybody's face, I'll be bound. But, as for thy mistress — dear, dear me! what shall I do? If I could but get Sir Eustace on my knee, as I used when he was a little boy, and always minded what I told him! But that can't be, so it's no use thinking of it. But I'll do something, that's poz! After living all these years in the family, I'll not sit down twirling my thumbs, and see the house turned out o' windows by an impudent, barefaced minx, not fit to hold a candle to one of our scullions."

In consequence of this laudable resolution, the good dame passed a sleepless night, and, on the morrow, sought an interview with Wilder, the falconer, and his account of their master's proceedings with the young lady was most unsatisfactory.

"They call it going a-hawking," said he; "and so it was at first, for she's a regular, downright, care-for-naught horsewoman: but now they send me off one way, while they ride home by another. If Sir Eustace warn't married, I know what I should think; but, as it is, I can make neither head nor tail of it, for they say she's a great heiress, and so there can't be nothing wrong."

"Women are deceitful," observed Dame Brown, gravely.

"So I've heard say," replied the falconer; "but this young thing's like a whelp three months old, all play and no vice — though one can't tell exactly how they may turn out till one takes to breaking 'em in, to be sure."

"How is it that Master Titus Skeggs, as they call the ugly gentleman that came here on purpose to take care of her, doesn't go out with you sometimes?" asked the housekeeper.

"Why," said the falconer, laughing, "he did go with us once, but, body o' me! he looked as if he was going to be hanged, and I soon saw that he had never been on a horse's back before; and so his young mistress says, 'Come along, Master Skeggs. That's not the way, man: clap thy spurs into his sides, or give him a cut so!' and she gives his horse a swingeing slash across the loins, and forward it bounds, of course, and—he, he!—down tumbles Master Skeggs like a sack; and all that the young lady or Sir Eustace could say wouldn't persuade him to mount again. So there was an end of his riding; and then it came out that it wasn't on the lady's account but his that they travelled from London in that new-fangled thing they call a coach."

"Humph!" ejaculated Dame Brown, "that won't go down with me, Master Wilder. It's all part of the plot, and an excuse to stay at home, for reasons I can guess. Humph! but to tell me the

man can't ride if he chooses won't do. Here have I lived, woman and girl, a matter of threescore years, and never heard of a man that couldn't ride before. I'll tell thee what, Master Wilder, my belief is that he is a conjuror."

"He didn't look much like one that morning," said the man, with a smile.

"It's no laughing matter," she continued; "there's something more than natural in what's going on, I'm sure. I have thought it all over all manner of ways, for I couldn't sleep a wink all last night, and the upshot is this: here's a young hop-o'-my-thumb creature, romping away all over the country with Sir Eustace, as if he'd nobody else to care for. Here's an outlandish, foreigneering slut, peeping into all my holes and corners, and turning all the men-servants' heads in all directions, and that's bad enough. But, what's worse than all, there's our good Lady Margaret left all alone to herself along with this serpent in sheep's clothing, with his mealy mouth. And she, too — she that used to be so very particular, and, as one may say, almost haughty-like and distant to all strangers— what does she do but walk about in the pleasaunce and the park, and sit for hours together with the mischieful, odious, ugly, carneying baboon. Thou art a sensible man, Master Wilder, and I ask thee, can this be natural, if he had not cast a spell upon her?"

The habit of attributing to supernatural agency every occurrence out of the common course was then so prevalent, that little argument was needed to bring the falconer to her way of thinking, particularly as it seemed to account for Sir Eustace's suddenly abated ardour towards his favourite pursuit.

Being thus far agreed, the two faithful old servants of the family entered upon a long consultation, during which they framed sundry devices; but for the present they determined to confine themselves to keeping a strict watch upon every look and word of their master and mistress, when in the presence of their respective tempters or bewitchers.

Return we now to the Lady Margaret, of whom, as truth is to be told, we must speak as having in her youth been one of those unfortunate beings called "spoiled children," a class for whom the fairest flowers in the pleasant ways of life cheer not the palled sense, while the smoothest paths appear ever to be strewn with thorns. Of them it may, indeed, be said, that "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children;" and, if the evil work have been completely wrought, who shall affirm that the visitation may not be continued, even "to the third and fourth generation?"

According to the suggestion of Sir Eustace, the

arrival of their visiters was followed by as much of gaiety as they could contrive to get up among themselves, and the few families within visiting distance; but we shall not attempt any minute detail of the hospitalities given and received. Indeed, after all the changes wrought by time and fashion, they differed little in substantial matters from those displayed under similar circumstances at the present period, since the two chief meals, the most important affairs of the day, instead of being denominated luncheon and dinner, were called by the old English names of dinner and supper. Is it not to be feared that much of what we deem our advance in other and more important things would prove, on strict investigation, to be little better than a mere changing of words?

Let it suffice to say, that "they ate, drank, and were merry," and well pleased was the Lady Margaret with her high-spirited, lively, young guest, and not at all displeased by the notice she appeared generally to attract, and which she, the lady of the mansion, construed into an oblique compliment paid to herself, when bestowed on a young person whom she had so manifestly undertaken to patronize. And thus for some weeks the time passed very cheerfully and swiftly along, and Sir Eustace seemed to have forgotten his hawks and hounds; for, whenever they were by themselves, he would sit or walk with the two ladies,

and the younger had ever a world of news to tell of what had been going on in Paris and London, in both which places she appeared to have associated with persons of their mutual acquaintance. But the longest budget of news will at last run out; and, when that of her sprightly visiter seemed nearly exhausted, the Lady Margaret condescended to offer to become her instructress in the then fashionable mysteries of embroidery, a science which, in the course of her French education, had been wofully neglected.

"We can talk as we work," she observed, "and, when thou hast got over the first difficulties, thou wilt find it a nice means of passing away the time, which otherwise might hang heavily on thy hands."

Thus saying, she uncovered the piece she was then working, and the first object that attracted her pupil's attention was "the ill-omened bird" that we have had occasion already to notice.

"Oh! I do so love hawking!" exclaimed Jane Vavasor, clapping her hands.

"Ha! sayest thou so?" ejaculated Sir Eustace, advancing from a window, out of which he had been looking somewhat listlessly. "I thought not of mentioning my intent, but I had just resolved to take advantage of this fine day, and ride out. Wilt thou favour me with thy company? What sayest thou?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted!" she replied eagerly, "that is, if Lady Margaret ——."

"Oh, dear! don't think of me, I beg!" said that lady. "It is one of those pastimes into which I enter not. I leave it to the gentlemen. But, go thou, I prithee, if it liketh thee. Nay, do not hesitate. Perchance, mine is a foolish prejudice."

"Nay, if it be deemed unseemly in this land," observed Jane Vavasor, "let me not join therein! But in France it is quite otherwise. I remember at Fontainebleau, that almost all the ladies of the court ——."

"If it were unseemly, I would not ask thee, thou mayest rely," said Sir Eustace, in a decided tone; "so prithee tarry not, but go and don such dress as thou wilt, while I give the needful orders."

"I am not superstitious," said the Lady Margaret, when left alone, "but that horrid bird, which hath been so long hidden, is no sooner exposed to view, than, even as by magic, all is changed! The young thoughtless creature whom I have been fostering fleeth from my side! and Sir Eustace, too. Surely, he spake strangely; yet said I nought that might be cause of offence, albeit that such boisterous and galloping sport certainly is unseemly for an English maiden. Of that, methinks, surely, I ought to be a judge, and there was a time when he too would have deferentially bowed to my opinion! But now he asketh it not!"

Here she sighed deeply, walked to and fro for a while, and then seated herself at a window, with her head resting on her hand, and ever and anon rocking her chair backward and forward, as though "nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

In the mean while, Sir Eustace and his young *protégée* were cantering merrily across the park, in utter abandonment to the glowing pleasure of the moment, and without casting a backward thought toward the solitary lady of the mansion.

All was pleasant around them that morning, and, as they rode through the knight's own preserves, (which were guarded then even more strictly than in the present day) they had no lack of good sport; but withal the young lady appeared to much greater advantage, and evinced far more of dexterity in the arts of riding and managing her steed, than in the noble science of hawking.

They were about five miles from home, and the heat of the sunbeams, from which they had been previously relieved by passing clouds, was becoming oppressive, when Sir Eustace proposed that they should return quietly by a somewhat circuitous route, winding through long grove-like avenues of lofty overshadowing trees.

"This was one of my favourite rides in youth," said he, after proceeding some minutes in silence. "There is much of beauty in it—*very* much! Yet

to me it bringeth many a melancholy recollection of the absent and the lost."

This was spoken in a serious, or rather solemn tone; and his sudden change of manner and feeling was as instantaneously communicated to the quick and susceptible mind of the young lady, as she exclaimed:—"It seemeth to me even as a holy place!"

"Yes," said Sir Eustace, "and to my eyes the dead are moving to and fro in our onward path, and all around us."

"Talk not so," said Jane Vavasor, "or, if so, not in so sad a strain, I beseech thee. The dead are far from hence, and rest in peace."

"Pardon me, my dear young friend!" exclaimed the knight; "the towering pillars of this far-stretched natural temple were planted by my forefathers. They watched their growth, as they did that of the children who succeeded them, and each grew up and flourished."

The recollection of his one disappointed hope here prevented him from suppressing an audible sigh, as his young companion, assuming for the moment a gayer tone, interrupted him by exclaiming:—"A truce, I pray thee, sir knight, with thy sombre fancies! Is this the style in which English cavaliers entertain maidens whom they undertake to escort? Fie upon thee! A Frenchman would have said I know not how many

pretty things, or made downright love to me ere this."

"How like her mother!" thought Sir Eustace; and he fancied she had never before looked so beautiful as she cast her eyes upward searchingly, as if to discern the effect of her remonstrance, while the arch but resolute expression of her whole countenance plainly said, "Yes, I am in earnest: I insist upon being better entertained."

He felt that she had conquered, and chased away the foul fiend; so, falling in with her mood, he exclaimed, "Thou shalt not again need to reprove my lack of gallantry, for, from this moment, I will make love to thee in earnest."

"Then, prithee, leave thy dismal faces, and begin," she laughingly replied, and they proceeded slowly on their way. The remainder of their conversation is not on record, but, as she was engaged in the duties of the toilet, after their return to the hall, Jane Vavasor exclaimed, "What a delightful gentleman Sir Eustace is! How *very* agreeable he can make himself!" and something very like a sigh escaped her unconsciously.

As we already know that this excursion was the prelude to many other pleasant *téte-à-tête* rides enjoyed by the gallant knight and his fair companion, we have now only to state that at each succeeding interview their talk became more confidential and interesting, until never were a pair of

lovers more completely abstracted from the world, and unmindful of all passing around them. And, therefore, it was that Wilder the falconer contrived to catch certain words, which fully confirmed both him and the housekeeper in their worst suspicions.

As for the Lady Margaret — persons much less given to stumble at the molehills of life might have felt greatly perplexed in her situation — she knew not what to do, nor what to think. Certainly, with the exception of his hawking pursuits, which were an old grievance, she had no cause to be dissatisfied with any thing in Sir Eustace's demeanour towards herself; while she could not but perceive that there was a great change in his manner towards their visiter, whom he had previously treated almost as a child, but whom he now ever addressed deferentially, even as though her opinion were worth asking. Then closer observation led her to suspect that there was some secret understanding between them, not precisely appertaining to hawks and hounds, of which, however, they always had something to tell after riding. There had been a time when she would have unhesitatingly disburdened her mind on any subject to her husband, but that time had long gone by, (she knew not why, but was *sure* it was not her fault) and now he would treat her inquiries or complaints with levity or neglect. Poor lady! All this was hard to be endured! But, alas! much worse fol-

lowed; for almost as a matter of course her mental flounderings terminated in the quagmire of jealousy. This she would not at first acknowledge, so firmly yet remained the impression stamped in early youth that no one could be preferred to herself. But the yellow taint was not thus lightly to be swept aside, and she pondered and soliloquized over the matter after her wonted fashion, not omitting to objurgate the horrid bird of ill omen.

"I will not demean myself by complaining," she said, "but methinks some way might be found to put an end to this visit, which hath already been endured quite as long as hospitality requireth. Yes, I have it! That foolish man, who seemeth to worship me! A little flattery will turn the creature whithersoever one would have him to go, without knowing who guideth him."

This "foolish man" was the Titus Skeggs whose strange ways had excited the housekeeper's suspicion, and a simple body enough he was. He had been a schoolmaster, but, either from the lack of industry or erudition, or both, his school had deserted him, and he was now under the patronage of his rich relation, Master Cockayne, who selected him as a guileless, and, therefore, fitting person to attend his rich ward, nominally as her preceptor, but, in reality, as a spy upon her conduct. Unto him then the Lady Margaret cunningly made her approaches by flattering speeches concerning his

good sense and learning, till he was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of her judgment, and verily believed himself a rather extraordinary person; and, having thus prepared him for her purpose, she ventured a hint at her disapprobation of field-sports as an amusement for ladies.

"Truly, I know not," stammered Titus. "The goddess Diana ——."

"Nay, nay, talk not of heathens, learned sir," said the lady. "I appeal to thine own good sense and knowledge of the world. But I ask thy pardon! I am so used to speak unreservedly to thee, that I have unwittingly erred. Thou permittest thy young charge to be absent for hours, riding thou heedest not where, nor with whom, and truly that showeth thine opinion upon the subject, as also that of her guardian."

"Thou deemest me to be wrong?" inquired Titus.

"Nay, I cannot argue with *thee;* I know not the art of logic as thou dost," said the lady, "but this is a wicked and censorious world, and, when young damsels trust themselves alone in fields and woods, away from their natural protectors, with strangers, idle tongues will make free. However," she added, carelessly, "it is no affair of mine, so I will e'en go and attend to those of my household," and away she went, smiling cheerfully, leaving poor Titus to reflections of rather an embarrassing nature.

"What if Mistress Jane Vavasor meeteth some of those gallants who beleaguered us in London? Little think they of scouring over the country from Dan to Beersheba with their high-mettled steeds. Have I not been unfaithful to my trust? Yet strove I not to accompany her? Made I not a laughing-stock of myself by sitting upon that unruly beast, till he cast me down upon the earth? Alas! even so will my good patron cast me aside, should any evil befal her. What shall I do? Said he not that she was 'slippery?' That was the word he used, and may she not glide away? But surely Sir Eustace would protect her! Humph! I know not, for your military men I am told are not to be trusted with ladies. 'Inter arma leges silent.' May he not even give his countenance to these beleaguerers, seeing that they also are men of the sword?"

Such was the pith of Master Skeggs's lucubrations during the remainder of that day and the succeeding night, and the result was a determination to try the effect of his oratorical abilities on the young lady.

"Never mind Jaquette, my good sir," she said, as he hesitated to speak after entering her apartment. "Pray sit down, and tell me what thou hast to say, for I promised Sir Eustace to be ready in half an hour, as we are going a long way off today."

"Not to-day. I protest against it," Titus began, and then, as when "laying down the law" to his former scholars, he drawled forth a monotonous declamation upon the matter in question.

"I fear thou art a sad naughty man," said Jane, archly, when he came to a conclusion, "else what could have put such things in thy head?"

"Oh yes! he is frightful!" exclaimed Jaquette; "me tell how. So soon ven Sare Eustache turn him's back, he not never give miladi some peace, but vispers in his ear all day, till he hear de horse-foots come in de court, ven he jomp up and fly in his chambre for fright as Sare Eustache vill give him de end of a sword."

"Shocking!" cried the young lady, lifting up her hands and eyes with affected horror, "I really did *not* think he had been *quite* so bad as that!" and, without any further notice of his harangue, she retired to her dressing-room, followed by Jaquette.

We spare the detail of the discomfited Skeggs's looks, gestures, and soliloquies on this memorable occasion: but, when he had partially recovered the use of his faculties, he sought the Lady Margaret, and respectfully announced his conversion to her way of thinking, expressing at the same time a doubt whether he possessed sufficient authority over his charge to turn her from the error of her ways. So she condoled with and flattered

him to such a degree, that he almost believed there might be some ground for Jaquette's hint concerning Sir Eustace's jealousy, and thus she led him on to the desired point so adroitly, that he firmly concluded it to be the result of his own logical ratiocination.

"Thou art of too decided a character to swerve from what thou deemest the path of duty," said the lady; "therefore, I attempt not further to dissuade thee."

"I will commence the painful task instanter!" exclaimed Titus magnanimously, and he withdrew to his own room to indite a long letter, which was that night sent off by a special messenger to his patron in London.

Another fortnight had elapsed, during which the various suspicions of the different parties at the Hall had received daily corroboration, as no change had taken place in the habits or conduct of the suspected individuals.

It was a fine morning; the family were sitting together, and the usual hour for riding had arrived, when Jane Vavasor announced her intention of staying at home. "Can she have heard of it?" thought Master Skeggs, casting an inquiring glance at the Lady Margaret, who observed it not, but rose and walked to the window. Sir Eustace also rose and paced the room. There

was an awkward silence, during which Jane bent forward over the table, and hid her face in her hands, as if to conceal some powerful emotion. "What can all this mean?" thought Titus.

"There are horsemen coming up the avenue!" exclaimed the Lady Margaret.

"Ha!" cried Sir Eustace, taking his place at another window, while Titus jumped up, and rushed to the side of the lady. Jane moved not from the table. "I recognize them not," said the knight.

"Verily it is himself!" exclaimed Titus, rubbing his hands; "that portly figure should I know were the distance twice as great as I guess it now to be. I remember me in the lord mayor's show there was not another ——."

"Zounds, man! what's his name and business then?" inquired Sir Eustace hastily.

The answer was much more lengthy, stating that the portly man was Master Cockayne, the guardian of Mistress Vavasor; but why he came with so many as half a dozen attendants, was a mystery to the deponent.

"He hath arrived most opportunely," said the knight, smiling. "I'll warrant he hath not often had such entertainment as we will give him. It is well that we had success in our sport yesterday," he continued, turning toward Jane, who had risen from her seat, but was still in evident agita-

tion, and then he whispered in her ear, "Fear not; leave all to me."

Hereupon the Lady Margaret turned suddenly pale, but had sufficient presence of mind to support herself by the window-frame, and seem to be watching the advancing cavalcade, which had now reached the drawbridge across the moat.

"I will go and receive his worship with due honour," said Sir Eustace, leaving the room, and Titus bustled after him.

Each absorbed in her own thoughts, the two ladies remained silent, till the new comer, who might have personated Falstaff without any addition to his portly figure, made his appearance, and then the Lady Margaret turned round with a smiling face to bid him welcome; and they were soon all talking about the state of the roads, and the various nothings usual on similar occasions. When these were nearly exhausted, and conversation began to flag, the merchant suddenly altered his tone and style, as if shame-stricken at having allowed himself to be diverted so long from the business in hand; and, after sundry preparatory coughings, said with an air of coarse self-importance, "I came not hither, Sir Eustace, to trespass on thine hospitality, but ——, ahem! to thank thee, and thee, too, my good lady, for that which ye have accorded unto my ward. It is my intention forthwith to take her back with me.

Ahem! I trust that while here she hath demeaned herself as I could wish? Eh?"

"Truly," replied the knight, with affected gravity, "that is somewhat more than I will venture to affirm."

"How!" exclaimed the merchant, starting; and, opening mouth and eyes, he stupidly gazed from one to the other for a while, and then inquired of his hostess in what way the maiden had transgressed, and lamented that she should have given her cause of uneasiness.

"Not in the least," said the Lady Margaret. "Really! I assure thee! I—I have been very happy in . . . in . . .," and she hesitated, for there was something in the look and manner of her spouse that puzzled her exceedingly.

"I will expound unto thee, then," said the knight; "this sad maiden, or, rather, merry maid, hath such winning ways, that she soon became a great favourite of mine, and so I indulged her in certain whimsical fancies of her own, and have petted her till it is really full time that she went away, inasmuch as my gentle spouse hath taken the alarm, and, sooth to say, hath become jealous of her."

"Sir Eustace!" gasped his offended and indignant lady, "this to me! and before a stranger! I never spoke a word, I . . . I . . . ." She could utter no more for an hysterical rising in the throat.

"Of me, Sir Eustace!" exclaimed Jane Vavasor. "Oh! how cruel! Impossible! my dearest Lady Margaret!" and she sprang towards her, but the lady unconsciously shrank away.

"Let us leave them to themselves, most worshipful sir," exclaimed the knight gaily to his corpulent guest; "thou needest refreshment after thy ride, and it awaiteth us."

"I like not this!" growled the citizen.

"Then, perchance, thou mayest like what is provided for us in another room better," observed Sir Eustace, as he marshalled him out, followed by Master Titus Skeggs.

What passed between the two ladies must be left to the reader's imagination; but, when Sir Eustace was in his dressing-room before dinner, the Lady Margaret rushed in and threw herself upon his neck, and embraced him, and sobbed a little, but withal smiled very sweetly through her tears, and called herself by sundry names, which she would not have liked to hear from any one else. Then followed a mutual confession, by which it appeared, that, though Sir Eustace had for some time entertained vague suspicions, he had never till that morning been convinced of the real existence of what she now called her "folly." What "honeyed words" followed this reconciliation belong not to the public, therefore, we only add, that, before they separated, they agreed that "the fewer secrets man and wife keep from each

other, the greater probability will there be of avoiding misunderstandings."

Our worthy knight sate down to table that day in high spirits, and the influence of his good company or good cheer gradually warmed his portly guest into a loquacious mood, and, consequently, he favoured the company with a tedious rigmarole account of his journey from London, the impositions of innkeepers, his escapes from ideal dangers, &c., &c., till towards the close he mentioned his having been joined at the last town by four persons, who said that they had business at the Hall, and had followed him to the door thereof.

"Methought they were thy servants," observed Sir Eustace.

"Nay, I know nought of them," said the citizen; "they appear unto me to be inferior sort of persons, and kept at a respectful distance, as beseemed them," and he filled his glass, tossed off the contents, and smacked his lips with an air indicative of being perfectly satisfied with both the wine and himself.

Sir Eustace expressed his surprise at not having heard any thing of the men, and on inquiry it appeared that they had been closeted during the greater part of the morning with the housekeeper, who had given orders for their hospitable entertainment, till her master should be at leisure to hear the purport of their coming.

"Don't let me be in thy way!" ejaculated the

fat man; "business first, and pleasure after! That's our motto in the city."

"Then, with the ladies' permission, we will have them in," said the knight; and, the permission being accorded, two demure-looking persons, dressed in black, soon after entered, followed by two others, whose sables were of more questionable hue, all holding their high-crowned hats in their hands. In reply to the inquiries of Sir Eustace, he who seemed to be the leader made a disjointed speech about "unpleasant necessity," "rather have chosen some other time than in such worshipful presence," &c., but at length divulged that, "in consequence of certain depositions formally made by one Mary Brown, and corroborated by one Jacket, a French maiden, with another illegible and unpronounceable name," it was his duty to lead away in captivity the person of one Titus Skeggs, under the charge of witchcraft.

Now, although such an accusation was in those days really a very serious affair to the party concerned, it so happened that on this occasion neither Sir Eustace nor the ladies could retain their gravity, while the accused did as it were coil himself up into a ball, and with teeth chattering sate and glared horror-stricken at the messengers of the law, even as though they had been evil spirits come to fly away with him according to diabolical compact.

The fat merchant, moreover, looked quite aghast,

dropped his nether jaw, and exclaimed, "Is it possible?" but, the moment after, summoning his dignity, he waxed vehement, and declared he had known the man for years, and the accusation was "all a pack o' lies." Then the Lady Margaret kindly interposed, but her mode of pleading for him was very bitter to the accused, for she affirmed that to her knowledge he was a poor, weak-minded, simple creature, more likely to be made a tool of, and imposed upon by others, than to attain to supernatural powers, and certainly he was no conjuror. Sir Eustace and Jane Vavasor said somewhat to the same effect, but the course of law was not to be stayed, and so the quondam schoolmaster was duly arrested, and taken away to the next town for examination on the morrow. How all-powerful is habit! The poor fellow had scarcely reached the lodge ere his worshipful patron was snoring in his chair!

Our story now closes in the usual way. Early on the following morning about half a dozen persons glided quietly from the back of the Hall through the pleasaunce, and across the park, towards the old church. Jane Vavasor was escorted then by Sir Eustace, but, after a brief visit to the venerable building, she returned leaning on the arm of a younger gentleman, whom she had been in the habit of meeting daily for some weeks, by the connivance of her worthy host, but who had not dared to show himself at the Hall, being per-

sonally known to Titus Skeggs as the most formidable of the "beleaguerers" of his patron's house.

"How very much Charles Naunton is like his father!" observed Sir Eustace to his lady, as they followed the young couple.

"Truly, I envy thy feelings this day," she replied. "But for thee the sweet girl had been sacrificed to this odious citizen's rapacity, and compelled to marry his son. She hath told me all the particulars of her persecution, and would have confided in me long since, but for my coldness, nay, I must now acknowledge, mine exceeding rudeness towards her."

"Though I gave my word of honour to keep her secret, even from thee," said the knight, "yet marvelled I somewhat that it escaped not from her when ye were together."

"I have been very foolish!" sighed the lady, "but never henceforth will I have a thought hidden from thee."

The old church bells here appropriately struck up a merry peal. Master Cockayne enacted the part of the duped guardian, with impotent, and, therefore, ludicrous ferocity, and then sneaked off, without making any inquiries about the fate of his humble friend, Titus Skeggs, who was subsequently released by the intercession of Sir Eustace.

It now remains only to put on record that, about twelve months after this memorable morning, Sir

Charles and the Lady Jane Naunton paid another visit to the old church in the park, as sponsors for a son and heir of the ancient family of Wenham.

THE SLEEPING ALBATROSS.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

As lone the bold Albatross sits on the billow,
That rocks him in slumber, beneath his furled wing,
His head on his side has a warm downy pillow,
And calmly he rides, like a bold ocean king.

Come down from his tour through the air he was cleaving,
And borne on the wave like a crown of its foam,
Surmounting its power, while he's lulled by its heaving,
He rests as a traveller resting at home.

Secure from the foes that look up from beneath him,
His breast is bound close in a soft plumy mail.
He dreads not the blast, nor the surge that may wreathe him,
But floats on the swell, and glides under the gale.

His field is the air, when awake and in motion;
His guide, One who guides the light sparrow to fall;

The sky his pavilion, his bed the whole ocean,
When sleeping—his watchman, the Maker of all.

And while the bright stars that now o'er him are beaming,
To his hidden vision no lustre can pour,
Perhaps of that one is the Albatross dreaming,
That points to his far-away nest on the shore.

Behold, my faint spirit! the wild bird reposing
Alone on the flood is a teacher for thee!
Though brought to deep waters, an eye never closing
Is on thee—thy Watchman commands wind and sea.

When all is uncertain and dreary before thee,
And night's sable curtains around thee are drawn,
Be peaceful, with Bethlehem's star beaming o'er thee,
And trust, till thy home-showing morning shall dawn.

Then up for the flight, with a wide pinion springing,
To scent the sweet land-breeze that comes from the flowers;
And quick from thy breast the cold water-drops flinging,
Regain at the sunrise thine own native bowers.

Newburyport, Mass., U. S.

THE WANDERER.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A. (CAMB.)

Dim sank the pale sun thro' November's wan haze,
Where the smoke of a city roll'd dun on the day,
As a Wanderer paus'd thoughtful, in silence to gaze
On the fields where the haunts of his infancy lay:
But no token remain'd of the friends pass'd away,
Save the stones that recorded their lowly repose;
And where, a glad child, he had roam'd the free wild,
Dome, column, and battlement rose.

And "Mournful," he cried, "felt the Samnite, to stand
Where the wrecks of his cities were swept by the cloud
Of Rome's devastation, and find not his land
Mid the tombs of her true, and the hearths of her proud:*
But drearier, far drearier, to rove mid a crowd
Of forms that I know not, in scenes where I grew,
With no spot to be trac'd in the populous waste
Of all that my infancy knew.

* Florus, speaking of the entire desolation of Samnium, says, "Ita ruinas ipsas urbium [Romanus] diruit, ut hodie Samnium in ipso Samnio requiratur."—Hist. Lib. I., cap. xvi.

" The home where the clematis breath'd from the wall,
The rose and convolvulus smil'd from the door ;
The lanes that I roam'd at the lark's matin call
To rifle the hawthorn's and eglantine's store ;
The blue fading hills my young eye would explore,
And marvel what regions of bliss they must bound :
I stand on a spot where they all are forgot—
The spot where they all were around.

" I have trod the red summits of Righi, to gaze
On the flame-flood of sunset; my noonshrinking eye
Hath cower'd where the snows from Pentelicus daze ;
Hath search'd the calm depths of Parthenope's sky ;
Hath rejoic'd as glad Morn over Carmel rode high,
In her chrysolite vesture ; and yearn'd, amid all,
For a beauty which ne'er lay around it, save where
Sad Memory now faints to recall.

" Yet why thus regretful ? the sunlight is gone,
Warmth, colour, and charm to the landscape that gave :
The smile round my infantine footsteps that shone,
The hand that sustain'd them, are dust in the grave.
Why studious of bliss the poor shadow to save,
When the substance has past ? when the spirit has fled,
It were idlesse, and vain, though our art might detain
The features and form of the dead.

" 'Tis well ! for the Wanderer is chang'd as the place :
I know not my home, and it recks not of me :

In feature and feeling scarce lingers a trace
Of aught I once joy'd in these valleys to be:
The glance of the stripling, blithe, eager, and free,
Is quench'd evermore in this grief-sunken eye,
And his snows on my head hath chill Winter dispread,
Ere my summer-tide hours are gone by.

"I have grasp'd the full wishes that flush'd my proud youth,
And found the rich treasure a shade and a cheat;
I have pledg'd the warm vow of affection in truth
To the lips that return'd it in solemn deceit;
And the full, loving heart, that with confidence beat,
Crush'd, sullen, distrustful, bleeds lonely away,
And the scene, if it wore its first charm, but the more
Would mock the lorn ruin's decay.

"Yet, mid these proud tombs of my home and my joys,
One form still arises, unalter'd e'en now—
'Tis the fane that first echoed my suppliant voice;
Where the birthdew celestial fell soft on my brow;
Where the meek hand of blessing confirm'd my first vow;
Where first to the Feast sacrificial I came:
It stands as it stood when it peer'd o'er the wood,
Porch, chancel, and turret the same.

"I bless the true token! hope faints—bliss decays—
The lov'd will betray, and the loving depart,

And the earth that contain'd them will change as we
gaze.
Thou only unchang'd and unchangeable art,
Whose shrine unpolluted recalls my torn heart
Thy healing to seek, and thy love to adore,
And patient await my one change—to the state
Where Change hath dominion no more."

Rectory, Wrington,
June 4, 1842.

INFINITY.

BY JOSHUA MINTY.

How many globules in the deep sea lie;
How many grains make up its lengthened shore!
How many atoms form the mountains hoar!
Man hath the power to scan with steady eye;
E'en the receding void of the blue sky
Cannot exhaust his spirit's strength to soar,
Though ages flee away, time be no more,
And the long flight demand Eternity!
But what bold effort of the strongest mind
Can bear the thought of that which ne'er began?
The keenest vision overstrained, turns blind,
And fails so limitless a space to scan;
When Ocean's bed shall in a nutshell be,
Then may the finite grasp infinity!

LIFE'S DREAM.

AN OLD LOVE OR A NEW.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

Happiness! we wonder where it is to be found! Certainly not under a regal canopy—crowns only give the headache. Certainly not to the victor in a battle field—pah! the reeking blood, the mangled limbs, the ghastly gashes — the man must be a fiend who could find happiness there, however great his glory. Well, then, the chemist, who watches his crucible, and develops the secret processes by which a world was made, doth he find happiness? — nay, for he gets no sleep a-nights, and very dirty hands by day. The poet? his happiness is to be miserable. The man of knowledge, then?—nay, all that he acquires makes him but the more dissatisfied with himself, and sure we are that self-dissatisfaction is the farthest off from happiness of any thing in this world.

Well, after all, if happiness is any where among us on earth, it is not among self-attained things, but must be looked for among the gifts of the Deity, like the colour of the rose, and the perfume of the violet; it must be sought where youth brightens the eye, and paints the cheek, and dews

the lip, and buoys up the heart; where the body and the mind are both lithe and elastic, and where the spirit is old enough to hope, and not old enough to fear.

And just thus, in the dawn of life's sunshine, rich in unmeasured happiness, were our hero and heroine at the commencement of our tale.

And yet who would have thought that a hoidenish boy and a sunburnt girl knew more of happiness than philosophers and doctors of law! and who would have thought that a hoidenish girl and a sunburnt boy would prove all proper materials for a hero and a heroine!

And yet how happy they were, our wild Virginia and her playmate Ray, as they wandered among the dear, delicious wildernesses of sweets that begirt their country home, revelling in the luxury of a myriad of flowers, not planted churlishly and formally by the hand of man, but blossoms a thousand-fold dearer, sown by the wind, and nursed by the sun, Nature's own children. Happy were they as they rambled among the rich luxuriance of buds and bloom, wreathing wild flowers in the meadows, or watching the waters of the river leap and glide along, and sparkle like their life; or, when the rays of the sun burnt hottest, hiding themselves from them in the dells of the forest, listening to the birds, and mocking their melody.

And so Ray and Virginia were very happy, though they knew nothing at all about it. But who were this idle couple, who dared to be happy in spite of reason and philosophy, which would soon have taught them better? Indeed they were very nobodies. Virginia was the spoiled nursling of a cottager's wife, and Ray was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Both the nurse and the widow had striven as hard as possible to spoil their respective charges, and the older they grew the more perfect the process became: the nurse always thought whatever her Virginia did the best thing that could possibly be done, and the widow, however she might try, never could scold the image of her lost husband. Then, again, they had another advantage, which the world may think rather a doubtful one—they had no riches to quarrel about, but were as poor as poets—in fact, so poor that they were fed something after the fashion of the birds, and clothed something after the style of the flowers, that is to say, immediately from Heaven, without troubling any intermediate hand; and oh! who would wish for any intermediate hand between themselves and Heaven!

So the sun when he rose found our hero and heroine happy, and when he set he left them the same. They never had the trouble of learning any thing, because education had not yet brought the rod and the headache into that lonely spot,

and, instead of listening to a pedagogue who might have taught them according to the most approved rules that they were miserable creatures, they spent the days altogether ignorant of the fact, recklessly and heedlessly, among the sunshine and the flowers. One *locale*, however, they loved beyond all the other green spots of their affections —it was the site of the ruins of an old abbey, just that where our readers may find a courtly couple indulging in a dream of life, which, however, is nothing new, in the very spot where Ray and his Virginia used to rest themselves after their wanderings and frolickings. To them the old abbey ruins were the grandest and most wonderful work in the creation; every nook had they ransacked, every fragment had they climbed, every sculpture had they traced, and never once had they deviated from the opinion that, of all the wonders of the world, this was the greatest.

And thus old Time jogged on at an easy amble, until Virginia had gained the wonderful wisdom of full fourteen years, and Ray became a sage of seventeen, and then the old gentleman gave the kaleidescope of life a shake, and in a moment all the pretty, sparkling fragments were hurried and flurried hither and thither, and Ray and his Virginia were shaken — they could not well tell where.

And thus it was: our butterfly boy and girl had

been rambling all the sunny summer's eve, and at its close were quietly seated together amid the dear old abbey ruins, when the sleeping echoes of the peaceful spot were awakened by the sound of carriage wheels, and the pawing and prancing of horses. Such an extraordinary event roused their curiosity, and, looking out from a nook which gave them a glimpse of the road, they caught sight of a dashing equipage, radiant liveries, prancing horses, and such a blaze of flashing finery, as even an exquisite of the first water must have pronounced "a good turn-out," but which they, in their simplicity, considered as the acme of all kingly or queenly magnificence. They gazed until they could catch no more glimpses of the dashing livery, until the clouds of dust had subsided again into their native insignificance, until the noise of the circling wheels had died away into silence; and then Virginia, with a childish expression of wonder and surprise, such as the sight of a pretty toy might have excited in a nursery, or a diamond bandeau in a duchess, retired to her seat in the mossy dell, happier, far happier, than the queen upon her throne.

But presently the old ruins re-echoed the name of Virginia. It was the voice of the cottage nurse calling her nursling, and Virginia bounded to the summons. Ray followed, when, wonder upon wonder, he reached the spot just in time to

see his village playmate hurried into that odious trap of a gaudy carriage, heard her shrieking and sobbing, and saw her stretching out her hands, and wringing them most piteously. Poor Ray fell into a frenzy in a moment: he tried to seize the horses, and Virginia tried to dash herself out of the window; but somebody held the girl within, while a rude, rough, liveried giant seized the boy by the collar, dashed him aside, and, leaping up behind the villanous coach, the driver flourished his whip, and the wheels whirled round, and the clouds of dust rose again, and Ray was left stunned both in body and mind, and Virginia was *gone*.

Our next view of Virginia is altogether as different from our last as could well be imagined. Instead of the rustic cottage, the mossy dell, or the old abbey ruins, she is the occupant of a lordly chamber, in which wealth has done its utmost in outspreading splendour. She is sitting in a saloon of wide dimensions, the walls draperied with silk, and the floor carpeted with webs of the gayest fabric from the richest looms. Pictures, over which lonely Genius had expended its very soul, while the body in which it was enshrined had starved, hung around the room, each of them, now that the hand that had outspread their beauty is lying mouldering in a narrow grave, of the cost of a little principality—the painters had been beg-

gars, but their works were wealth. For the rest, there are walls covered and emblazoned with gold, couches and chairs of damask-covered down, inlaid cabinets, costly marbles, rich china, and splendid buhl work. Ah! we wonder how much of the world had been ransacked inside and out, and how much of the lives of how many men had been spent to embellish that costly chamber!

We said that old Time had been shaking his kaleidoscope; but how came the lowly cottage nursling into this new position? Truly the oddest things are often the simplest. Virginia was now the heiress of a noble house, its sole scion. Men do so many odd things that they cease to be odd, and, therefore, it can scarcely be called strange that the young Lord Francis Ballingham, the son and heir of the good old Earl of Ballingham, should find in his heart, in spite of his head, to fall in love with an humbly born, dowerless girl; and, taking it for granted that his noble old father, according to the established rule in such cases made and provided, would not and could not be persuaded to tolerate such a waste of the family dignity, and being an exceedingly obedient son, and altogether unwilling to act against the parental legislation, he submissively resolved upon doing as he pleased, only leaving his living ancestors in ignorance of what that might be, which, of course, amounted to the same thing as obedience; and,

thus logically doctrinizing, he privately married his portionless beauty, became a father and a widower at the same moment, was confirmed in the idea of saying nothing about these matters — at least, for the present — and was prevented from changing his mind by very suddenly, and without having any idea of the matter, breaking his neck in a fox-chase; and thus had Virginia been left to the unpaid care of her cottage nurse, who might have sent the heiress of all the Ballinghams to the parish, had it ever entered her silly head, which it never did, she, simple soul, loving her far too well ever to do any thing but spoil her as much as was in her narrow power.

And thus had matters rested for fourteen long years, when a certain officer in the army, who had been on duty in India, and who had in his young days helped Lord Francis to sow his wild oats with all the agricultural industry that was possible, came back again from the land of sun to our land of fog, with a complexion of guinea-gold, one arm less than Nature originally bestowed on him, and a sad halt in his left ancle; and, feeling a sort of sentimental reminiscence come over him, imbibed by breathing his native atmosphere, and finding that he must now drop into the poetical and interesting line, since he could not hope, with his lame foot and his liver complaint, and a slight inclination to baldness to boot, to succeed in the

dashing and dancing style — why, we say, considering all this, he made a call on the parents of his old friend for the sake of "auld lang syne," when, finding that the earl's voice grew husky at sight of the wild friend of his son's wild youth, and that the eye of the countess grew dim with moisture, he took out his French cambric handkerchief, and, when he heard them most pathetically lamenting that they were left lone and childless in their old age, he disclosed to them, in very well chosen expressions, and with great grace of utterance, that he rather imagined there existed some little ragamuffin urchin, in some out-of-the-way spot, who had right and title, did she only know it, to address them by the style of "grandpapa" and "grandmamma." Upon this the old earl and countess fell into exclamations of gratitude to him and Heaven, and, having prosecuted the search, they soon found out — what nobody had any interest in concealing — our little village-girl at her cottage home; and so, paying up long arrears as far as money can ever repay kindness, and settling a pretty little annuity to comfort the woman for her loss, they had taken to their warm heart and their splendid home the relic of their buried son.

But, oh! how sunburnt this little Virginia was, and how vilely she mangled and massacred the king's English; and, oh, horror upon horror! she

knew nothing of the mysteries of reading, and, if possible, less of the mysteries of writing. She scarcely understood at which end to thread a needle, and still less at which end to take hold of a pen.

Ah! poor earl! and poor countess! and, above all, poor Virginia! How they all laboured and suffered in converting the natural into the artificial! what a terrible hubbub there was among music masters, and writing masters, and dancing masters, and singing masters, and drilling masters, and walking masters, and talking masters, and all the other sorts of masters! At length, however, they got her into training. She began in course of time to walk and speak, arts of which she had been previously ignorant. Singing did not cost her half the labour of grammar; and, for the rest of the arts and sciences, which the army of professors were daily hammering into her, they found her intolerably stupid; but, generously sacrificing their own private opinions and convictions in consideration of her being the granddaughter and heiress of an earl, they unanimously declared that her native talents were of the highest order.

And, without knowing it, they spoke the truth. Virginia had talent and capability, as well as a feeling heart; and though, for a time, this last very disagreeable commodity incommoded her

pretty considerably, and, with its foolish longings, pulled and dragged her thoughts continually towards the lowly home which she had left, yet, after a while, the doting love of the old earl and countess began to win some return; and, one day, when it suddenly struck her that she was ungrateful for so much kindness, and the feeling came home to her heart in some suffocating sensations, she made a kind of instantaneous resolution that she would from that moment love them very heartily; and this determination had either the more or the less merit, we scarcely know which, inasmuch as she only made it because she could not help it, and kept it for the same reason. In truth, if love could buy love, Virginia ought to have paid back a great deal. From that day Virginia surprised every body, herself included: her inaptness and stupidity vanished before her awakened inclination; mind and manners became remodelled and remoulded; the little hoidenish, awkward, ignorant girl verged into a very good sample of womanhood, and was known no more as the rude, rough, uncultivated villager, but as Lady Virginia Ballingham.

Poor Ray! and what was he doing all the while this metamorphosis was being worked? In sooth, poor fellow, he was rusting away his very heart, and soul, and spirit. His days were spent rambling

among the old abbey ruins, but he no more saw beauty in blossoms, or brightness in the sky. He seemed as if the vitality of intellect were gone, and the mere clod of breathing clay remaining. Dull, moody, idle, joyless, the time wore heavily away. Nothing less than necessity or inclination can impel us into industry, and, neither of these operating upon Ray, he was as indolent and useless a being as ever discredited the surface of the earth. One day, as the blighted boy was lying stretched upon the grass, with his eyes gazing upwards on vacancy, a bird flitted across the blue heaven, and, as it winged its way over him, the thought flitted across his mind, "If I were a bird, I might fly to Virginia!" Sudden as the idea, the boy rose upon his feet; his eye sparkled, his lip quivered, his energies were all alive — he had a *purpose*.

Five days after this, a footsore, shoe-rent, travel-stained boy presented himself at the door of the mansion of the Earl of Ballingham. He asked for Lady Virginia; and the pampered menials, who took him for a beggar, told him that she was coming forth, for they were not permitted to spurn even a dog from the threshold. The boy gazed on the blazing liveries, and up the marble steps of the hall, marked the gilded banisters and the emblazoned arms, and caught glimpses of the internal splendour through the half opened doors. Pale,

thin, and emaciated, with cadaverous complexion and lanky hair, with sunken eyes and lengthened visage, attired in his clownish garb, all rent and torn, no contrast could have been found so entire as that between the two old and once equal playmates.

At length Ray saw a little satin-slippered foot upon the stairs, and heard the rich rustling of silk, and beheld the gay nodding of plumes, and his heart bounded in his bosom, for it was Virginia herself — but, oh, how changed! The sunburnt girl, who used to spend the livelong day in bonnetless wanderings with him, had now a complexion half white, half bright, compounded of the lily and the sunshine; the mien, once all hoidenish, was now all grave; the wild, tangled hair now hung in graceful ringlets, like sunlit tendrils of the vine; while the field flower had given place to the glittering gem, and the linsey-woolsey petticoat to the silken robe. Ray was within half a dozen yards of his old playmate, and yet he seemed suddenly and instantaneously to be separated from her by a great gulph. The nearer he seemed to be, the farther he felt he was banished. That noble hall, that stately mansion, those lordly-looking serving-men—and he, the village clown! No; Ray could not endure the contrast which he then all at once felt; and, though he had walked until he was almost barefoot, had slept under a hedge,

and subsisted upon a crust, and all in the hope of seeing his well-remembered and well-beloved one; yet, now that she was in his sight, almost within his touch, he dashed out of that doorway, forgetful of every thing but that he had looked upon Virginia, and that she was changed.

No chains that were ever yet forged could hold old Time from travelling on in his own way, and at his own pace; and thus it was that some couple of lustres had been added to the age of the world, and, unhappily, to all other ages too, when people began to be greatly afraid that the beautiful and accomplished Lady Virginia Ballingham, after all her magnificent offers, would find her name on the proscribed list of old maids. Terrible fate! all the world was shocked that such an heiress and such a beauty should ever be found in so imminent a hazard. As for the old earl, with his lady-countess, and all the host of their thousand and one friends, they were in a shocking consternation; and the worst of the matter was, that Lady Virginia was so senselessly romantic, and so inveterately obstinate, that there seemed to be very little hope of awakening her to a perception of her folly.

As for the old earl and countess, they were in despair. So many of the lords and commons had been refused, who had possessed all the virtues and

all the graces under the sun, that they could not hope that a more perfect specimen of humanity would present himself for the approbation of the absurdly fastidious Lady Virginia.

"So provoking!" said the earl.

"So unaccountable!" said the countess.

"To think of refusing a peer of the realm, for the sake of a little dirty vulgar ploughboy!" said the earl.

"Who may be dead and buried, for aught she knows," said the countess.

"Or, perhaps, alive, and grown into a great, fat, broad-shouldered, rough-haired man," said the earl.

"And married to some vulgar village blowsy," said the countess.

"More ignorant than a sign-post, for that does know something," said the earl.

"And with hob-nailed shoes, and large, rough, red hands," said the countess.

"Most probably does not know how to read or write," said the earl.

"And Virginia wasting so much poetry upon him," said the countess.

"I wish from the bottom of my soul she could see him," exclaimed the earl.

"The rough, rude, red-faced clod! The sight of him would quickly enough cure her romantic folly."

"I can fancy that I behold him at this moment," said the countess; "the rough hind, just come into his beggarly cottage, all melting with heat from his daily labour, browned and baked by the sun, dusty, dirty, cross, and tired; and the wife no better tempered, with one sick child in her arms, and another crying at her apron-string, the cottage all confusion, and some five or six more little ragged urchins, with freckled faces, and wanting-to-be-washed brown holland pinafores."

"Oh, grandmamma! grandmamma!" exclaimed Lady Virginia.

"All true as gospel, every whit of it," said the countess; "we are talking of reality, and you are dreaming of romance, and you know it to be so. How can you remember that clodpole so well, and forget the hovels among which you knew him? Virginia, dear girl, give up this romantic folly, which is quite unfit for the real world. Be rational and reasonable, make us all happy, and be happy yourself."

Lady Virginia went to her own chamber to read poetry, and the earl and countess sat down to prose.

Just at this juncture there came all fresh from Russia a certain young officer, with a most enchanting name. He was handsome, had a martial air, and yet was withal somewhat sentimental and

poetical, with a fine, clear, olive complexion, flowing hair, and exquisitely turned up mustaches. People might have supposed that there was some discrepancy between the soft silver-toned music of his voice, and a sort of gentleness of feeling that hung around him, and the scenes of wild warfare in which he had been engaged. He had served under the emperor, who had distinguished him, and given him both title and riches, but it was rumoured that he had risen from the lowest ranks; and the *savant* who talked to him about science and mathematics declared him wofully deficient in college learning. But what could be expected from a semi-barbarian? Whatever else he might or might not be proficient in, it was certain that he spoke English wonderfully well; and then, ladies, who like to have heroes to wind their silks, and pet the tame lions who come fresh reeking from a field of blood, immediately made it a fashion to fall very desperately in love with him, and hopelessly, because he behaved exceedingly ill to them, being blind, and deaf, and stupid to an intolerable degree, neither seeing sweet glances, nor hearing balmy sighs; and yet, strange to say, from the very spirit of contradiction, the ladies liked him the better the worse he behaved.

Virginia heard on all sides, that the man, that is to say, this wondrous Count Sobolensky, was made of marble, of ice, of steel, of adamant, or

else of some new composition compounded of all these materials, and exceeding them all in impassiveness; and, being just woman enough to love both contradiction and admiration, she certainly put on an extra charm or two at their first meeting.

We suppose that these *told*, for the Russian count's large eyes flashed, and his cheek flushed, when he first met Virginia. As for our romantic young lady, she smiled in conscious triumph. But handsome as the count certainly was, she looked upon him only as she would have done on a fine statue. And yet some way or another his voice affected her: it fell upon her ear like a strain of remembered music, and we all know how the heart will sometimes vibrate to such sounds. Virginia and the Russian count were very soon engaged deep in a flirtation—it is an ugly word, but we are obliged to use it. Virginia meant nothing; whether the Russian count did, was best known to himself. All the world said that the two frozen mountains were going to melt each other; whether they felt any signs of their icy resolutions thawing away, they might or might not be able to say, for we sometimes know very little about ourselves. As for the old earl and his countess, they were in the seventh heaven of delight. What an opposition between an affection for a rich Russian count, and babyish dreams of love and constancy to a country

clodpole! Virginia was not to be an old maid, after all.

Sure enough it was that Count Sobolensky made love, and that Virginia did not pout and flout, but smiled very prettily and agreeably upon him; and very dangerous was the idea of the poetical Russian soldier, with his regimentals and mustaches, to the vulgar pictures of the real hero of her childhood, which the old earl and his countess were daily painting for her edification.

"What a noble-looking man!" said the earl.

"How handsome!" said the countess.

"What a martial air!" said the earl.

"So poetical, too!" said the countess.

"What a contrast he must make to that young cow-herd, if we could only see them together!" said the earl.

"Poh!" said the countess; "don't let us remind Virginia of her folly."

Virginia blushed, and went her way to her own chamber. She took from her bosom a certain lock of dark hair, which she constantly wore, and gazed tearfully upon it. She remembered the day when she had exchanged the same token in the old abbey ruin, and when she had promised her old playmate to keep it all her life long, and never to love any body but him.

"It may, after all, be but a childish dream," said Virginia. "It may be as they say, that I

am sacrificing the happiness of a life to a babyish recollection. Perhaps, after all, poetry and sentiment were not made for this every-day world, and yet Count Sobolensky excites them."

Poor Virginia after a while got sadly bewildered between "her old love and a new." There was a sort of charm about the Russian count, that acted like a spell upon her. His influence was more like the influence of music than any thing else. It was sentiment—it was poetry—oh, poor Virginia! we suppose it was love.

A civil war in the heart is a terrible thing. It is the house divided against itself which cannot stand. The Russian count proposed, the old earl seconded, the countess thirded, and Virginia's heart was the greatest traitor of all.

"Let me visit my old abbey ruins once more, before I decide on my future fate!" exclaimed Virginia, in tears.

"What a simpleton!" said the earl.

"She is getting worse," said the countess.

Nevertheless, and, notwithstanding, they loved this wayward girl so well, that they could refuse her nothing; and, accordingly, the Russian count was put off with an answer that his love-letter was to be read that day six months, or sooner, and Virginia and the old earl and countess set off on their pilgrimage.

Now the old earl had a certain plot in his head,

which made him particularly good-humoured on the occasion. He was determined to cure Virginia of her babyish folly, at once and for ever. He would banish all poetry and romance, except in books, and her infatuated absurdity altogether. He, therefore, laid a plot with the Russian count, telling him very candidly that Virginia was a great simpleton, and in love with somebody else—information that might have annoyed any other lover, but which only tended to prove that the Russian count was a very sensible man, for he did not appear to care about it at all. He entered, however, most good-humouredly into the old earl's plot, and thereupon they were the very best friends in the world.

Virginia had never till now visited the scenes of her childhood, and when she came to the old spot, it was with difficulty that she preserved any belief in her own identity. Could the once wild wandering girl be now the stately lady? Her eyes sought each well-remembered spot; but, alas! how sadly is the heart disappointed at seasons like these! How poor and mean did every thing look! Objects were altered in her appreciation, that were the same, in fact. She went first of all alone, for she would go alone, to her nurse's cottage, and would have fallen upon her neck, and wept away the overflowing of her full heart, but the woman could not admit the

identity of so grand and gorgeous a lady with her own dearly-loved linsey-woolsey clad nursling, and she shrank away. How unpoetical that cottage looked, with its sanded floor, and its littered table, and its dusty chairs!—and her nurse, too, whom she used to fondle so lovingly, was altered: she was, and most likely ever had been, homely and vulgar, and, truth to tell, somewhat dirty, withal.

Virginia's heart sickened with disappointment as she turned away, having first presented a gift, that evidently gave more pleasure than her presence; and yet it was not the woman's heart that had changed—it was Virginia's altered estate that had frightened away her feelings of lovingness.

"Alas!" thought Virginia, "if this be a sample of the rest, for what am I bartering the best days of my life?"

Virginia's greatest trial was to come. She would now visit the cottage of her old playmate's mother. She had hitherto, in spite of all the daily preachings bestowed upon her, nourished the idea of poor Ray growing pale and poetical, and dreaming life away for very love of her in the shades of that lowly glen, growing refined and meditative, and, like some old-fashioned bard, making solitude musical with the name of his mistress. She had even a sort of indistinct idea that she should find him among the old abbey ruins, perhaps sitting on their ancient stony seat,

inditing sonnets, or carving her name on every tree. Still, she determined upon first visiting the mother in her cottage, if only for propriety's sake. Poor Virginia's heart beat very disagreeably, and seemed to be getting sadly out of its place, as she approached the spot. A breath of the woodbine that luxuriated around somewhat invigorated her. The poetry of nature can never fail, and the sight of the rich redundancy of blossom that wreathed over that lowly porch, by reviving her imagination, revived her heart also. She was met at the cottage-door by a robust-looking, sturdy, young countryman, sunburnt, and freckled, with short crisped hair, and a fustian jacket, and worsted stockings, and hobnailed clouted shoes, and hands as large and hard and red as honest labour could make them, carrying a little dirty child in one arm, while some half dozen more, in very positively dirty brown holland pinafores, were swarming around. This man, in the broad vulgar rude rough dialect of the county, asked her what she wanted.

"You are new inmates," said Virginia, almost breathlessly; "where are the old?"

"Lived here all my life," said the man. "Born here myself, married here, and my children born here, too. Here, wife, I say wife!"

A woman as round as a tub, and with a face more of the hue of the red cabbage than the rose,

and with arms all reeking out of a washing-tub, obeyed the summons.

"The widow, the widow, who lived here before you? Where is she gone?"

"Dead and gone, ma'am."

"And her son?"

"That be me, ma'am," said the man.

Virginia lifted up her eyes, and met the vacant, stupid, yet amusing stare of the young clown.

"No, no, impossible! You are not, ... are you? no, it *is* impossible; you are not the youth they used to call Ray?"

"Sure enough I be, ma'am."

"Not . . . not the youth who used to play among the old abbey ruins with . . . . with . . . ?"

"Ay, ay, ma'am, I warrant you I be, though, and a nice young chick she was, too! Many a fine game have we two had! Some fine folks came and took her off, or I don't know, not I, what might have come of it. This old woman here might not have been wife of mine, after all, for I had a mighty fancy for that wild young thing."

The man put on a knowing wink, and Virginia, her face, her neck, her brow, her bosom, nay, even her very fingers' ends, all burning with the deep blushes of shame, turned, soul-sickened, away. The very thought that the man had suggested carried degradation with it. She seemed disgraced

in her own eyes. Ay, the old earl, her grandpapa, proved that he knew something of nature, when he arranged and paid the actors in this well got-up scene: all the reasoning in the world would not have had one half the efficacy in working the cure of her poetical malady which a glimpse of the clown was able instantaneously to effect.

With wild and hurried steps Virginia sought the old abbey ruins. She threw herself on her old accustomed seat, where in years gone by she had so often sat by the Ray whom she had so well remembered, and, with buried face, and beating, bursting bosom, wept over all the broken dreams and scattered hopes of her youthful heart.

"Nay, dear Virginia, weep not," said a dulcet voice by her side; "your tears are more sorrow to me than my own."

It was the voice of the young Russian count; and it happened that Virginia never could listen to it without a feeling of rest and trust. So she lifted up her face, and they sat side by side together among those old abbey ruins, just as our readers may find them in our illustration.

"You here!" exclaimed Virginia.

"Wherever you are, there would I also be. I am aware that these are the scenes of your youth, and I am come to see if you cannot learn to identify me with your old affections. How much rather would I be 'an old love than a new!'"

Virginia's blushes deepened. She thought of her own "old love."

"And it may be that I have something also to confess."

"So, too, have I," said Virginia.

"Who shall begin first?" asked the young Russian count.

"You, for my heart fails me," said Virginia.

"Be it so," said Count Sobolensky. "To begin, then. I confess to you, that before I knew you, I loved another."

Every drop of blood forsook Virginia's face. She felt very angry; she had not known before how much her heart had been interested in the count, and she could not bear to feel that she was second in his; and yet she knew that he was second in hers.

"So, too, have I," said Virginia.

"She was the companion of my childhood," said the count. "The companion of the happy, the bright, the unclouded days of trusting, loving, unsuspecting, childhood."

"So, too, was *he* to mine," said Virginia.

"And I loved on through years of obscurity, and outward change, and absence, and trouble."

"So, too, did I," murmured Virginia.

"I loved and trusted when all seemed hopeless," continued the count.

"So, too, did I," responded Virginia. "And saw nothing amiable in any other."

"Nor did I," again echoed Virginia.

"Nay," continued the young Russian count; "I even exchanged promises and tokens with my beloved one."

"I did the same," reciprocated Virginia.

"And here," continued the count, taking a chain from his breast, "I wear it still. Dear Virginia, behold this treasured token."

Virginia took her own long-loved charm from her bosom.

"Mine is a lock of sunny hair," said the Russian count.

"And mine a jetty curl," said Virginia.

"Mine matches with your own fair tresses, dear one," said the count.

"And mine," said Virginia, "looks not unlike your own."

"Virginia," said the young Russian count, after a pause of deep emotion, "you are not the love of a day, you are the love of a life. It was where we now sit that I received this token from your own hands."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Virginia, wildly.

"Does not your heart tell you that your old playmate sits beside you now, as then?"

"It was then the instinct of my heart that drew me to you!" exclaimed Virginia. "It was its faithfulness, and not its unfaithfulness!"

"Yes, Virginia, there is truth in the heart of man, and trust in the heart of woman. And, oh, what happiness that you could have faith in me so long!—so long, and in spite of all!"

"But not to know you!" exclaimed Virginia, "not even to dream that it could be you! And yet it was your voice that I loved!"

"I am changed," said the Russian count, with a smile of something like personal pleasure; "only through change could I aspire to you, and how have I laboured to change!"

"We are both changed in every thing but heart," said Virginia. "You are as unlike that wild boy as I am to that idle girl."

"And I owe the change to you, Virginia. When you left me, all life seemed to have gone with you. I wandered through these glens, vainly and hopelessly calling upon your name. I became almost an idiot. My feelings consumed me. My mind became a blank. At length a new purpose breathed into my soul. I would traverse the whole world, but I would find you! I undertook the journey on foot; five scorching days I lived upon a dry crust, and five weary nights I slept beneath the hedges, for I was even then too proud to beg. At last I reached you, yes, reached you, for I saw you, though you saw me not; but, when I beheld you, I beheld at the same time the gulf which divided us. A new light sprang up in my mind; I felt

something of what the world was—its distinctions, its differences of condition. I felt all that separated me from you, and determined never again to approach you, unless I could elevate myself into something approaching to your condition. I have laboured for Virginia — studied for her — fought for her—and may I say won her?"

He might, we believe, very well say so. Before they left the old abbey ruins, they arranged the matter very satisfactorily to themselves. All the world said it was a mighty good match, little dreaming that the Russian count was neither more nor less than a very humbly-born Englishman, though the ladies admired so much his foreign beauty, and the gentlemen his foreign title. The old earl and countess were very much delighted that Virginia had at last acquired a little common sense, and congratulated themselves on the cleverness of the *ruse* they had practised to cure her of her vulgar passion. Virginia herself was very well content to be told that she had acted very sensibly in taking up with a "new love, instead of an old;" knowing very well all the while that she had kept her "old love, instead of taking up with a new."

THE BRIDESMAID.

BY MISS ELIZABETH SCAIFE.

The maiden moon was shining out with a strange
awakening gleam,
And it fell upon a fair young girl, as she dreamt a
pleasant dream—
A pleasant dream the fair girl dreamt, as she lay on
her stately bed,
For she thought that she had pass'd through life, and
was numbered with the dead.

A smile was on her parted lips, as she lay in placid
sleep,
A being whom the heart might deem too beautiful to
weep,
Too beautiful, too pure, too young for all the changing
strife,
And hollow hopes, and anxious cares, that waste the
strength of life.

There was a strange subduing glare through all that
spacious room,
Like the pale, dim light that shines at night, on the
lonely marble tomb ;
It spoke of rest, but sorrowful rest, and its fullest
glistening fell
Upon the maiden's breathing form, the dreamer who
slept well.

Shall I tell thee of that dreamer's dream? Then list
to me a space.
She had a sister very fair, and full of life and grace,
A favourite sister, whom she lov'd, and that sister
was a bride,
And the dreamer had supported her when by the
altar's side.

A fair bridesmaid that dreamer was, and innocent as
fair,
But her heart within was bow'd with grief, and many
a secret care,
For rumours had been whisper'd round that the
bridegroom lov'd her more
Than the gentle girl, who won his heart in years long
gone before.

But, be it so, or be it not, ere time had stamp'd him
man,
He had lov'd and been belov'd again; and they
meted out a span,
A five years' space, and parted then, and when 'twas
pass'd away
The lover came from foreign lands, and they nam'd
the bridal day.

And at first his heart was light and glad, but a change
came o'er his brow—
The sister of his promis'd bride, he look'd upon *her*
now;

And he spoke to her in gentle tone, and he smil'd when she was by,
And evermore he followed her with his dark unquiet eye.

And the maiden saw that thus it was, and she left her home a space,
But return'd before the bridal day, with a calm though paler face;
And her sister met her joyfully, for it came not in her mind
That her lover's heart could ever change; her love had made her blind.

The bridal day was bright and clear, and soon it pass'd away,
And the bridesmaid sought her own lone room, and bent her knee to pray;
For thronging thoughts came like a flood, and she tried to still them there,
And all their darkly gathering strength, by the might of secret prayer.

And so it was, that when she slept she dreamt a pleasant dream,
But the maiden moon was shining out with a strange awakening gleam,
And it fell upon her seal'd-up eye, and she started from her sleep,
To own communion with a world where many mourners weep.

J. Ferrier pinx.t London Publish'd by A. Hermann & Co. 1843 A. L. Mayer sculp.t

THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF

She wept because that dream was false, she wept
till dawn of day,
When she rose from off that stately bed, and knelt
her down to pray—
She knelt her down with many a tear in her blue
and troubled eye,
But it came to pass that when she rose it was
calm, and clear, and dry.

THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

The day had closed around me,
The vapoury sun had set,
And evening shadows found me
Lone waiting for him yet:
Still waiting by the cottage-gate,
His faithful hound and I;
Whilst gloomy grew the hour, and late,
And yet he came not nigh!

The old house echoed dreary;
Its darkness awed my sight:
So by the gate, all weary,
I told the hours of night.
I listen'd—'till new life would start
At every step or word:—
But the hope within my own sad heart
Was evermore deferr'd!

The *Sister-stars* moved slowly
Along the heaven's blue breast;
The clouds, like something holy,
Rose in the quiet west.
I watched from every casement fade
The friendly taper's ray;
And with the shade grew more afraid,
And anxious at his stay.

Ah! 'twas not when a maiden,
Within my mother's cot,
Time came with tears o'erladen
To mar my tranquil lot.
I deem'd a maiden's bridal
Made ever blest her brow;
But *maiden* griefs are idle
To that *a wife* feels now.

I thought upon the wild wood,
The home-flowers blowing free,
The school, where we in childhood
Went little *sisters three!*—
Now one her quiet grave doth keep—
The other dwells afar;
And I am left to think, and weep,
And watch each *Sister-star!*

The wings of eve departed,
The dewy dawn smiled sweet,
Ere first, half broken-hearted,
I heard his welcome feet.

He came—but with no kind reply
To all my doubts and fears;
Sharp was the word, and cold the eye,
Which chid my weary tears.

C. S.

ELLEN MALDEN.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

The evening was rough and stormy, when Ellen Malden, having filled her basket with trifling purchases, left the village of Hurst for the cottage of her aunt, three miles distant. Widow Ellis, her sole remaining relative, had seen better days; and, though now reduced to comparative poverty, retained the esteem and good-will of all who had known her in happier times; while the neighbours readily placed their children at the little day-school which, assisted by her niece, she had respectably conducted since unforeseen circumstances had plunged her into difficulties that were sustained by her with pious submission, but neither inertly nor hopelessly, for a life of blameless and active Christianity had taught her to see the hand of One "who doth not willingly afflict," in all that had befallen her. Ellen had been detained at Hurst, and not till the swift-falling shadows of a surly October evening began to gather around, did she reach the solitary combe that stretched behind the cottage of her aunt.

A good as well as a pretty girl was Ellen Malden. The naturally amiable and right-thinking tone of her mind, fortified alike by early precept and example, had acquired from the society of Mrs. Ellis, on whose bounty the decease of her parents had cast her in her childhood, a bent and energy superior to her station. Yet, with an intellect more highly cultivated than her companions could boast, she was free from all assumption; and, wisely concealing her own sense of the advantages which she had derived from nature and circumstances, she excited neither envy nor aversion.

Propriety, modesty, and discretion marked her conduct; and, though she had many admirers, Ellen had no suitors in her own walk of life, while she prudently avoided any enticement of accident that might lead her into the society of her superiors. But, alas! she had soon the misfortune to attract the attentions of a young gentleman of property in the neighbourhood, who had more than once offended her unaffected delicacy by the ostentatious proffer of gifts, which were invariably rejected, by fulsome and flattering speeches, which were never heeded, and, latterly, by repeated attempts to intrude on her moments of solitude. These trespasses on her quiet created great alarm in the mind of Ellen; nor was her aunt free from apprehensions, lest the conduct of Mr. Bligh should draw upon their humble but hitherto re-

spected names the obloquy that *sometimes* attaches even to the most spotless innocence.

Mr. Bligh was a handsome man, with an unhandsome mind. The fashionable world had infected him with its very worst vulgarities of folly; and, mixing in its most corrupt and heartless circles, he had imbibed their deepest poison. A sceptic in the existence of chastity, he boldly avowed his belief that all men and women "had their price;" the former he considered as knaves or fools, the latter as fair and willing game. With such a creed, he attributed the loathing abhorrence with which Ellen received his fulsome addresses to nothing but art and coquetry; and he only grumbled that so mere a country chit should exact what he deemed an undue share of his exertions before he could prevail on her to own herself his slave.

The combe through which Ellen was now passing with a quick step, lay near the house of Mr. Bligh, and her heart beat with accelerated motion, as, suddenly, a greyhound crossed her path, and, in a moment, before she could retire or advance, Bligh himself stood before her. It is not consistent with the plan of this little sketch to repeat the fallacious arguments which the proud and presumptuous libertine made use of to beguile Ellen to his purposes. The specious sophistry which so often fills the pages of our modern love tales, in

the misapplied eloquence of their choicest heroes, shall not be imitated by us. Long, and subtly, and ardently he pleaded; but he pleaded in vain: for his auditress, weak and trembling as she stood in the presence of a strong and wicked man, was powerful in the fortitude of a pure heart; and, as she repulsed him with disgustful horror, she breathed a prayer to Him who alone could aid her —nor was that prayer unheeded. In the heart of the libertine disappointed passion frequently prompts violence. A rude hand was stretched towards Ellen — her loud shriek rang echoing through the hills—and, as she fell senseless on the ground, a faint idea of coming rescue was blended with the horrible terror that caused her to swoon.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself supported, tenderly, but delicately, by a gentleman, for such the soft pressure of his small and ringed fingers and his kind and polished address denoted him. The increased darkness prevented her from scanning his features; but, as he soothed her excessive apprehensions by the assurance that her insulter had fled, she learned that her scream had reached him where he stood on a rising ground, not far from the scene of her rencontre with Mr. Bligh, and that he arrived just as she fell fainting to the earth.

"I had this stout cudgel," said the unknown, "and the villain has tasted its vigour."

Directed by the grateful girl, who was still too much agitated to walk unassisted, he led her to the cottage, where her aunt, anxiously expecting her, and alarmed by her long absence, received her with kind caresses, in her darling's preserver recognizing Burnett Walton, the only son of an ancient but impoverished family, who, after an absence of several years with his regiment abroad, had recently returned to visit his parents, and, for the first time, had seen the niece of his old acquaintance, Widow Ellis.

Thus they met — thus they saw each other; thus, seeing each other, they came to love each other: and who may dare to analyse the process by which love works its strange marvels on the human heart? There is no bitterer evil than to place our affections on some bright, "particular star," whose sphere we have no privilege to aspire at reaching; and Ellen and Widow Ellis, and even Burnett himself, were not long blind to the disparity in birth and station that precluded all hopes of a union between, save at such a price as none of them permitted their judgments to reflect upon. Yet day after day saw Burnett Walton at the cottage of Widow Ellis: there was a partridge he had shot, a basket of fruit he had gathered, or a nosegay he had culled, for Ellen; and so unassuming were his attentions, so perfectly free from aught that could offend the most scrupulous deli-

cacy, that the words which were always ready to fall from their tongues to prohibit his visits still remained unuttered.

At length he spoke his love, and then did the humbled widow perceive her error; and, while she blamed herself, she solemnly entreated him to renounce, at once and for ever, a passion that could not end otherwise than fatally. "He, who had saved her darling from the insults of a ruffian's arms, would *he* endanger the peace, the reputation, the eternal happiness of an innocent and lowly maiden, whose birth and station rendered her alike unworthy of his *honourable* affection? and a *dishonourable* feeling—oh!" (she implored him) "to harbour no thought so degrading to the noble and high-souled race from which he had sprung!"

Mr. Bligh, meanwhile, baffled in his attempts, and, perhaps, ashamed of the chastisement which Captain Walton had inflicted, and to which his cowardly nature had sullenly submitted, had suddenly left the country, and was now remembered by our lovers merely as the cause of their first interview. Alas! that interview had been to them fraught with fate!

Burnett Walton was no seducer, but he was young, ardent, and romantic. Ellen, humbly born, in poverty, working for her daily bread—though educated above her station, and possessing a heart that would confer dignity on any rank—

was still unfit to be the bride of the last scion of a noble house! What was to be done? Alas! the heart that hesitates on the brink of Error, has already advanced a step into the prohibited territories of crime!

It was a glowing summer's eve. In a sheltered nook, amidst the woodlands that environed the cottage, two youthful forms were seen, in earnest conversation. In tears — the tears of a yielding heart — Ellen Malden reclined on the shoulder of her tempter. She who hates the seducer has no merit in withstanding the seduction, and thus Bligh had failed to shake her virtue. It is she who loves, who idolizes the being that would selfishly mislead her, yet who resists, that is truly worthy; and Ellen Malden *did* resist, till, affrighted by the passionate vehemence of her lover's grief, she burst into tears, and sank on his shoulder.

"Nay," he cried, "if you love me, Ellen, you will be mine. It is true that, were we now to wed, my parents would cast me off for ever. But a short season of concealment, and all would be well. Consent to be mine—fly with me, and . . . ."

"Oh! Mr. Walton," said she, "would you, *could* you, cruelly let me live with you unwedded?"

"If you love me, Ellen, you will confide in me! Come, dearest, come with me!"

Ellen gazed on him for a moment dreamily, almost wildly. She raised his hand to her lips, kissed it fondly, and, at once and suddenly relinquishing it, turned from him. She neither fled, nor fainted, nor shrieked; but, falling on her knees on the greensward, she prayed loudly and fervently to the Almighty to "save her! save her from the man who tempted her; above all, to save her from her *own heart!*"

Walton beheld the kneeling innocence before him with a new and singular emotion. A sensation of admiration, mingled with a sort of awe, crept over him, that purified every wild and wayward thought; and a strange sight might have met the eyes of a wanderer, at that moment, amidst these woodlands, for the young soldier flung himself on his knees beside that kneeling maiden, and, shrouding his face in his hands, also prayed for that strength to subdue evil, which no human being possesses, save from Heaven! . . . . . Were their prayers heard? — They were! In a short space of time, those lovers — *now* how truly lovers! — rising from their knees, looked upon each other again. A sweet and holy serenity shed a beauty, almost unearthly, on the delicate features of Ellen, as she met the sorrowful yet chastened glances that spoke the rebuked spirit of her beloved.

"God bless you!" she whispered. "We must part. We *must!*"

"Be it so, Ellen!"

He drew her towards him — she resisted not. He pressed one long and pure kiss on her cheek, which she withdrew not from that innocent pressure, and then, without another word or look, he turned from her and fled . . . . . That night Ellen shed many tears, but they were not embittered by remorse. She prayed, and, though at moments she had sorrow, still she found peace! In a few days the virtuous cottagers were told that Captain Walton had sailed for India, having succeeded in effecting an exchange into a regiment recently ordered thither.

Many years — some five or six — have passed since Burnett Walton and Ellen Malden were parted. There are partings where the farewell words are rainbowed over with the skyey hues of hope, and where the tears that accompany the sobbed-out adieu are glistening with the unconscious light of expectation; but such was not the case with Ellen. There were no hopes, for reason told her of the fallacy of such, in circumstances so entirely opposed to a reunion, as to have shaken the imaginings of the most sanguine dreamer. Such circumstances attended her separation from Walton; but, if hope refused to lend a roseate colour to the dark shadows of her disappointment, a consciousness of having fulfilled her duty, of

having taught him she most loved on earth to imitate her sacrifice of all selfish feeling, spread a gentle and consoling influence over her reflections; so that her aunt had not the cares of her age embittered by beholding the sinking frame, the paling cheek, the mind that weakly succumbs to bootless sorrow, for Ellen wrestled, not manfully nor unfeelingly, but like a feeling yet a Christian girl, with the emotions that told her how strongly she loved the being from whom she believed herself separated for ever.

From time to time chance brought them intelligence of Captain Walton's welfare in the East Indies, of his gallant bearing on several occasions, of his promotion, and, finally, of his approaching nuptials with a wealthy lady of that country. Who shall say what Ellen's feelings were on these occasions! It is useless to deny that even our most desperate fears may end in a certainty still more desperate; and, unawares to herself, it is likely that Ellen may have dreamt a romantic dream, not of a union with Walton, but of two severed hearts, living for ever far apart, yet living true to each other, unwooing and unwedding elsewhere. We love the memories of our loves, even when we cease to love the objects of them; how fondly, then, must we treasure such memories, when the objects continue to be loved — continue to be regarded with a passionate affection, subdued, it is

true, by religion and a sense of duty, still as strong as the purity and truthfulness of a young, and innocent, and ardent nature can make it! She suffered—and her aunt (now almost entirely confined to her room from the increasing ailments of age and infirmity) *saw* that she suffered. But time passed; and, though the rose did at last wax fainter on the cheek of Ellen, and the smile was seldomer seen upon her lips, none guessed the cause. She was still the same gentle, obliging, industrious girl she had ever been; never unoccupied, for she knew the salutary power which occupation exerts over the busy-thoughted mind; and the additional avocations which the failing faculties of Mrs. Ellis compelled her to exercise were of use in weaning her from contemplations, the indulgence of which could not be otherwise than hurtful.

But misfortunes, not the less trying that they were wholly unexpected, fell upon them. The banker, in whose hands the money was deposited from which Widow Ellis drew her small income, suddenly became bankrupt, and decamped, leaving many destitute. Mrs. Ellis had now only her scholars, and the little dress-making work which had been Ellen's business to look to as a means of livelihood. Her own health no longer enabled her to attend to the former, so that the duties of the school also devolved entirely upon her niece.

The neighbours were, however, kind, and such kindness became more needful as time passed by.

Mr. Bligh had, meanwhile, returned to Combe Wood, a married man, but had been two years a widower before Ellen and he met. When they *did* meet, there was no symptom of recognition to excite apprehension of further persecution; and, although he bore no favourable character in the neighbourhood, nothing so decidedly bad as to render him more than an unpopular man was known; so that the events of former years were almost forgotten at the cottage, when an incident occurred to recall them.

Ellen had seen her aunt to bed one summer evening, and, at her earnest desire, sallied out to take a short ramble. It was one of those beautiful evenings in June, when the sultry heat of day, yielding to the approaching coolness of night, leaves, as it were, an atmosphere of repose over creation. Shunning the common tracks about the hamlet near which stood the cottage, Ellen pursued a path that led over some waste land to the Hurst road; and, worn out as she felt by the exertions and confinement of the day, she experienced the soothing influence of the exercise, the solitude, the universal quiet, while her heart bounded with almost the buoyant enjoyment of youth, as she passed along scenes that, ten years before, had beheld her a gay and happy girl of sixteen. The

birds were fluttering home to their nests, the bats were flitting abroad to their quest, gnats were humming in the air, and that air was enriched by the breath of a furze-copse near the pathway, whose every bush was loaded with blossom, from the golden mouths of which issued a steam of fragrance, rare and delicious. The petals of the purple vetch were folded up in sleep, but, from the wild thyme that clustered thick around, a few sated bees lazily rose at the slight pressure of her foot; and, coming to a little wood of birch and hazel, that divided her from the highway, not twenty yards from that spot where first she met the distant Walton, whose image even then was near to fancy's eye, she seated herself on a grassy hillock, and flung off her bonnet, the better to catch the cool summer air that wandered by, refreshing and delighting her with its freight of fragrant odours.

Her thoughts were busy with the past; but a blameless life and a well regulated mind had taught her that we should not send out the dove of Remembrance from the ark of Thought, to bring back cypress and yew; and there were gentle and happy images floating over the tenderness that filled her eyes with quiet tears. We ought not to turn to the past as to a barren waste, but as to a field, where, though the reapers may have gathered harvests, the gleaners may still collect a sufficing

aftermath of rich ears, sweet herbs, and new buds. And thus wisely did Ellen ponder on times that could not be recalled, and prayerfully consider "each misery she had missed as a new mercy."*

Suddenly a rustling of the leaves in the coppice behind her, and then a harsh, whispering voice, startled her from her abstraction.

"Be off with you, Judith!" it said; "bide for me at the Black Hill, and in half an hour I'll be with you with a full purse. I watched him as he left the inn, and, when I begged for a penny, he scowled on me with his eye, and cursed me with his tongue. I'll have my revenge, if I be hanged for it. Off with you!"

Breathless with terror, Ellen listened. She turned her head, but the bushes grew thick between her and the road, and she saw nothing, though, from the proximity of the sound, she knew that the voice proceeded from that part where the highway, leading beneath a slight acclivity, wound round the plantation. Scarcely knowing the extent of her fears, she was about to fly; but then the whispered menace struck upon her memory, and, with that unselfishness which was her strongest characteristic, she reflected on the possibility of averting evil, or baffling crime. To show herself, to argue with, no doubt, a desperate villain, would be madness; there were no houses nearer than the

* Izaak Walton.

hamlet; and, as she was vainly endeavouring to summon her powers of thought as counsellors in a dilemma so perilous, the quick trot of an approaching steed struck upon her ear.

Springing upon her feet noiselessly and stealthily, she crept through the underwood to the road, and reached a point whence her knowledge of the locality had assured her she could watch the coming stranger and his foe. As she gained the last belt of bushes which, fringing the summit of the acclivity, overlooked the road from Hurst, she perceived a gaunt, ferocious-looking man, in the ragged dress of a sailor, glide down to the highway, where he placed himself behind a slight projection of the bank, so as to come entirely within the scope of Ellen's vision, while he was hid from the sight of the rider, who advanced at a good pace. The sailor, if such he was, had no weapon in his hand, and she was rejoicing in the certainty that he was unarmed, when her eye caught sight of a huge bludgeon at her feet. It was his, for, at that very moment, evidently missing it, he looked around, as if to look for it, though without perceiving her as she crouched amongst the hazels, and muttered an oath, whilst at the same moment the sharp click of a pistol smote appallingly upon her ear. Her blood curdled, her whole frame seemed turned to ice, as the unconscious horseman drew near, and in another moment he was under

the bank, not four yards beneath where she stood.

A strong and rude hand was on the horse's bridle, making the animal rear and tremble with the sudden fear of the nervous grasp; a rough voice demanded the rider's "purse or life!" and, at the same instant, she beheld a pistol in the hand of the assailant, while the horseman in vain endeavoured to spur on the terrified steed.

"Yield your money, at once, sir, or, by the Lord, you're a dead man!"

"Never, villain!"

"Then may you be cursed eternally!"

And the pistol was glittering in the air, when Ellen, scarcely knowing what she did, raising the unwieldy bludgeon from her feet, flung it with all her force at the robber, uttering a piercing scream. The random blow, directed by a providential power, struck the pistol, which was harmlessly discharged as it fell from the hand of the astonished miscreant, who, terrified by the suddenness of the rescue, and conceiving himself surrounded by numbers, took to flight; whilst the horse, affrighted by the report of the pistol, galloped madly off, throwing his rider beneath the bank. In another moment, careless of consequences, so she could be of use, and even emboldened by her own daring, Ellen stooped over the prostrate man. It was Mr. Bligh.

It was not immediately that he recognized in

his deliverer from probable assassination the form of Ellen Malden, for the severe pain of a dislocated shoulder made him so sick at heart, that he closed his eyes; but the touching tones of a pitying voice recalled him to a sense of his situation, and, with a strange feeling of shame and gratitude, he leaned upon her arm, as she helped to raise him from the earth. At that moment a good spirit seemed to have entered into his breast, and he formed the resolution of making that woman his wife, whom, many years ago, he had in vain tempted to be his mistress. Advancing steps suggested the probability of the ruffian's return; but, before Ellen's apprehensions found vent in speech, they were relieved by the approach of several men returning from work on Mr. Bligh's grounds, and to them he related what had happened, sending one of them to Hurst for a surgeon, while two others accompanied Ellen to the cottage, and a couple more assisted him to Combe Wood.

With expressions of grateful admiration, so warm as to revive fears that had been long dormant in her breast, he parted from Ellen, who reached the cottage without interruption, but reached it to undergo a shock that almost overwhelmed her already over-wrought faculties. Her aunt, speechless and apparently unconscious of any surrounding object, lay stretched on the bed, her eyes glazed, and her limbs lifeless with the chill of paralysis. It was

fortunate for Ellen that she had been attended home by worthy John Browne and his son, for at that moment she felt that to have found herself quite alone would have almost maddened her. The father spoke words of comfort as he helped her to strike a light, and Ned was despatched to the nearest cottage, whence two of her pupils, well-grown and useful girls, were, with instant kindness, sent to her; whilst honest Ned ran on to Combe Wood, to request that Dr. Renshaw would call at Widow Ellis's before he returned to Hurst.

Dr. Renshaw's opinion was, that sensibility might return for a time, but that perfect recovery was hopeless, though immediate death need not be apprehended; and the result justified his opinion. In a few days the widow regained speech and reason, but her limbs were as dead. Day after day witnessed the arrival at the cottage of some fresh comfort, whether of food, medicine, or other kindness, sent by Mr. Bligh, whose respectable old housekeeper frequently came to inquire after the cottagers, by the express desire of her master; and, at the end of a fortnight, Mr. Bligh himself called, requested to see Ellen, and at once made an offer of his hand and fortune. Now was Ellen's triumph complete; but she felt not the triumph. Her mind preoccupied by her aunt's dangerous situation, her heart filled with an absent object, her whole thoughts averse to a change of condi-

tion, she gently, but firmly, rejected Mr. Bligh's addresses.

But he was not to be thus readily discouraged. Wanting that refinement of feeling which shrinks from bestowing attentions that are evidently unwelcome, he continued daily to call; and it was a new grief to Ellen that Mrs. Ellis appeared willing to forward his views. The good woman was prepared for death, and contented to die so that the future fate of her darling was ensured from destitution. She permitted her sick bed to be disturbed by terrors for the desolate condition of Ellen, and she would have rejoiced in beholding her wedded to Mr. Bligh, whose late honourable conduct had gone far in effacing from her recollection his former delinquency. We almost fear to think that the worthy old woman's grief was not very severe, when, soon afterwards, the heart of Ellen was sorely tried to hear of the death, in India, of Major Walton.

The whole neighbourhood seemed to enter with kindly sympathy into the sorrow of the bereaved and aged parents of the deceased, now left childless; and Ellen, in the utter privacy of her unshared grief, felt that indifference steal over her heart to earth and all its concerns, which is the most enduring proof of a cureless sorrow. She could have borne to hear of his marriage, so that happiness attended his wedded lot; but to die

thus, afar from his home, his family—the thought drew bitter tears from her eyes; and, as day after day, week after week, continued to drag slowly on, whilst no change occurred to vary her lot, she felt her energies, her strength, gradually give way to a despondency, against which she vainly struggled. Four long months had thus passed, nor had the attentions of Mr. Bligh ceased to annoy her. At last, shaken by the mournful entreaties of her dying aunt, weakened by her failing health and worn-out spirits, the desolate Ellen gave an unwilling consent, and, at the bedside of the rejoicing sufferer she became the wedded wife of Mr. Bligh.

The Widow Ellis lived not to witness the wretchedness she had entailed on her darling.

There are stages in the heart's misery of such surpassing dreariness, that madness itself would be welcomed as a boon! As the sod closed over the grave of her aunt, Ellen felt that on earth she had no friend; and, in the agony of the moment, unlike herself, she dared to forget that in Heaven, to which alone she should have looked, reigned an UNDYING ONE, who is ever able and willing to protect those who humbly and confidingly seek to lean upon his arm.

Mr. Bligh, given up to every species of low vice, was a harsh and exacting husband; and, al-

though, from the very moment she consented to become his, she formed the resolution, from which she never flinched, to fulfil the duties of a wife in their very fullest sense with unswerving, unmurmuring strictness, she soon found that neither her submissive meekness, her earnest endeavours to *seem* (if not to *be*) cheerful, nor her ladylike deportment at the head of an establishment, each member of which loved to obey her, could check his evil propensities, or change a radically bad disposition. The first ardour of his passion for her over, he permitted his sensual nature to revel in the grossest debauchery, and, before the end of the second year of her marriage, Ellen found herself in a position that moved the compassionating admiration, not only of the neighbourhood, but of her meanest dependent.

Some conduct, highly ungentlemanly, on the part of Mr. Bligh, about this time, occurred to exclude him from the society of the neighbouring gentry, and, though Ellen retained the good opinion of all, she was of course compelled to renounce all companionship with that circle from which her husband was exiled. This coolness towards him he made the pretext for throwing open his doors to a set of dissipated and unprincipled men, of whom there are always enow to be found ready and willing to sit at the rich man's board, be his vices what they may. But Mr.

Bligh's affairs, from constant neglect and the most lavish expenditure, were becoming involved to an alarming extent, and ruin stared him in the face; when Ellen, one day, perceiving that he was partially recovered from the fit of intoxication into which, for the preceding week, he had been plunged, fell on her knees before him, and besought him, with tears and endearments, to alter a course of life so full of sin, of discredit, of destruction. She implored him, at once and decidedly, to cast from him the parasite brood, whose precept and example had led him into evil courses, many of whom, seeing that difficulties were gathering round him, had already begun to treat him with scorn and neglect; she entreated him to place his property and affairs in the hands of an honest man of business, and to spare her — his wife — the mother of his unborn babe — the disgraceful horrors that menaced his vices with the direst punishment.

A dreadful frown, a frightful imprecation, and an unmanly blow, stupified the soul and stunned the senses of his wretched wife. Cruel as his conduct had latterly been, he had never laid the cowardly hand of violence on her; and the stroke which prostrated her senseless at his feet, and which caused her to give birth to a dead child, struck still more deeply on her soul than it wounded the tortured body.

The dread of having killed her, added to that scarcely pitiable despair which so frequently follows a fit of inebriety, evolved the germs of insanity lurking in the mind of Mr. Bligh; but it was not until a month after her recovery from the brink of the grave, that the benevolent Dr. Renshaw told her she was a widow. The unfortunate wretch had rushed, unsummoned, into the presence of his God, and was found suspended from a beam in an outhouse, on the day after his cruel treatment of his wife.

The following weeks were full of painful excitement to Ellen; but in Mr. Ryder, a worthy and clever man of business, and in the clergyman of Hurst and his family, she found kind friends, from whose counsel and society she obtained that upholding consolation which she so much needed. Mr. Bligh's affairs were discovered to be in such confusion, as to render the sale of the whole property necessary; nor did more than a small annuity remain for his widow, who retired to a neat little cottage at Hurst, near the parsonage, where the family of the clergyman became her true and kind friends.

It was a singular chance that, soon after, made her acquainted with the aged mother of Burnett Walton. Mr. Walton's death had quickly followed the acccounts of his son's decease; and his widow, bereft of husband and child, led a lonely

but useful life at Walton Grove, within a mile of Hurst. Of a high and noble-minded race, Mrs. Walton was constitutionally shy and reserved; but sorrow, religion, and the genial nature of a heart originally kind, had humbled much of that pride which was hers by birthright, but which true piety, as well as true wisdom, discards as the most unseemly and worthless excrescence that can deform the human mind. Her benificence to the poor was marked and judicious; and it was one morning, whilst Ellen was walking on the road that led to Walton Grove, that a fresh instance of the good lady's kindly nature brought her into contact with Mrs. Bligh. Turning an abrupt corner of the road, as it wound round a hill, Ellen came suddenly upon a group of three wretched objects. A woman, so worn, so wasted, as to seem almost a phantom from the dead, was extended at the roadside, whilst two wailing children, the elder not four years old, scarcely covered from the nipping air of March by a few nauseous rags, lay beside her. An elderly lady, seemingly in great pain, sat on a stone near them, whilst her exclamations of anguish were, from time to time, mingled with words of comfort and assurances of speedy assistance to the greater sufferers beside her. Ellen instantly recognized Mrs. Walton, and, springing forward, offered the aid which she saw was necessary.

"Thank you, dear madam," said Mrs. Walton, "thank you! if my pain would permit me, I would tell you how glad I am to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Bligh, even *thus*. I have sprained my ankle—badly, I fear. Forgetting how unbecoming it is for an old woman like me to skip over brooks, I too hastily stepped across this little ford, in order to inquire into the necessities of these poor creatures, and fell. I came out alone, and will indeed thankfully accept your offers. I cannot even stand; but the lodge is not a quarter of a mile hence, and, if you will have the kindness to extend your walk so far, you will find people there who will send my little pony-chaise for me."

Ellen flew rather than ran; and, before many minutes were past, the venerable Mrs. Walton had given orders that every attention should be paid to the destitute woman and her children, whilst she herself, conveyed home in her pony-chaise, was extended on a sofa in her own room, with Ellen, from whom she would take no refusal, sitting by her, until the arrival of Dr. Renshaw was announced. From that day began an intimacy between the two widows, which speedily ripened into sincere friendship, and was fraught with pleasantness to both parties. Ellen found in Mrs. Walton a refinement, a sensibility, a taste for literature, congenial to her own mind, but which she had never before encountered; whilst the old

lady soon learned to love and appreciate Mrs. Bligh with a partiality almost maternal.

It was on one of those occasions, when the heart opens like a flower to the sunshine, that Mrs. Walton confided to her astonished listener her full cognizance of all that had occurred between her deceased son and Ellen.

"My noble boy," she said, as she kissed the tears elicited by her narrative trickling down the pale cheek of her guest, "after he left England, had no secrets from his mother; and he *then* told me how *bravely* — bravely, my dear child! — you had acted, and how unalterably his heart still clung to you. I—proud, foolish old woman that I was! — I rejoiced in your separation, and knew not the full value of the heart that had so nobly withstood temptation, until your conduct as Mr. Bligh's wife became the subject of everybody's commendation. Alas! would to Heaven that my darling Burnett had lived to make you indeed my daughter!"

Ellen wept on the shoulder of her venerable friend for a long time before she ventured to inquire whether Major Walton had not been betrothed to a lady abroad, some time before he died.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Walton, emphatically. "Such was indeed reported, but we cared not to refute it. Of his death we know little. In an action which ended fatally for the British interests,

he fell, covered with wounds, but his body was never found!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Ellen, "may he not still live?"

"No," sighed the mother; "it is impossible! Such as were taken prisoners by the barbarous natives were said to have perished by cruel tortures, and the few that escaped had seen nothing of him. Nearly three years have passed since then—no! he is dead!"

"Merciful Heaven!" shrieked Ellen, as, starting to her feet, she pointed towards the large oriel window near which they sat, "behold his spirit!"

The aged Mrs. Walton, terrified by the scream, the action, and the words of Ellen, caught the fainting form of her guest in her arms, in time to prevent her from falling on the ground, and violently rung the bell. Assistance speedily came, and then it was that the old lady discerned symptoms of agitation on the countenances of her old and faithful housekeeper and butler. Ellen's senses were soon recalled, but it was not before due precautions had been taken by the affectionate vassals, and the clergyman, who was quickly summoned, that either Mrs. Walton or her guest was informed that a stranger awaited their welcome—a stranger—no spectre, but Burnett Walton himself, alive and well!

What needs it to recount his release from captivity, and his return to his native land before even the accounts he had despatched home of his miraculous escape had reached England! What needs it to say more than that a happier mother than Mrs. Walton, as she saw her brave Burnett place the wedding-ring on the finger of Ellen Malden, smiled not in all merry England!

TO THE MAVIS, OR MISSLETOE THRUSH.

BY JOHN BANTON.

Hail, shrill musician! harbinger of spring!
With joy I hear thee chant yon trees among;
With thy loud notes thou mak'st the valley ring,
Enlivening dreary nature with a song.
Whilst yet the dazzling snow o'erspreads the hills,
And all the brooks are bound in icy bands,
When scarcely his faint song the robin trills,
Music like thine a poet's thanks demands.
Sing on, sweet bird, and cheer my lonely hours,
Till all the feathered songsters of the grove
With joyous anthems hail the new-born flowers,
And plume their wings, and tell their tales of love.
Then take thy rest, and every opening year
Fail not with cheerful notes to meet me here.

February, 1842.

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

How shall I begin my tale? The Lady Margaretta, like most heroines, was very beautiful, and, like the rustic heroine in the old song, her "face was her fortune." For, though her noble father, the Count Morona, could trace his long line of ancestry up to the flood, he left his daughter little more income than might suffice to supply her with feathers, veils, fans, and such graceful articles of female decoration. She had, however, a cousin, who, having stained the noble blood of the Moronas by allying herself to a wealthy banker in Rome, had never been permitted to approach Margaretta during her father's lifetime. This relative was a good-natured, kind-hearted, personage, notwithstanding her plebeian marriage, and, when poor Margaretta found herself at sixteen an almost portionless orphan, when her noble friends kept aloof, and her patrician connexions recommended a convent as the best and safest place for her future residence, the banker's dame ended the matter by offering her the substantial advantages of a home and a protector.

True it was, that this good Samaritan had neither an elegant person, nor refined manners. Notwithstanding her illustrious birth, she had evidently far more enjoyment as the bustling important wife of the wealthy man of business, than she would have experienced in the graceful languor of a fine lady existence. But she promised from the first that, if Margaretta would accept the shelter of her home, she would neither seek to control her movements, nor interfere with her pursuits; and she kept her word. Even when Signor Vallina, the richest old miser in Rome, proffered himself and his riches to the fair orphan's acceptance, her worthy hostess interfered no further with her decision than to hint that it was a pity to throw away so excellent a match, and, with sundry shrugs and sighs, to wonder what the world would come to at last!

Many people said that Margaretta was proud as well as poor, because she seldom mixed in scenes of extravagant gaiety, was fond of the quiet of her own chamber, and, above all, had refused the Signor Vallina; but, verily, in the evil sense of the word, she was *not* proud. She was uniformly kind, and courteous, and gentle, to every living creature. In proportion to her slender means, her charities were large, for she was never too poor to give, even when her generosity called for the exercise of self-denial. Many a pretty toy,

many a new trinket, did she forego, that the sum laid apart for its purchase might be converted into food and raiment for the poor. Not one of *these* would have accused her of haughtiness. Yet it was not that Margaretta was unaware of her own beauty, or indifferent to its adornment. When she *did* appear in public, she was always desirous of appearing to advantage, and it was universally acknowledged, even by those who denied the supremacy of her personal charms, that her taste in dress was perfect. Therefore, the sacrifice of a becoming wreath or a handsome plume was not altogether so small a matter to her as some persons may think. "If I were but rich!" was the thought of her heart, many a time, when balancing between the purchase of some graceful trifle and the relief of some suffering fellow-creature. I am happy to add that the struggle most generally terminated, as it should, in the triumph of benevolence over vanity; but, if ever it were otherwise, I can safely affirm the crime carried its punishment along with it. The Lady Margaretta was too tender-hearted to feel pleasure, when wearing a gaud which appeared to her purchased by the additional suffering of a human being.

And had Margaretta no lovers, then, except a rich ugly old miser? Was a creature so beautiful to be left to pine in loneliness, simply because she was poor and dependent? Even so. She was

never seen but fifty admiring cavaliers followed her steps, hung on her words, and contended for her hand in the dance. But there were heiresses in Rome, and the Lady Margaretta was not an heiress.

There are women in the world, who, without much thought for the future, would have made the most of their position, and enjoyed the incense offered before the shrine of their beauty to the uttermost. There are others, who, looking forward to the time when the spell of their power must be broken, would have sighed over the prospect of a cheerless and dowerless age, when they should have to retire alone from the scene of their profitless triumphs. Not so Margaretta. The flattery was very sweet, and she did not deny to herself that she was pleased with it; but there was one deep clear eye that found no tongue to echo its eloquence, whose lightest glance was dearer to her than the most honeyed compliment that human lips ever framed. The prospect of lonely age would have been drear; but somehow her future never looked lonely. A dream of old age did, indeed, sometimes pass over the mirror of her thoughts, but it was of a happy and honourable age, with "children's children round her knees;" and in the humble home, where in her vision she ever seemed to dwell, if her own form looked less upright, and her own cheek less

roseate, there, too, was the figure of Alberti, with the dark eye, somewhat tamed, the hair, now chestnut brown, turned to silvery white, yet the same bright smile, the same rich manly voice as ever.

Alberti was a young painter, as yet little known beyond a small circle of friends, but there were judges of art among these, who scrupled not to prophesy a brilliant career of fame and profit to the youth, and that at no distant period. That he loved Margaretta with that intense and passionate worship which beauty like hers could scarcely fail to inspire in one so full of genius and feeling was perfectly true, and she was as perfectly aware of the fact, though the painter had never breathed it to any human being. For, poor and lowly born, and, as yet, almost unknown, how might the artist venture to speak of love to the only child of Count Morona, even though she were as poor as himself? "If I were but rich!"—again and again the thought of what happiness riches would *now* bring her came into Margaretta's mind, for she never perceived they would be an additional barrier between Alberti and herself — "then," she thought, "I might dare to give him some little encouragement; then the very feeling that he might fear refusal might teach me how to show him he had not so much to dread; but now! ah, high birth is surely but a bitter boon, when it is given without its fitting sister—wealth:" and so

would Margaretta often muse, and yet she was not unhappy, for every time she met Alberti she was more convinced than ever that he loved her, and Hope prophesied in her heart that the time would yet come when the cloud would pass away, and they might venture to speak of all that filled their souls.

Now, suppose it a lovely summer night. The scene is a garden, with gleaming fountains, and quaint parterres, and white statues glancing amidst shrubberies of dark laurels and myrtles, and the persons are Margaretta and Alberti.

They are walking slowly down one of the long grassy glades that lead from the more open part of the gardens to a thick grove of flowering trees and shrubs. He cannot see her face, but he can feel the faint quick beating of her heart beneath the arm he has ventured to pass round her waist. The hour she looked for has come at last; she has heard from his own lips that he loves her, but now she must hear also his excuses, his entreaties that she will pardon him, for having thus forgotten the difference, the great gulf that her noble descent has set between them. And then, taking alarm at the hopeless tone in which he speaks of the future, Margaretta ventures to combat his scruples, and to prove that they are only equals. "If I have an honourable name," said the maiden, while her voice trembled with

agitation, "what else have I to set for one moment against the Heaven-bestowed gift that will yet lift your own above those of princes! Am I not as poor, nay, even poorer than yourself? Oh, that for your sake I were but rich!"

"Ah, dearest!" said the painter, "how would you *then* overmatch me; or how might I dare to dream it possible that you could ever be my own? But now, when I am far away, struggling to win the fame and fortune, without which I would not again venture to speak of the love that fills my inmost heart;—now may I not live on in the hope that you will remember me, and aid me with your wishes and your prayers?"

What Margaretta said matters not; but the moon was high in the clear heavens before the lovers parted, and, as Alberti returned to his lonely dwelling, his heart beat high against a braid of rich dark hair, just severed from the abundant tresses of the fair Margaretta.

The morrow saw the young painter's departure for another land; and months went by, nay, even years, yet his name was never spoken in the presence of the devoted woman, whose whole real existence was coloured by her attachment to him. She never named his name, for she saw he was soon forgotten by all but herself, and she shrank from introducing the subject on which she could have conversed for ever. But, while she pre-

served her usual round of graceful employment and judicious charity, while she might still be occasionally seen amidst scenes of festivity, while all her outward life seemed the same, a new dreamy world of hope and anticipations was created within her. The under-current of her thought was still Alberti. His image was with her by day and by night; and how much more real it seemed than the living beings around her! Surely the love that could so live and strengthen during that long unbroken absence must have had a deep and pure spring in Margaretta's heart!

So passed two long years, and then an event took place which set all Rome on the *qui vive* at once, and materially altered the position of our heroine. The Signor Vallina died just as she had refused him for the seventh time, and it was found that he had left her sole heiress to all his vast wealth. In short, Margaretta rose one morning a poor dependent orphan, and lay down at night the wealthiest woman in Rome. Indeed, though the deceased miser was known to have been immensely rich, nobody was aware of the extent of his possessions. There was money invested in every possible way. There was an old mansion in a retired street, shabby enough on the outside, but crammed to repletion with all kinds of rare and curious things, and there was a fine villa a few miles from the city, which, though terribly out of

repair, was capable of being converted into a splendid residence, at a comparatively small cost. To the Lady Margaretta this was the most valued of all her possessions, for she determined to retire for a while to its seclusion, and await the return of him on whom all her earthly hopes were centred.

But she waited not with the calm and patient spirit that had upheld her through the first two years of his absence. She knew that a long and weary time must elapse before Alberti would achieve the independence which might enable him to offer her even an humble home, but now, now, if he were only beside her!

No more weary waiting, no more doubt and fear; she had wealth for both, enough and to spare. And what was that wealth without him? Had she but known where he sojourned, could she but let him know the change in her fortunes—but their engagement had been too vague and too secret to admit of a correspondence between them; and, though Alberti was prospering in his art in other lands, the voice of his fame was not yet loud enough to be echoed back in his own. Yet with the high faith, that would not for a moment relax its strictness, Margaretta still looked forward to the return of her humble lover, and steadily resisted all the importunities of the suitors who now crowded around her. Disgusted with their syco-

phancy, she soon refused to see any one, save a few well-known friends, and caused a report to be circulated that she was already betrothed, and that her marriage would speedily take place. All the curiosity of her disappointed admirers, however, failed to discover the name of the favoured lover, so each man looked suspiciously on his neighbour, and a very general epidemic of jealousy spread rapidly among the youth of Rome.

And was he less constant than Margaretta?—had time and absence weakened the first bright impression which her beauty had made on his young fancy? No; amidst all the radiant creations of his pencil, there was not one so fair as the memory cherished in his heart. Yet that very memory mingled with all his works, and influenced them with its exquisite beauty. Did he paint a more enchanting face than usual, be sure that its eyes, or mouth, or brow, or whatever was its loveliest feature, bore some resemblance to Margaretta's. He grew celebrated for the sweetness of his female faces, for the mingled softness and intelligence which he managed to diffuse over them; and that graceful yet intellectual style of beauty was peculiarly Margaretta's. Sitters crowded the artist's humble studio, and, as he was simple and frugal in his habits, he was almost every day enabled to add something to the sum which he had resolved within himself should attain a certain

amount, ere he again sought the favour of the beautiful orphan. In a time far shorter than he had dared to hope, that sum was realized, and, with a heart beating with strange hopes and fears, the artist set out for his native city. He had pictured to himself full many a time the return to Rome, the cloudless sky, the glorious buildings, the familiar scenes that should take him back at once to the days of his boyhood, and make the time of his absence appear like a weary dream. But he had *not* pictured to himself his orphan Margaretta as the richest heiress and most coveted prize in the papal dominions. His first feeling was of strong incredulity, his next of blank and bitter amazement. And scarcely had his mind comprehended the fact of her changed position, when the additional information that she was on the eve of marriage with a distinguished noble was poured into his recoiling ear. This, then, was the end of all his dreams, and hopes, and aspirations! He felt utterly crushed — cast down for ever! He could not blame her. Why had he not sought to establish some communication between them during his lengthened absence?— why had he so foolishly measured her constancy by his own? And how could he blame the inheritrix of a princely fortune, if she forgot the vows given to a lowly painter, when she was scarcely less lowly herself, and sought her consort amidst

her equals in wealth and station? He resolved to see her once more, and with this intention set out for her residence, but his courage failed him when he drew near, and he contented himself with writing a few lines of farewell, which he entrusted to a domestic. In these he gave her back her promise, exempted her from all blame, and ended by bidding her an everlasting adieu, intimating that it was his intention to quit Rome immediately, and spend the remainder of his days in a foreign land.

All Paris rang with the fame of a newly-arrived artist, who had in his studio a female portrait of the most exquisite beauty. He was an Italian, but there seemed to be some mystery about him; and, from his frequent inattention when addressed and other circumstances, there was reason to believe his name was a feigned one. A less circumstance would have drawn the public gaze on any man in Paris, and, therefore, it is no wonder that the young and handsome artist became an object of general attention.

The portrait, too—the only picture in his apartment — it was so *charmante*, so *spirituelle!* All the ladies were enchanted at the idea of having their charms transferred to canvass by one who dressed his figures so becomingly! But they were doomed to be disappointed. The Signor

Lorenzo did not intend painting female portraits for the future. The effort of his pencil they were so good as to admire was the last he meant to attempt. If they were obliging enough to recommend him to their fathers, brothers, and admirers, he would be most grateful for their patronage, but must decline the exceeding honour they wished to do him. And yet the signor had daily visits from his fair suppliants; it seemed as if it were a strife among themselves which should overcome the painter's obstinacy.

At length came two ladies, whose peculiarities of dress and gait told him they were not French women, and, moreover, that they were countrywomen of his own. Was it, then, the sight of the national garb of his own land that caused his head to turn dizzy, and his knees to tremble beneath him? Was it the familiar language, with its Roman accentuation, that compelled him to fall on his knees before one of the visiters, and beseech her for pity's sake to remove her veil? Oh no, there was more than this; the slight elegant figure, the rich tresses escaping from the mufflings, the sweet low voice, could only belong to one — could be none other's than Margaretta's. The original of the solitary portrait was before him! Yes; she had seen at once the misconception under which he had quitted Rome, had never rested till she had traced him through his wander-

ings, and penetrated his disguise, and now she came before him to explain all that needed explanation, and to assure him that her faith, tried long in adversity, had also borne without change the harder trial of prosperity.

Could such a romance have any ending but one? Surely not; and a few weeks saw its legitimate conclusion, for the painter was united to the fair orphan immediately on their return to Rome. The scene of the marriage was the lady's country-house, and, though its celebration was comparatively private, not only some tried and valued friends, including the guardians of her girlhood, were invited, but many of those who had experienced her gentle and sympathizing kindness, ay, even the lame, the halt, and the blind, were permitted to be present. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the prayers and blessings of those whom her charity had relieved went as warmly to the heart of the lovely bride as those of her nobler guests, not excepting those of the Lord Cardinal who pronounced the nuptial benediction.

GERTRUDE OF LANHERNE.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE FATALIST," "THE TRADUCED," &C.

The tourist who, for geological purposes, or led by the countless motives which induce men to ramble abroad, explores the north coast of Cornwall, seldom fails to visit the valley of Mawgan, locally renowned for its surpassing beauty. The hills towards the east are rugged and barren; and in the distance may be seen, perched on an eminence, the famous remains of a Danish or British camp, known by the name of Castle-an-Dinas. But, looking down into the hollow, where stand the quiet village and, like an old king grey with years, the tower of Mawgan church, no scene can be more picturesque and enchanting. In summer the eye reposes on the broad-leaved chestnut tree, the purple lilac, and the flowering ash. A bright stream frolics and dances, like a joyous fairy, beneath the boughs, while the murmur of the wild bee, or the bells from the tower, only steal on the ear. All is freshness, fragrance, and shade; and the spot only wants classic associations to rival Tempe, or the Val d'Arno of Florence.

At the head of the valley, and not far from the church, stands a very ancient mansion, once occupied by a branch of the family of the Arundels. It is now a convent of Carmelite nuns, the predecessors of the present occupants having been afforded an asylum there at the outbreak of the French revolution. But our sketch refers to that period when Lanherne Manor-house held not the silent, pensive devotee, but the representatives of a proud and ancient line. Sir Hugh Arundel (we will name the baronet Sir Hugh), treading in the steps of his forefathers, was a rigid Catholic. His was a bitter, fiery, uncompromising spirit; he hated a Protestant beyond Jew or Turk; and his feelings of rancour were probably enhanced by the fact that the star of Protestantism had long been in the ascendant in England. Sir Hugh would have revived the fires of Smithfield; he would, in his mistaken zeal, have rejoiced had another Spanish armada hovered off the coast, for he considered even the overthrow of the liberties of his country a thing to be desired, if instrumental in bringing about the regeneration of the people, and the re-establishment of the Catholic faith in its pristine glory.

Yet Sir Hugh Arundel possessed in his bosom the elements of goodness and virtue: he was generous to the poor; he was upright in all his actions; and, his blinding bigotry apart, he was a sincere and devout Christian.

The Baronet's wife was dead; his eldest son held a distinguished office about the court; but his only daughter, Gertrude, resided with the father at the Manor House in Cornwall. Gertrude was now in her eighteenth year, and her extreme beauty, coupled, perhaps, with the supposition that her wealthy father would give her a handsome dowry, attracted many suitors. But Gertrude's heart was possessed by one whose name she dared not even breathe in her father's hearing, for he whom she loved, although her equal as regarded family rank, was needy, and, more than all, he was a Protestant.

Miss Arundel one day was lingering in the picture gallery, where hung several court beauties of the period, the recent and glowing productions of Lely and Kneller; and now she was standing with folded hands and moistened eye before the portrait of her mother, when Sir Hugh abruptly opened a side door which led to his library, and advanced towards her. In spite of the fanatic gloom which habitually oppressed her father's spirit, he had hitherto been an indulgent parent, and his heart, though cold to all the world besides, was warm towards his child. But unaccountable emotions seemed now to affect him; and, as he drew Gertrude by the arm into his study, and closed the door, the blackness of his features, the flashing of his eyes, and other unequivocal tokens of violent passion, caused her to shrink and shudder.

Sir Hugh seated himself opposite to his daughter, and some minutes elapsed before he could so far restrain the tempest within as to be able to speak.

"Gertrude, I did believe that you loved me; that you were influenced by religious feeling, as well as guided by duty. Mine eyes are opened now; I have discovered you."

The girl, who felt that her father had penetrated the secret of her love, returned no answer, but trembled, and cowered before the gloomy ascetic.

"I shall not tell you who, having a regard for your immortal soul, has informed me that you hold a clandestine intercourse with that young renegade from the faith of his ancestors — that beggar — that scoundrel—"

"Father, spare me, spare me!"

"Nay, hear me out; thou art my child, and I would fain save thee from perdition; but even did not religious considerations utterly oppose the alliance you would form, Walter Pellew's acres have melted from him, and he is now a starvling, an adventurer, a most miserable dependent upon the bounty of others. Ay, ere thou shouldst wed such a man, I, who have loved thee as no other parent loved his child—I, thy father, would gladly place thee in thy coffin."

We pass over the painful dialogue which ensued, the daughter's entreaties and tears, and the

father's fierce expostulations. The opposition of Sir Hugh was not to be overcome.

"And now, daughter, hear me!" he cried, contracting his lowering brows, and clenching his hand: "if thou dost persevere in this most unchristian and undutiful course, and unite thyself to Pellew, I and mine cast thee off for ever. With him, the apostate, the worse than branded Cain, mayst thou wander over the world and starve! I will also curse thee — curse thee now, and curse thee with my latest breath. Misery and remorse be thy portion here! and——daughter, thou wilt do well to avoid thy father's curse."

Twilight was beginning to throw its soft, shadowy haze over the old Manor House, the hamlet, and tower; while the valley beyond was gradually fading from purple and gold into a mass of indistinguishable shade, when Gertrude, at some distance from her father's mansion, sat on a rustic bench. She was stooping her head, and violently sobbing. Before her stood a young man, Walter Pellew: his air was that of a high-born gentleman, and his person strikingly handsome; his broad-skirted coat, tight hose, and ruffles of Flanders lace, were in accordance with the prevailing mode, but his head was not adorned, or disfigured, by the fashionable peruke — the jetty hair grew as nature willed it, and, parted back from

his high, massy forehead, fell in crisp curls around his face.

Gertrude Arundel had resolved to see her lover for the last time. Her father, rigid in all his religious observances, at a certain hour every evening closeted himself with the priest of the neigbourhood, and it was at these times that the girl, stealing from the house, was accustomed to meet Pellew.

"I will renounce my faith, dear Miss Arundel; I will essay all, dare all, rather than lose you!"

"No; I would not be yours, if the price you have to pay for my hand must be the base coin of hypocrisy. You shall do no violence to your principles. Unless honestly converted to my father's faith, I would not even wish you to be a Catholic."

"Noble girl, I honour your sentiments. Would that I had riches — that I had a soul worthy of you!"

"You *are* worthy of me, dear, dear Walter!" exclaimed Gertrude, rising, and clinging to Pellew's arm; "and wealth I value not: with you I could be happy, if — if circumstances permitted —happy in obscurity, happy in want."

"Then hesitate no longer; with love and untiring affection I will surround you, with my sword I will carve my way to honourable distinction, and gain at last all that my unfortunate father has lost.

Gertrude"—he stooped over her, drawing her towards him—" we will not part—we were born to cherish, to love each other; say, say you will be mine!"

The girl looked into his face, but her eyes were again almost instantly averted; she shuddered, and moved back from him. " Never, Pellew! I cannot be yours—my father's curse—it rings in my ears, it pierces my brain. Let us now part: we must meet no more."

She sank again upon the rustic seat, and drew her mantle before her face, as though unwilling that her lover should read the agony that was secretly wringing her soul. We attempt not to describe in words what followed—the prayers, the representations, the wild vows of Pellew, or the anguish, the tears of Gertrude, with her ineffectual strugglings to check the warm gushings of a woman's affection. She loved her father, but her lover more; she felt that duty urged her to tear away those fresh, dear feelings, which, vine-like, had twined about her heart; yet there was a yearning towards the object of her affection scarcely to be resisted or overcome. Pellew, on a conviction that the present meeting would put a termination to their future intercourse, or make Miss Arundel his own, had provided himself with a travelling carriage, which waited in a place of concealment about half a mile from the spot.

"Oh, urge me not! I cannot leave my home — although my father may be your enemy, he is my father still. I cannot brave his wrath—I cannot support his curse!"

Thus urged Gertrude's better nature; yet, even while she spoke, her resolution half melted away. Wavering and hesitating, she knelt on the turf; she prayed her lover to tempt her no longer, but to leave her. Pellew raised her, and, as she shed floods of tears, he gently led her away. Once more she gazed over the valley, the home of her childhood, and saw the grey walls of the Manor House peering in the twilight above the elms. It was but a moment—the scene vanished—and she was hurried along the winding path. Alas, for that once gay and light-hearted girl! in yielding to the promptings of an imprudent love, she entailed upon herself (as others who have similarly acted have ever done) years of unavailing regret and bitter self-accusation.

Time passed; the forsaken father had heard nothing of his child, save that she lived. The desire of vengeance on Pellew, which had at first stirred his nature to madness, settled into a feeling of deadly, unforgiving hatred. He rarely mentioned his daughter's name, and none of his friends ever ventured to speak of her. Pellew had joined the English army on the continent, and, under the

victorious Marlborough, had won high reputation. But Blenheim, Ramilies, and Oudenarde had been fought; the cannon's mouth was silenced, the banner was furled; and Marlborough and his generals returned to repose beneath their laurels.

It was a beautiful evening in summer. The valley of Mawgan was as still and full of verdure as it was ten years before; and the golden light from the west rested as tranquilly and lovingly as ever on the old tower, grey mansion, and densely-foliaged trees—for time, which alters man and all his works, brings no change to Nature. Before the little house of entertainment in the village (for it did not aspire to the designation of an inn) a travelling carriage drew up. This was a circumstance of no ordinary occurrence, since very rarely did the old Baronet at the Manor House receive visiters. The quiet village was in a ferment; and many an aged matron, suspending her domestic avocations, peered over her hatch to take a "good stare" at the great folks, whoever they might be, about to descend from the dashing vehicle. The gentleman wore the high military boots of the period; his dress was that of a field officer, and he was decorated with the badge of honour bestowed on those generals who had borne the brunt of the continental war with the queen's "great captain."

General Sir Walter Pellew led his lady through

the village; she was muffled in a velvet cloak, and closely veiled, so that none could distinguish her features; her step faltered, and, though she clung closely to her husband's arm, it was with extreme difficulty that she proceeded. They reached the gate opening upon the avenue of trees that led to Lanherne House. Every thing remained the same as Gertrude remembered it in her childhood, and a throng of memories, bitter yet sweet, came crowding upon her heart. But every other consideration was now merged in the great object of their visit; they had come seeking pardon of him whom they had injured — come to turn away his curse, and obtain his blessing before he died.

"Do I behold you alive, honoured Miss Gertrude?" cried the old butler, who instantly recognized his young mistress, as she entered the hall; and the man brushed away his tears, for he cried outright.

"Hush, Gilbert; thanks, thanks! Now conduct us quietly to my father."

"That will I, miss — I mean Lady Pellew. Sir Hugh is in his library — shall I announce you?"

"Not for worlds; we will follow you. Open the library door, and close it instantly after us."

The Baronet was in his easy chair, closely

studying a tome of the "Roman Fathers." Ten years had ploughed deeper wrinkles on his brow, and given a sterner expression to his thoughtful and saturnine features. So absorbed was he in his volume, that the visitors had entered, and almost stood by his side, ere he became conscious of their presence. He looked up; the book dropped from his hands, and, with a faint exclamation, he started, drawing himself at the same time backward in his chair.

"I know you now! woman, what do you here? I deemed you dead — better you or I had been in the grave, than thus meet again!"

Gertrude sank on the ground, and clasped the old man's knees.

"Hear me, dear father, hear me!"

"I will not—begone!"

"On me, sir," said Pellew, "let your vengeance fall — I only was to blame. I lured your daughter from you; the prize was too valuable, too dear, and I could not abandon it."

"Ah, General Pellew, waiving all other matters between us, abandoning even my right to vengeance, I would ask you one question: when a poor youth, thou wert an apostate—art thou still of the heretical crew? art thou still a Protestant?"

"I am, I must admit, sir."

"Away, then! I will have no communication

with you. I curse you both! Leave me with my religion, my God, alone to die!"

They both knelt before the inexorable bigot. All they craved was his pardon, and permission to be near him, and attend him in his infirmities. Their pleading and supplications appeared to be utterly in vain; but at this moment the door of the library was opened, and the faithful butler, who had served his master for so many years, entered with trembling and hesitating step. He knew the exact situation of Sir Hugh and his daughter, and, exercising a liberty which his long services only might warrant, he had bethought him of á little stratagem to bring about, if possible, a reconciliation between them. The butler led a young child by the hand; tears again streamed down his honest face, as he gazed and gazed on the happy, rosy cherub by his side. The boy was about five years of age; and, without the knowledge of his parents, he had been brought from the carriage by the nurse. His sunny hair fell in a thousand little curls on his shoulders, and happiness, born of innocence, laughed in his merry blue eyes.

"Where is grandfather?" cried the child; "I long to see him, for mamma tells me I must love and honour him."

"There, my dear, there is Sir Hugh!" said the old butler; and the boy instantly broke away from

the man, and ran up to Sir Hugh, seizing him by the hand.

"Are you grandfather? bless you, grandfather! I never saw you before, but I will love you as dearly as mamma does."

There is something so irresistible in the winning innocence of childhood, that callous indeed must be the heart which can remain untouched by its appeals. Even Sir Hugh, as his dim eyes met those of the little being whose pure and delicate frame was as a revivified portion of his own, felt the iron of his soul give way. He gazed — bent forward — he drew the boy to him — a burning tear started, and silently coursed down his withered cheek—his head drooped lower and lower, and sob succeeded sob. No word escaped him: but he suddenly turned around, and seized Pellew by the hand, and the next moment that once stern, unyielding man, melted to forgiveness and love, folded his daughter to his breast.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The golden sails of Thought,
Filled with enchanted wind,
Swept to the land they sought—
Each shore and realm of mind!

Youth sat the helm above,
And mark'd each glorious trace—
All beauty—feeling—love—
All poetry and grace!

The weary sails of Thought
Were out upon the dark,
'Neath sky of storm inwrought,
With wild and wide a spark—
A star that might prevail
To point where dangers heaved.
'Twas Manhood reefed the sail,
And mourn'd for Youth deceived.

The shatter'd sails of Thought,
All riven, went aground;
No shore that Youth had sought,
No port that Manhood found,
Proved like that heaven which shone
On golden sails of yore:
No; Life's romance was gone!
Youth's poetry was o'er!

Wright, del. London Pubd. by A. Ackermann & Co. 1843. Skelton sculpt.

THE BIRTHRIGHT

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was the old time in Vienna, when the crescent and the star, the Ottoman arms, yet shone emblazoned from the highest point of the tower of St. Stephen's far-famous cathedral. Within, amidst its infinitely rich and curious embellishments, whether of painting or sculpture, was there no sign or device that could betoken a recognition of any faith save that which originally sanctified the edifice; yet, without, engraved upon its elevated front, appeared the token and acknowledgment of a different religion.

These arms had been placed there the year before (1529), not by the Turkish besieger, who, after several assaults upon the city, had retreated at the first news of the march of the emperor, Charles V., to the relief of Vienna, but by the citizens themselves, in grateful testimony to the generous consideration of Soliman, who, at the commencement of the siege, had expressly prohibited the Turkish soldiers from directing shot against the cathedral.*

* The same enlightened forbearance was not manifested in the last assault which the city sustained at the hands of

The effects of this first attack of the formidable invader were passing away. The houses that had been destroyed in the storm of shot were rebuilt; the streets of the city were presenting again that animated appearance which the mingling of persons of many nations and habits always creates; the citizens were recovering from their disasters, and the nobles from their panic. But there was one of this latter class, around whom the shadows of the calamity seemed to linger, whom the ravage and battle had left a victim to an inward strife no less gloomy and desolating.

From a window of his palace in that gay and beautiful suburb where the nobles chiefly congregated—which, overlooking on one side the broad and sweeping esplanade that divided it from the city, expanded on the other into gardens endlessly diversified, bordered in the distance by innumerable forest-trees, and hills rich with verdure — the Count Serini looked out upon the landscape with eyes which, however they might be attracted towards the setting sun, were insensible of its beauty, sympathising more with the deepening gloom of the earth than the departing glory of the heavens.

Of a temper reserved and haughty, the Count

the Turks, in 1683, and, accordingly, after a reign of upwards of a hundred and fifty years, the crescent was removed, and the cross elevated in its place.

had rarely, in his youth, worn an air of gaiety; and now, in middle life, his demeanour was almost chilling. Sadness and disappointment had taken possession of his soul. But his was not the weariness of the baffled plotter, the bitterness of one thwarted in court intrigue. State policy, and the craft of war, had alike failed to engage the affections of his youth. These, indeed, had been all lavished, freely, passionately lavished, upon one object—a brother, many years younger than himself, and seemingly destined to repay, with the richest blessings of sympathy and companionship, the generous care that trained up his youth to a bright and hopeful manhood.

A lofty nature can undergo no shock so painful as when the affections it has frankly and with its whole heart reposed in another, are carelessly flung back upon it. Hatred, even scorn, can be far better borne than the cold, blank, indifference of that one being, man or woman, to whom we have given our hearts.

It was the Count's lot to see the altar he had reared overturned, not contemptuously, but in very sport. The sacrifice he had taken a pride in offering up, composed as it was of all that he held dearest, all that to him was most precious and essential to life, was rejected in utter wantonness, slighted as a mere jest. His brother's nature was incapable of any higher appreciation. When a

child, Ulbert would laugh in his face if he saw there any serious expression of anxiety for the safety of the little adventurer, who would spring into the wide Danube for the sake of making his attendant leap in after him: and so laughed he when he grew up. The love to which he was insensible, the watchfulness and the wisdom which he heeded not amidst his boyish pleasures (rendering himself, perhaps, by his very indifference, only the more endeared, the more interesting, because needing another's devotion more), were equally objects of levity when that hour arrived, in which the wilfulness and caprices of the boy were to be exchanged for the warm sensibilities, the grateful sympathies, of the friend and brother.

The Count's fears were early awakened — the earlier because his affection was strong. In an aversion to those pursuits of learning wherein he had himself taken delight, he remarked less of intellectual inaptitude than of moral insensibility, and in the tastes which were substituted he detected tokens of a selfish and dissolute disposition. His fears soon became an agonizing dread. Remonstrance, guidance, were now opposed by ridicule, that first dangerous weapon with which folly combats reason; and successful ridicule is evermore the curse of its user. Ulbert found that he could most readily dismiss a painful subject, or stifle a grave rebuke, by satirical laughter and

sportive jests; and from that moment the seed of every serious and noble thought, if any lurked in his mind, was crushed within him.

What most surprised, perhaps it also most shocked, the Count, was the low taste of his degenerate brother. He scarcely, in his pleasures, exhibited the feeling of the depraved "gentleman." Of a noble race, his very dissipations were ignoble. He herded with the mean, and made his name familiar in mouths that never mentioned his illustrious house but with honour. The Count's pride was sensitive in the extreme, and he resented the humiliation with an increased scorn and a colder reserve.

Regarded at best with indifference, despised not unfrequently by a being every way so despicable, the count abandoned the resolution he had once formed to forego a natural inclination for marriage, rather than exclude his beloved brother, the last-born of his house, from so fair an inheritance. He wedded; and, in that second dear and all-venturing trust, he had a worthier fortune. The Lady Alitha, equal to most in blood, in beauty more than a match for the most radiant, might, in point of years, have been more fitly mated to the younger brother; but in the fine sympathy, the keen sense, the entire confidence, which make the soul of love, she was truly the elder's wife, though, in her bearing, she might seem to temper

the fond enthusiasm of a bride with something of the reverence of a daughter.

And now, as the Count sat in meditation, watching, yet not consciously marking, the golden ripples upon the noble river below, he thought how often in their course those far-flowing waters would wash a soil that owned him master; how many of the streams into which the Danube divides rolled towards fair plains and woody shores that called him lord. And with the thought came the sickening dread lest these rich lands should descend to a worthless owner, poorer in spirit than the meanest hind that traversed them; the bitter reflection that his home was childless; that the wife he loved, whose more than love was his, might never hear, first lisped in music, the name of mother. Four years of an else happy marriage had he counted, and the lovely tree, that might yet have grown in paradise, bore no blossom.

As the shadows of eve darkened round him, so the shadow darkened over his soul; yet anon there broke through its depths a bright star tremblingly —it was the thought of his wife's matchless purity and impassioned fondness. He quitted his lone room, and, pacing the long gallery that parted him from gayer portions of the edifice, sought the Lady Alitha's apartments.

"I leave thee too much alone," he said, sighingly; "forgetting ever that I create a solitude

behind when I go forth to seek it. Come, tell me thou lik'st it not, and let thy dove's eyes flash angrily for once. Be less than angel, if thou can'st. Forgive me not, and frown."

But Lady Alitha, who had worn a somewhat troubled look on his entrance, now approaching him close, fixed her eyes upon his, and smiled into them with a witchery so sweet and sudden, that a delicious light spread instantly over his soul, and the gloomy spectres fled as at the gush of daybreak. He caught her to his breast in silent rapture.

"Nor have I," murmured she, rather returning than affecting to escape his caresses—"nor have I been alone this long eve, though I fear me thou wilt say that solitude is less hurtful than such company."

The Count released her, and, looking into her face, read its information as if it had been written legibly in a book.

"I charged him not to come, and named the penalty," he said, sternly.

Many months before, and soon after the Turkish emperor had raised the siege, the Count had parted from his brother, as he deemed, for ever. His conduct while the city was in danger had sealed his offences. While the nobles were banded, to repel the enemies of their religion, and to save their homes from spoliation, Ulbert had abandoned

himself to the most wretched debauchery, seeking revellers in the lowest haunts of the town, among the desperate in fortune and character, corrupting by his gold and his example some who were more innocent, saying, "Fight they who have aught to lose beside their religion. I'faith, knaves, that have not I, for I'm a younger brother." The profligacy was too open, the disgrace of too deep a die, to pass untalked of when safety was restored. The Count, suffering from a wound he had received at the city gate, summoned his delinquent brother.

"Ulbert, thine infancy was unto me a sweet fear, thy youth a terror, thy manhood an anguish and a shame. Thou laugh'st when thunder leaps suddenly out of the blue heavens! Thou hold'st thy revel on the volcano's edge! No earthly charity—not Alitha's, which is almost divine — finds tongue to plead for thee. My words are few, but they are of judgment. Of my father's substance I have twice bestowed on thee a liberal portion. Take yet more; I here assign it — but enter not again my father's hall. This wealth is thine while thou art absent. Should I hear of thee, I may blush unseen, so I behold thee not. Ulbert, once my brother, we are strangers."

Yet the charity and compassion of the Lady Alitha did plead for him, though in vain; and often, when his name was heard in Vienna, coupled

with some infamous brawl or outrage, some aggression or riot, by which the peace of a distant city had been disturbed, she sought to calm her husband's mind and soften his resentment by reminding him how false is rumour, how harsh the common tongue when speaking of the absent, and how difficult to win back a good name when it has once been forfeited.

And such, even now, upon his unlooked-for and forbidden return, was the tone of her gentle mediation.

"He knew the penalty, and his choice incurred it," exclaimed the Count.

"Alack!" she said, "he had paid it before he came."

Even so it was; the lands had been sold, and the wealth that might have cheered a lifetime wasted.

"Had but one handful of small coins been spent gallantly," said the Count, "been spent generously, or in charitable deeds, thou should'st not supplicate — but he was ever hard and sordid amidst his worst profuseness."

Yet the prayer of the lovely advocate at length prevailed. The music of her speech said more than the excuses it advanced could urge, and the glistening of her eyes argued by its very purity for mercy upon the impure. The Count, incredulous of every promise of reformation, and enter-

taining no hope of penitence (which he had sanguinely built a thousand times on assurances given idly and even jestingly) yet yielded so far as to engage to remit moneys to Ratisbon, on condition that his degraded kinsman set out for that place immediately. To a still greater extent might the compassionate pleader have prevailed, but that now the silvery tone of her intercession was suddenly drowned, and the Count's ears were startled by fierce and tumultuous outcries from without. These betokened a desperate brawl among his retainers, above whose voices was speedily heard that of Ulbert, screaming under the influence of wine—

"Out, rascals! You — my elder brother's serfs! What, not another cup to drink the Count's health? Why, then, a cup to the Lady Alitha! Hear ye, knaves? By my troth, she loves me better than she loves your lord, fellows! A cup of wine! Hear ye?"

The eyes of the Count flashed with the fiercest indignation, and his brows were red with shame. The drunken, braggart words awakened in him no other feeling, however momentary; but this was intense, and penetrated him all over. His heart swelled as if it would burst with the thought that the blood which rushed impetuously through it had flowed from the same spring as *his!* But his shame and his anger were short-lived. Pity and

love and every tender emotion instantly succeeded to them, as he turned and looked upon the noble and innocent face of the lady whose name had been thus profaned, and whose heavenly truth had been so impeached. The scornful lip, the crimson cheek, the streaming eyes, bespoke the feeling of a soul proud indeed, but purer even than it was proud. He stood transfixed, gazing with tenderness and delight: and the exquisite conviction that he was loved grew sweeter than before. He took her hand, and kissed her forehead, while he bowed her head soothingly towards his shoulder, whereon, for some minutes, it reclined, and both were motionless.

"My gentle wife!" he murmured, in extreme fondness, and in an inward tone that scarcely broke the silence.

Much of happiness, much of the serenity congenial to the dispositions of both, remained for months around their hearth. The Count's joy in the devotion of his youthful wife was interrupted only at intervals—but these were frequent,—when the passion for the society and affection of children, the desire to leave to a direct heir his rich estate and ancient name, woke troublingly within him. These regrets and cares (endured by both in silence) the Lady Alitha shared. There were others with which she was less familiar. The Count, while he took no active part in court poli-

tics, was yet aware of the existence of well-grounded apprehensions concerning the further designs of the Ottoman power; and a second blow, more fatal than the first, and destined, possibly, to effect the sacrifice of the city, with the overthrow of its holy faith, was not unfairly to be anticipated. Thus thoughts both of a private and public nature weighed upon his spirits; and, added to these, was the sharp though secret fretting of the soul, felt as often as report might reach the city of the dissolute and ruinous courses by which his kinsman yet persisted, though at a distance, in storing up infamy, and rendering a noble name but a vile byword and a term of scorn.

One spring evening, contemplating in his lone turret the majestic and beautiful scene opened to him from that eminence, such thoughts came over him with unwonted heaviness. Rumours were rife that the dreaded blow might be all too speedily apprehended—a blow destined to be struck almost as soon as the hand could be seen. Even at that hour, it was said, the waters of the deep river were floating almost to the gates of the city the cannon and the war-engines by which the besiegers hoped to subdue it. The Count's sadness deepened momently. He cast a glance over that famous suburb, with its gardens, its terraces, and towers; and, as his eye rested upon the mass of edifices beyond, the lofty and flat-roofed dwellings of the congre-

gated traffickers and idlers, the imperial palace, and the spires of the churches overlooking all, he trembled to think of the devastation which the very next dawn might bring with it. Then he looked towards his own domain — the expanse of forest, and the branching streams beyond; and he again thought of his lonely and childless hearth— lonely, save in the brightening and ever-comforting presence of a wife, the most brilliant at court, the most gentle at home—but a wife only, and not a mother.

By degrees a melancholy presentiment crept over him, and he saw in the threatened doom of the city the certain accomplishment of his own destiny. What spell had held him there? He felt fate-bound in his own halls — rooted to the spot, when others found safety in remote retreats. When the warning of the foe's advance first came, he had implored Alitha to seek security in a castle situated some leagues from the walls; but ideas of separation were to her as ideas of death, and his presence alone was life and safety. Yet safety for himself he scorned to seek, even when it included hers, and both remained.

What brought Ulbert to his mind at that moment? In the cold, grey shadows of the now fast-approaching twilight, there was something chilling, something very cheerless; but nothing in external nature, in the saddest time and season,

could be half so dreary as the broken hopes and crushed affections which that image brought back, turning his blood to ice. Insensibly his thoughts reverted to the occasion (never once spoken of, scarcely allowed to be thought of, since it had occurred) when he had last heard the voice of Ulbert, though he beheld him not; and, instantly rousing himself to shake off such profitless and humbling recollections, he rose to close the casement, when, at a distance, near the end of an avenue now in deep shadow, two figures met his view. One of those figures, had he caught but its simple outline in the darkest night, he had known at a glance. How impossible — as a voice in his brain seemed then to whisper — how impossible ever to mistake the form of Alitha for another's! But her companion—he who held her in such earnest conference! How was it that again a thought of Ulbert crossed his mind! That figure seemed so unlike. Both, however, were now lost to his view, and he stood a minute ruminating, when again they appeared, slowly pacing the avenue towards the palace, in deep converse. Ascending the terrace steps, they entered within the shadow of the building, sadly, it seemed, and silently.

The Count, restless and gloomy beyond his wont, descended towards the terrace which the stranger and the lady had quitted, when his design was

checked by the approach of Alitha. Her look and manner spoke before her tongue, and the Count drew back, disturbed and wondering.

"Forgive me, if I do wrong," she said, in her sweet, earnest tones; "it is for thee and thine I run this risk, the risk of that worst grief my heart can ever know—my lord's displeasure."

"For me and mine!" exclaimed the Count; "and *mine!* Why, that's thyself, dear Alitha! What meanest thou?"

"And *he* is thine, too: he was—and will be, when thou knowest——"

"That stranger," said the Count: "Alitha!"

"Stranger too long, if penitent," cried Alitha, imploringly; "and he is, he is penitent — so altered that I knew him not. Ah! my dear lord," and, as the lady spoke, a delicate blush lit up all her features, tears started into her eyes, and her voice faltered, "thou hast no son; let thy wife give back to thee a brother!"

Her words touched two chords within him. He trembled, but, of his jarring emotions, resentment was the strongest. Yet, as he spoke not, his wife, brave as innocent, went on to paint the repentance of Ulbert, his modest air, his plain garb, his sorrowing looks, his words of self-reproach, his shame for follies past, which he branded as hideous vices. She pleaded youth at first, and next the provocation of evil tongues, that magnified all his errors,

and then recklessness and despair—and prayed for pity, and a generous oblivion.

"Alitha," replied the Count, "he is selfish, innately selfish. Grant him not malignant; yet mere selfishness — which thy nature understands not—works more daily evil in the world than active malice with the serpent's tooth. Were he but generous in his vice—no; brothers we are not. And, Alitha, remember'st thou——Sweet heaven! why, how thou pleadest!"

Alitha had flung herself upon her knees, and, with clasped hands, renewed her intercession. The Count regarded her at first with a sensation of surprise; but, by slow and painful degrees, a different feeling, one new to his nature, convulsing all within in its progress, began to wind around his heart, that now felt stifled in its folds. It was a suspicion the most wild and dreadful. He looked upon the beautiful intercessor before him—he heard the touching and passionate appeal she made—her confession of silent watchings over his melancholy, detecting that void in his bosom, that craving of the spirit, which, to one without the blessing of offspring, a brother's love and sympathy might best supply; and her words, her looks, affectionate, innocent, almost angelic as they were, only called the dark suspicion at his heart yet more and more into life. At that instant he turned, and beheld Ulbert, who, unobserved, had approached to unite

his protestations with the impassioned pleading of Alitha. Starting back, he felt the sting in his soul; and, under its sharp though momentary influence, a wild cry of anguish burst from his lips.

Equally amazed and alarmed, Alitha flew towards the Count. What fearful spasm had so shaken his frame! She would have flung her arms around him, making him sit down, and rest his head upon her bosom; but, ere she could discharge such tender duties, he was at her feet, imploring in his turn her pardon — pardon for a wrong, not acted, yet committed momentarily in thought — of a dye so dark, that words could not paint, nor tears wash it out — a thought that was all horror, phrenzy, falsehood — terrible as the lightning, but as brief.

So true and unsuspecting was Alitha, that the strange suspicion, the dark and wrongful thought to which her lord alluded, came not within the scope of her comprehension. She could not guess its nature; and to her simple look of wonder and inquiry, she was about to add words of a like import, when loud voices and confusion without interrupted her purpose; and the next instant attention was drawn to the arrival of messengers, who now entered the hall without ceremony, and in breathless haste.

They summoned the Count to attend the council without delay. The enemy, baffled three years

before, had returned; the city was again doomed to suffer the peril of a siege; the Ottoman force was within a night's sail of the walls, and the winds and the current were favouring the enterprize. Ere the news could be told, the Count was ready to meet the danger. In one instant all trace of weakness, all selfish concern, had vanished. The tidings brought him a relief from the soul-sickness of suspense; and every energy of his mind, every nerve of his body, were strung for action. Quickly, but with the utmost calmness, he issued all necessary orders; with a cheerful air, yet with the gravest sense of the stern purpose that called him forth, he addressed his startled household; and, with a breast that allowed no private grief to claim one throb in presence of the common danger, he crossed his ancient hall. A hasty, yet a relenting and kindly look towards his silent kinsman—the tenderest embrace, with some sweetly whispered words of fond assurance to the anxious Alitha, and he was gone.

That night sleep found no couch in all Vienna. Day had looked upon no such scene of busy care, as darkness found in every street, in every dwelling, throughout the city. All were engaged in council or action, in agonizing speculation, or hopeful precaution. The aged thought shudderingly of the past, the younger turned to face the future, the dread morrow's dawn. That dawn

brought with it the thunder of cannon; and at the first onset repelling the insolent besieger at a point where danger had congregated all its terrors all its attractions, leading on a youthful host, who needed but one gallant and noble example to stimulate their heroism, fell the hapless, high-minded, and generous Count.

Valour and generosity are never fruitless. The spirit of the Count seemed breathed into the common mass; and, amidst the crash and the convulsion, the humblest citizen felt as if armed with invincible power. Such were the intrepid coolness and steadiness of resistance which the followers of the crescent had to encounter, that after a few days they again abandoned the siege of Vienna.

The city escaped destruction; but what a cloud of woe and desolation had fallen upon the house of one of its bravest defenders! A grief too deep to reveal itself by the ordinary tokens of grief was that which filled the soul of Alitha. She shed few tears, she spoke fewer words; but, retreating to the old room, whither it was his wont so oft to retire and meditate, she became insensible to all that was passing around her, cherishing hour by hour the exquisite consciousness of being in that room not quite alone. Solitude was every where, save there.

One shock was thus spared her which she could ill have borne; the shock of witnessing the ram-

pant pride, the unsuppressed and riotous exultation in a change of fortune, with which the halls of her lord were taken possession of by her late bankrupt brother. At the news of the Count's death, childless, there flashed upon him a prospect to which his eyes had long been closed, in which his imagination had long ceased to revel — the possession of those ample lands, which he had so often coveted in the extremities of his spendthrift need and the obscurity of his fallen lot — those lands which might have been his long before to the last rood, had he but known how, by fair desert, to retain and prize the heart that valued them for his sake, more than any other, and would have resigned them cheerfully at the bidding of a little breath of love. Now the dream he had feared to indulge was realized; in one moment was he changed, from a borrower where none would lend, a beggar where few would give, to be master of his own fortunes and lord of his own will. Ulbert, in the fulness of the joy that swelled his breast, could scarce find room for one poor sigh over the tragic ending of his noble kinsman and benefactor.

And was it for such a being that Alitha had pleaded? was it in behalf of a nature so miserably sordid and self-loving, that she had appealed for favour to one whose kindness had ever been abused, risking her husband's displeasure, paining

his noble heart, in the last hour of their mortal intercourse? Was she then deceived, and had Ulbert played the hypocrite in his tale of penitence? No; last night, oppressed with debt, and despised as reprobate, he was sincere in his vow of change — for to mend his morals was to improve his fortunes. But to-day, his virtue, too newly planted to have taken root, was torn up and flung to the winds.

Little could such a nature comprehend that delicacy of feeling in Alitha, which, sympathizing with her husband's comparative loneliness, without other relatives — above all, without offspring — prompted her to plead for Ulbert, to cling to any hope of his rescue from shame and dissoluteness, and to pray for his return. Is it to be wondered at, that one so coarse and depraved, knowing the deep interest he had excited, and finding it so fervently and constantly exercised in his behalf, should mistake its source, and cherish a secret belief of that which he had basely vaunted over the wine-cup? Certain it is that such a suspicion found a lurking-place in his mind, and he had long needed only a fair occasion to whisper in the ear of Alitha, as the eastern reptile pours its poison into the rose, his imagined detection of her secret. Such an opportunity had never presented itself.

It may be supposed, however, that this soon

came; that, after a brief space, utter seclusion being impossible, the lonely sorrower found herself doomed to listen to such empty and frivolous and unavailing consolations, as Comfort addresses to Despair; and that with the phrases of condolence were mingled words that she heard or understood not, until they took a clearer meaning, and, with jeering reproaches for overacting the show of misery proper to the occasion, blended the daring intimation of a consciousness that her heart had been for years a wanderer from her home, the perquisite of the absent. It may be imagined, too, with what an eloquent power the inflamed blood of the mourner made answer in her cheeks, while from the blue depths of her eyes scorn shot its lightning upon the insulter.

Ulbert saw her no more. The one flattering dream dissipated, he turned with stronger relish and eagerness to the glorious reality. He gazed upon his gold as the sure and proved key to all worldly pleasures. No more creepings with a beggar's pace, and at a respectful distance, after luxury and enjoyment. His now was the power that moves with great strides and takes the world at a sweep. No skulking from base creditors, or squandering with a timid hand trembling at the ensuing emptiness, or brooding over wretched devices to win the drinker or the gambler to be generous; no more sneers at his folly from those

who had stripped him bare, or curses from his own lips on the fate that had taught him how to spend but never how to get. On the contrary, revelry, at whatever cost, and riot, laughing at censure, might now be freely his; and in this spirit he commenced his course. He gave nothing to want, nor would he bate the meanest coin in the account his steward rendered of fees or forfeitures; but his hand scattered gold profusely wherever a selfish purpose or a sensual impulse led the way. He seized always upon the coarsest pleasures, pursuing them without remorse or misgiving to their excess.

But, ere long, and suddenly, while surrounded by revellers and parasites, in that hall where dignity had been deposed to admit debauchery, a voice reached him that spoke from a city leagues away. It was from that retreat whither Alitha had retired that the whisper came. It was a note of most portentous warning. It brought with it words that were as huge black clouds over the heads of mariners riding joyously on the sea. It was a tale of destiny, of providence, the most unlooked-for and unthought of.

Oh! exquisite privilege of maternal consciousness, to commence ere yet the thing it loves is conscious! Divinest of all human emotions, and most purifying of all the affections that elevate mortality nearer to the angelic nature, reflecting it

as the starry heaven is mirrored in a clear lake, is that passionate and mystic sympathy, which lives ever in its first spring and freshness within the mother's heart after the object of its love is dead, as it lived there, wakeful, sensitive, and thrilling, even before the object of its love was born!

It was this maternal consciousness that now throbbed with fears, and yet with ecstacies unspeakable, in the heart of Alitha. She who had so pined in silence for that dear and precious blessing, which mutual love most craves to cement and crown it—she who had so grieved over the clouded hopes of the adored one, loved only to be lost—now, while her spirit was still straining upward to the heavens, to seek its sole companionship there — she was to be bound again to earth, endearingly and devotedly, by a new and sanctifying tie, in which he was a sharer. And he, whose lofty but loving nature cherished many beautiful aspirations, but amongst them one most treasured and intense—treasured with an instinctive tenderness and constancy — he knew not that his holy desire was fulfilled, that his drooping hope revived in fair blossom, and that he was a father when he died.

The news struck Ulbert deadly cold amidst the heated revel. He drank more wine to warm him, but still an icy foreboding chilled the blood at his heart. He tried to make the tidings matter of

diversion, and he by turns denounced and derided the imposture; but still he trembled and turned pale amidst the flush of the banquet. Assuredly, the care and protection of the emperor openly extended to Alitha were no matter for derision. Should he seek to fling a stain upon her chastity, should he accuse her?—no, it was hopeless. Should he contrive against her life?—it was too closely guarded. Deeper still into profligacy he plunged for relief, and awoke only to learn that an heir was born, and that the mother beheld in the smiling innocence of her son an image of the felicity she had lost.

Ulbert went forth from the halls no longer his, and bore with him no man's sympathy in his bitter mortification. Scowlingly he passed along, his downfall begetting ridicule amongst those who had been the first to hail his ascent and flatter his pride. But he descended not at once into poverty. Every provision that became his birth was made, and every want cared for; but to stay his headlong course, provoked more than ever to excesses by a galling disappointment and a sullen hatred, was impossible; and from city to city he wandered restlessly, homeless in all. The same contradictions, in stronger relief, marked his conduct year by year; a starving sordidness, that looked grudgingly on light and necessary costs, contrasting with a wanton and squandering profuseness. Ruin tracked

him with rapid steps, and a vain pursuit of pleasures carried him from vice to vice, till Want, the gaunt wolf, stole upon his downward path, and howled by his pillow. The dicer's art, wherein he had long been practised, failed him most when most he was compelled to trust to it; the mummer's calling yielded him in this place a scanty and squalid subsistence; while in another the work of the knavish mercenary, the hired adventurer, brought him to the gates of the jail, as the better paid labour of the spy and plotter exposed him to the peril of the galleys. Then came toil, as the safer alternative — low drudgery, but tolerably honest, as a last desperate resource: and thus wore life away, when health, and grace, and honour, were all gone.

Eleven years had passed since Ulbert, ceasing to be the rightful successor, quitted his ancestral halls; when, at the door of a mean hostel, in a remote province of Hungary, a courier stopped to give his horse needful breath, and recruit with a cup of wine.

"The news thou bearest should be ill, since it hath such wings," said the vintner, handing the cup, which, though no scanty measure, he had filled for himself some half score times that day.

"Ill, for us peaceful soldiers of the cross," replied the courier, returning the cup to be refilled. "In this odd corner of the land thou hast not

heard how our enemy the Turk, who, since I became man, has twice laid siege to fair Vienna, has again returned to cannonade the walls, and work his way with flame and sword. Fill up, fill. The good saints grant the city be not half down ere this, as the rich suburb is, fire being laid to the Serini Palace, wherein the young Count is killed!"

The vintner, who had filled up the cup, now held it with both his hands, that he might not spill the contents, for the news as he listened had agitated him wonderfully. Upon the relater of these tidings he fixed his eyes as though he would strain them from their sockets; his lips were apart, but his tongue seemed dry, and incapable of giving utterance to a feeling of exultation that filled all the veins visible upon his forehead and temples almost to bursting; his chest heaved, as though he had outridden the courier, and he drew his breath pantingly; his whole frame, which appeared weak, though not with years, shook violently.

"The Serini Palace, sayest thou!" he at length articulated with a gasp; "the young Count, sayest thou! Joy — joy! All — my heritage— mine—mine — mine! Thy health, friend; thou shalt be rich!"

And as the vintner spoke, he raised the cup, which he had continued to grasp tightly with both

hands, to his lips, and drank off the wine. Then his eyes, which already seemed strained to the utmost, dilated yet more — there was one gasp, the lower jaw seemed to lose its office, and the vintner fell. That was Ulbert's last draught.

DEATH.

BY JOSHUA MINTY.

How pale! how still! how breathless! Can it be
That this is all—all that is left to tell
Man's tale of life? Can this be death we see,
Or is it but the working of some spell?
This cheek so pale—will it ne'er bloom again?
And this high marble brow, so lined with thought,
Will intellect's bright ray ne'er light the brain
Again to shine through it, as if 'twere fraught
With beams from Heav'n? Must this strong form decay
And moulder into dust, from whence it came?
Yes! this must be, yet weep not o'er the clay;
This ruined tenement's ethereal flame
Still lives, still glows, an essence pure and bright,
In the blest regions of eternal light!

MAT MEAN

MAY MEEKE,

OR

THE HEROINE IN SPITE OF HERSELF.

BY A GOOD-NATURED FRIEND.

"Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly:—"

sung clever James Smith, in one of his cleverest songs. I am not precisely on the present occasion about to add another to his list of names discordant from the natures of their owners. But I am about to assert that I have never met with a gentlewoman in a history of real life, who contrived to effect as large an amount of mischief to "all and sundry," as the heroine you see trying conclusions with yonder bouquet of flowers before a Psyche: — and all this in spite of her innocent name, which was May Meeke.

The young lady's entry into life was typical of the disturbances she was afterwards doomed to introduce into many respectable families: for she made her appearance at a most unexpected moment, when her mother, Mrs. Moss Meeke, was entertaining half the county of Notts at an archery party. Her sex was, moreover, a severe disappointment:

— a son and heir to the extensive Moss estates being the desideratum. Whereas, May was not only a daughter, but a *third* daughter: and, though as a babe she never cried, or gave any signs of a vicious spirit, the nurses declared that she chose to sleep with her large, quiet blue eyes wide open, a sign, they said, that she owned a will of her own,—if not a temper, which had more of November surliness than the sweetness of the month which gave her her name. How she came by the latter, is a circumstance not to be passed over. Alarmed by their increasing fears that the Moss property, entailed on a male heir, might pass away from their children, her parents were glad (so a sarcastic cousin phrased it) to fasten this last vexation upon the charity of old Aunt May's India stock. But, ere the news of the little girl's christening reached the spinster it was meant to propitiate, a Christmas dinner had "cut Aunt May's thread;" or — more seriously to speak of departure and bereavement—that very self-same week Colonel Moss Meeke, always an apoplectic man, was brought home from an assize drinking-bout speechless and senseless. He died before medical assistance could be procured; and the bulk of his property passed to a stingy cousin in America, who had already amassed a couple of millions of dollars, and was used to declare that "he could not conceive how people avoided making money." If Cousin Ami-

nadab had been one grain more compliant or liberal, it has been said that Mistress Meeke might possibly have consigned her poor unprovided-for little May to his charge: she being one of those philanthropic personages, who are ever and for aye pointing out objects of compassion to the powerful and wealthy. I have never heard that when she was both she distinguished herself much in her charities towards the fatherless and the widow; but she had, at all events, well considered the subject, to judge from her frequent allusions to it.

Years went on: and the two eldest Misses Meeke, after hanging on hand, till the querulous despair of their mother could hardly, for policy's sake, be longer concealed, at length surprised the world and themselves by getting married. Olivia disposed of herself to a man in office, about to accept an appointment in Bengal, and who was very solicitous for a companion who could stand a hot climate—and Barbara (I have an objection to believe that such things really *ever* do happen) but I am afraid there is little doubt that Barbara's mother answered an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, and thereby attained to a son-in-law so deaf; that, had he espoused Xantippe, Boadicea, or Madame Catalani, he would, probably, have bade her,—as he bade his wife a thousand times a day,—"speak up."

By this time, it should have been told, that

May had shot up into that doubtful character, "a fine girl," which means, I have often observed, something stout, smiling, and tall;—where matter is more plentiful than mind is precious. The excessive quietness of her disposition caused her to be set down as "deep" by some suspicious friends. So, too, she was absolutely rated among the accomplished, for no better reason, I verily believe, than because she made no pretensions whatsoever, indulged in no praises, and had been heard to observe of a foreigner whose dialect puzzled her, "that he spoke very bad French." She had a way of evading questions, too, which was very useful;—no shrinking, no blushing, no point-blank denial, but a sort of lazy smile, which said, "*I could if I would,*" as plainly as words could speak to the apprehension of the many. And the many are always penetrating observers. How few are those who will have the hardihood to say, "I judge merely by the outside?"—The same number, neither more nor less, as will confess that they cannot ride, or have never learned to distinguish the qualities of wine! So May passed for a prodigy.

But prodigies, real or suspected, are not the most marketable treasures in the world, as Mrs. Meeke unluckily found. She had cogent private reasons of her own for desiring the early disposal of May. Some declared she was satirical: she listened *so* attentively to the Bishop of ——'s in-

terminable stories, that, past doubt she must be making game of them! Some complained of her as perverse, for so usuriously shutting up the riches of her mind from public gaze;—some were confident she was engaged, because she was as little flattered on being taken out to waltz by that redoubtable lady-killer Colonel Chrysolite, as during the long hour which she had placidly devoted to the droning household gossip of the four Misses Mac Drum, a quartett for the most part shunned like the pestilence. The truth was, poor dear girl!—but we have nothing to do with truth—let us go on with the story.

"What *shall* I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Meeke, most irritably to herself; "I have told the Captain positively I would not listen to him, for my dear child's sake, till she was settled: and he said '*very well,*' and that Burton of the Tenth should propose for her directly. But, Burton, though by all accounts he is ready to marry any body, would have nothing to say to her. She can't *mean* to be an old maid, surely! She can't *mean*, surely, to stand in her mother's light!"

"If I were to talk to her—" But even Mrs. Meeke, the fertile in expedients, rejected as hopeless the idea of talking to one who would open and shut her large blue eyes, and say "yes" to every thing, and the next moment be as cold to the Chrysolites, and as patient with the Mac Drums as

ever. So the result of this meditation on a state of affairs so untoward was a determination that, unless May would marry some one within the six months, Mrs. Meeke would place her ringlets, rouge, and Ruspinis unconditionally at the Captain's disposal, and the "dear child" must prepare to do something for herself; or, in plain English, take the situation of a governess!

The half year passed in this worry of conflicting expectations and anxieties for our widow; making only one perceptible change in her daughter, which was the least possible increase in *embonpoint*. So, as the marriage with Captain Wintoun could wait no longer, the governess plan must needs be tried. Strange to say, there proved to be not the slightest difficulty in disposing of the amiable and accomplished May. In spite of the drawbacks of youth, a sweet speaking voice, the violet eyes aforesaid, pretty hands, very pretty feet, and the absence of all those pedagogic airs, which are generally found so effectual in imposition, she was nominated to the desired position, ere she had been a week "to be let," and, what was stranger, to a position in the family of one of the most ancient baronets in Lincolnshire: touching which, every mutual acquaintance had said, "It is no use trying the Collinghams for May; they are so very fastidious."

Experience makes one distrustful as to the jus-

tice or otherwise of any given reputation; and hence the experienced reader may not be surprised to hear that, in spite of the above character, the Collinghams had known some of those adventures abroad, into which those who are most strait-laced at home are often the most eager to precipitate themselves in foreign parts. It was not only that Lydia Collingham, the eldest daughter, had "flirted most excessively" at Dresden; it was not that the Prince Tarakanoff was one of the least scrupulous, as well as one of the richest of Russian noblemen; a man with one hand borrowing what he never paid, and with the other lavishing gifts and entertainments with a barbaric profusion that bade fair (so said a Saxon poet fond of dining at other men's cost) "to turn the Elbe into a very Pactolus." But these broad outlines of the story were filled up with minor details. It was more than whispered along the Brühl terrace, that Lydia Collingham had fairly eloped with this seducing Hyperborean, and returned only just ere it was too late, on making the discovery, that there was a "Julia" at home—like Prince Pückler Muskau's, who, if she had claimed her full rights, was lawfully entitled to the style of Princess Tarakanoff. The moiety of the rumour which described the elopement might or might not be a fiction; and the other half made its way to England so imperfectly that, when, after a residence of some years on the Continent, the Collinghams returned, they

claimed what there was none to challenge — the reputation of being "*so* very fastidious." Be these things as they may, however, it is certain that the whole family was enchanted with our heroine, as a model of prudence, and the other silent virtues which befit a governess;—until there fell out what I am about to relate.

Were I to write a book of social maxims like Αγωγος the incomparable, I would insist that no tea is so bad as that made by a governess. The charming sociability of the table destroyed, one half of the magic of the beverage is gone; and who, in these philanthropic days, thinks of heeding the demure, white-robed statue that glides in, with a mechanical smile, and a comprehensive curtsey — secure of much labour and little attention? And it is, moreover, a fact, that May's tea was not in itself good; she was too deliberate in all her proceedings. Hence it might be that she was considered of even less than average governess significance at Collingham Hall at that meal; and that, in spite of her presence, the flow of gossip went on in as unbroken a current, as if she had been at —— Dresden!

"When did you say the Duke arrives, Lady Collingham?"

"To-morrow:—a day earlier than we expected him; but the dear boy is so impatient—and Lydia, too, no wonder . . . . ."

"Indeed," was Mrs. Sydenham's searching answer. "I was not aware they had been engaged so long."

"Engaged! O, pray Mrs. Sydenham, don't let your imagination run away with you! Don't commit us! There is no engagement between them. Let me be as clear as possible on all matters of fact. There—*really—is—no—engagement —whatsoever—between—them.*"

"Well, I confess, I am relieved for our sweet Lydia's sake. There was a something odd in the family. I always heard—was there not?—I have heard old friends say . . . . ."

"Nothing odd, Mrs. Sydenham. Let me express myself explicitly. He *is* a Catholic, it is true; but we are not any longer living in the days of bigotry. He's a charming man: so elegant, so studious, fit for my Lydia; that's high praise from me! And, though not engaged, I believe, nay, I am sure . . . . Well, but I will not commit myself. I make it always a point to keep on the strictest side of veracity. They are not engaged *yet*. Do me the favour to say so, if you hear the matter canvassed. We might be thought else anxious for the match, and, with his splendid fortune, I own the suspicion would pain me."

Looked ever mother more disinterested than Lady Collingham the while she was saying these fine things?

"And where will you put him?" asked Mrs.

Sydenham, whose curiosity, while it embraced great matters, disdained not small details; and who knew that Collingham Abbey was but a poor house, in spite of its antiquity and grand name.

"In the school-room for the first day or two, until you leave us, dear Mrs. Sydenham. We must displace Miss Meeke for once. I hope" (turning to the party destined to be displaced) "you will not be seriously inconvenienced."

"No, thank you, madam," was the quiet, half-absent answer.

"She is such an abstracted person," whispered Lady Collingham to her gossip, "but so profound in all she knows, and the most obliging creature ever seen. Ah! here's Lydia."

Now, in spite of Lady Collingham's boasted veracity, I am obliged to say that her statement to Mrs. Sydenham was, to speak gently, coloured, and coloured very high. The Devizes family *were* very odd; and its present representative, perhaps, the most so of any that had ever borne the name. Had he been poor, or industrious, or ambitious, he would possibly have been a rival among noble poets to Byron. I have seen fragments of verse from his hand of a rare force and fancy. But the force was that of distortion, and the fancy often soared so high as to pass the bounds of reason; and it was only about once a

year that he took the pains of touching paper with pen; so that a myriad of brilliant and busy thoughts, stirring in his brain and intimated in his talk, so confused the one, and embroidered the other, that none could wonder, if popular report pronounced him a little "crazy." He was most unexpensive in his own personal habits, but as munificent as a faëry prince. "Thoroughly mad, poor fellow!" as the thrifty and luxurious (the two qualities are sometimes combined) called him — I hold him to have shown no other sign of distemperature than choosing to fix his affections upon a being so thoroughly incapable of comprehending him as Lydia Collingham.

But, whether it was owing to the Devizes acres, or the Devizes diamonds, or some touch of that honester love, which will sometimes assert itself even in bosoms as worldly as hers, certain it was, that Lydia was attached to him with all the steadiness of portionless twenty-eight; — protected his oddities when he was absent—smiled, blushed, and wept in his presence, (for the art of bringing tears at will did not wholly die with Fanny Burney's S. S.) refused with a steadiness that did her tact honour all other proposals, nay, even discountenanced no less coldly the reputation of all other proposals! There are some who will account for the Duke's reciprocal admiration — not by her beauty, nor by the pains she took to please him;—

but by the fact that he had borne a most active and brotherly part in extricating her from the Tarakanoff scrape at Dresden; and I have heard of men so Quixotically original, as to be at once attracted and rendered diffident by those very junctures which would make their better-practised brethren contemptuous or presumptuous in approaching the principal actress! However this may be, the Duke of Devizes certainly was coming to Collingham Abbey to propose for Lydia the fair!

It was late ere the satisfaction of Mrs. Sydenham's love for a social cup of tea and its accompaniments permitted May to retreat to the schoolroom, for the purpose of removing her possessions thence. The work of beautification had already begun; damasked *fauteuils* had been brought in to replace the chairs of little ease, and a Psyche, with girandoles in the form of syrens, flaunted where "the globes for the use of schools" had of late stood. Our governess, however, heeded little this invasion of her domain; her sweetly placid temper knew little difference between a garret and a chamber of *dais*. What was the Duke to her? She was not even concerned in his arrival to the point of considering whether or not she should wear her pink ribbons on the morrow; and, when she took a nosegay from the glass where it had been arranged for a drawing lesson, and tried it above the sober silk gown which could not hide her full but symmetrical figure, hers was but the uncon-

scious action of idleness ; — and the gaze she cast on herself in the glass the long look which sees nothing, because it combines not what it sees.

"Did nobody ever tell you WHO peeps over young ladies' shoulders when they look into glasses at nightfall?" . . . . . said a very deep voice close in her ear, its tone of raillery followed by shrill protestations on Lady Collingham's part. "Pray excuse us, my dear Duke! so sorry—so ashamed that the Abbey is such a hole! . . . . . or pray excuse yourself, if you can! Your letter said Thursday, positively Thursday, and not to-day. In half an hour more every thing will be as we could wish it for your reception. How you made your way hither I cannot conceive! . . . ."

Much more of the same kind there doubtless was, but May was gone, dropping the bouquet in her haste. Of all the inhabitants of Collingham Abbey, she was the only one who that night slept soundly.

The noble visiter at all events was marvellously restless and unquiet on his pillow. It was found in the morning strewed with bits of geranium leaves. Possibly it may have been the strong aroma of the heliotrope tied up with these which kept him awake ; — if he was not made vigilant by the approach of that moment, which, as the moralists tell us, is terrible to the boldest of men. And yet he knew full well what Lydia Collingwood would

answer to him! Did it, then, for the first time occur to him that he knew it *too well?* Was the ample field of pale grey dim light reflected from the window upon the Psyche diversified by his active and feverish imaginations with faces, and figures, and far distant scenes? The beautiful Elbe bridge of Dresden, the heavy chestnut avenue of Pillnitz, the beetling rock-like promontory of the Bastei, were these there?—and peopled not by mocking shapes of gnome and goblin, but by a woman's face full of shame and vexation; and by a manly figure, strangely habited, and cowering, as in the attitude of detection and escape? Was the great clock in the stable-yard metamorphosed into the sonorous chimes of the Frauenkirche?—It was now again about to strike!—He started up, and drew the curtain to dissipate the hallucinations his fancy had conjured up, and which by no means conduced to the tranquillity of his mind. But no! it was no delusion. There *was* a warning in that bell. For his eye, as it searched the room, eagerly fell upon a pale gleam, which played athwart the gloom of a very obscure corner. He *must* see what this meant!—sprung from the bed, and approached the object of his curiosity, while that midnight chime, stroke by stroke, seemed, as it were, to give deep and grave emphasis to these words that met his eyes:—

Take heed what you do next:
Do not com- mit your-self.

"Pshaw!" cried he, laughing almost hysterically; "but the nursery-maid's experiment of a few lines of phosphorus on a door! And yet *it is* an odd coincidence, and with all these misgivings about that Dresden business, ... If I only knew the whole! Am I wise in what I am going to do?"

And, striking a light, and throwing on a dressing-gown, his grace had recourse to his writing-case, and to a little vellum-covered book, which was a journal, where the *pros* and *cons* of his past journey had been entered by our eccentric peer. The book was found deeply interesting; for in the morning its owner was discovered asleep in his elbow-chair, with the *bougies* burnt down to their sockets!

No Duke at breakfast! no Duke at luncheon!! no Duke, it might be feared, at dinner!!! for half-past seven found all the party in the drawing-room, failing the principal guest. Had not Mrs. Sydenham been dismissed by one of Lady Collingham's civil measures which there was no resisting, this manifestation of eccentricity could hardly have been endured, even by so well-practised a tactician as the hostess. Lydia, however, distinguished herself by the calm sense of her behaviour. "There is no need to be anxious, mamma; don't you remember how he used to get away from us

in Saxon Switzerland? Price tells me he had one of his restless nights, and was on his horse at eight this morning, and said a gallop would do him good. I dare say," (with a curl on her lip, which told, or might have told much) "he has dined at Boston, and forgotten all about us . . . . Hark!"

It was the welcome sound of horses' feet.

"Pray let us go in to dinner," said the judicious Lydia. "If we appear to have waited, it will make a trifle of too much consequence. Uncle, you will take mamma."

And by this wise contrivance the party were already in the hall, when, splashed, spurred, and as wild-looking as if he had been of the party with Lenore and her companion, entered the Duke of Devizes. The undisturbed aspect of the party seemed to recall him to a consciousness of the incoherence of the transaction in which his day had been spent. He muttered a thousand apologies; invoked that much abused plea, "sudden business," and did his best to talk the proper talk demanded by the propriety of Lady Collingham's circle. But there was a blank and a restraint upon the party difficult to describe and impossible to dissipate.

Tea succeeded to dinner in due course of time, and with tea came May, the same quiet, sleepy, good-humoured-looking girl as when there was *no* Duke to make tea for. A light leaped up into *his* eye as she entered; somehow or other she was

associated with the phantasies of the previous evening. He happened to sit near her, praised her tea —*he*, who had known at Dresden no difference betwixt the hay-and-water of the Hotel de Russie, and the exquisite, amber-coloured nectar, which, to a lady appreciating the beverage, might have proved one of the strongest seductions of the magnificent Prince Tarakanoff! And, to the greater surprise of every one, he, who had never, at that same former period, been able to distinguish between *die* Schröeder Devrient and the most brassy-voiced of the fifth-rate opera girls who bore her train, when tea was over, absolutely leaned his large, dark, troubled eyes close forward into hers, and without a look for the still composed Lydia, said, "Won't you sing for me, Miss Meeke?"

Now May, who would have obliged the meanest person in company as willingly as the Duke, had never a thought of saying "No." So she opened the piano, cleared her throat twice (as ladies ought to do), and, without exhibiting a single one of Lady Heron's airs and graces, though the occasion was such a capital one, began at once. She had only about five notes; but the imperturbable placidity of her nature enabled her to use them fully. She had only about as many songs; but one of them was German, and Lydia's evil star made the governess choose this on the present unlucky occasion.

"There sits by yonder stream
A lady darkly rare,

And sings, as in a dream,
While braiding up her hair:
O, venture not too near,
That melody to hear!
Beware! beware!

"Her smile is bright and bold,
Her tresses sweeping low;
A mystic ring of gold
Is on her lofty brow.
O, pass her quickly by,
There's mischief in her eye!
Beware! beware!

"Full many a knight of yore
Hath sought that lady rare;
But they are seen no more
Whom she once doth ensnare.
Good angels shield ye well
From such unholy spell!
Beware! beware!"

The air was but one of those common tunes which Methfessel, and Blum, and *id genus omne*, spin by the thousand; the words, it will be owned, have nothing remarkable in them; but there is much in conscience, and fantasy, and humour, especially when the listener is a Duke, a poet, a spoiled child, and the owner of very excitable nerves.

A month after these surprising events took place, Mrs. Sydenham might have been found luxuriating over a charming, confidential letter from her dear friend, Lady Collingham. "Three sides closely

crossed; poor dear woman! How much she must be suffering! Tenby, I am not at home to *any one*. Here's all about every thing—so delightful!"

I will spare the readers the whole of Lady Collingham's periods; giving them only the *cross*, which, in fact, contained the main argument of the despatch.

"What you have heard, dearest Mrs. Sydenham, about my sweet Lydia's prospects is true as regards the facts. You remember, I prepared you for what has happened when you were at the Abbey. Eager as was his entire family for the match—eager as he was, unfortunately for himself, poor fellow, neither Lydia nor myself felt that we could for one instant receive his proposals, magnificent though they were. The hazard was too great, and we had known him so well at Dresden. But, to satisfy Lady Jane and Lady Maria, whose heart was so wholly in the connection, that *now* they cannot bring themselves to hear it named, we let him come. I foresaw the result, as you will recollect. Nothing could be kinder, I will add less calculated to excite his nerves, than our treatment. My Lydia, indeed . . . . but to you I need not praise her . . . ."

"Umph!" was Mrs. Sydenham's comment; "*Lady Jane and Lady Maria*, indeed, who used to walk out of a room every time that Lydia Collingham walked in! She carries it off amazingly, I must say . . . ."

"After so terrible an outbreak," continued the letter, "we had but one course to pursue. Let me do Miss Meeke all possible justice. Openly, at least, she did not court the Duke's attentions; and, the fact is, that, when he disgraced himself by making her an offer in one of his paroxysms, she was right-minded enough to refer the affair *to me*,—in Lydia's presence too,—begging me to be the medium of refusal. To that, of course, I could not accede. We never meddle in our governesses' love affairs; and there was nothing to be done but to part with her at once. The unfortunate being who had caused all this disturbance became utterly frantic, we were told, on hearing so sensible a decision. He had left us for some days. Where he is now, I cannot tell; nor, indeed, do we greatly care, beyond the common pity one feels for persons in his condition. Lydia is in higher beauty than ever. If you hear of a certain Sir William Hawkwood in her train, you are to believe nothing, still less to spread the report. The secretaryship to the new Russian ambassador is pretty sure to be offered to him; and Lydia, who has strong ties in St. Petersburg . . . . ."

"Strong ties, to be sure! Well, can audacity go further, I wonder!" screamed Mrs. Sydenham, laying down the letter. "And she fancies she is taking me in all the time! O, I will write her my best congratulations, to be sure; a happy escape, *as she says*, they have had of the Duke! But

what a dolt that Miss Meeke must be! Well, she has not got him either, that's one good thing." And yet, for all her exultation, this charitable lady and faithful friend had neither daughter, niece, *protégée* of her own, nor any intention whatsoever herself of changing her condition. She was only what the world calls "a woman who expressed herself very decidedly."

It was my intention to have next narrated at length the exploit achieved by May on her return home from this first essay at governessing. But it must suffice to mention in a paragraph that there is little doubt of her having incautiously left a family-bible lying about, upon the fly-leaf of which the date of her mother's birth was engrossed in a firm, old-fashioned hand — the discovery of which date, it has been said, went so poignantly to the heart of Captain Wintoun's love, that, upon his regiment being ordered to India, the climate of the East was found necessary for his cure; and, instead of selling out as had been talked of, he set sail for Bombay in the Spite,—leaving Mrs. Meeke in a predicament more easy to conceive than to describe.

That my readers, however, may not weep too many tears of pity for this forlorn and forsaken one, who might, too, have had a Duke for son-in-law, I will copy a paragraph or two from the papers for 183⁻, which, I trust, will wind up this moving

history of a heroine in spite of herself to their satisfaction.

"The *on-dits*," said the *May-Fair Mercury*, "concerning a fair English lady at St. Petersburgh prove, unhappily, not be as baseless as an enlarged charity would fain have desired. Lady H—k—d, the wife of Sir W— H—k—d (we trust the course of concealment we adopt will be the means of avoiding the pain so liberally given by the heartless on similar occasions), is one party pointed at; and the Prince T—r—k—f, whose oriental munificence was, some ten years ago, the theme of all the German capitals, is the other. The affair is said to awaken the profoundest solicitude in the highest circles. A reconciliation is stated not to be wholly impossible. As for ourselves . . . . *apropos* our correspondent O. may be easy in his mind. We will not trifle with public impatience; we are in possession of the minutest particulars of the Dresden romance, and shall next week devote a double number expressly to that piquant subject."

Paragraph Number Two, from the *Hyde Park Corner Herald*, bore a later date.

"The late Duke of Devizes.—Our statement respecting the will of this much-to-be-lamented nobleman is correct in all the particulars. The proximate cause of his decease was undoubtedly a *coup de soliel*, occasioned by too intense an examination of the marvels of Arabia Petræa, when the

ardour of research precipitated him into unadvisable exposures which cut short his career. It is beyond doubt true that, among other capricious bequests contained in his will, the sum of £50,000 is left to the great American heiress, Miss Meeke. This is the second large fortune, it will be remembered, which has fallen to the lot of that charming and talented ornament of the fashionable world, within the last twelvemonth. It is universally whispered, however, that she is averse to those tenderer temptations with which Love delights to follow the golden steps of Plutus."

Paragraph Number Three is from the *Opera Oracle*.

"Our subscribers will hear, with feelings of the most vivid satisfaction, that the subject of the next plate of our Bower of Beauty will be

MAY MEEKE.

AFTER A PICTURE BY A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

to be engraved at an immense expence. This will be delivered gratuitously to our subscribers. A few extra copies, however, will still be to be had at our office; and the *on-dit* is, that, at the great assembly announced by our brilliant heiress and her fascinating mother, M. M. *les preux pretendants* have determined unanimously to appear in white satin cravats, bearing impressions of this cynosure of all hearts and eyes. May she choose wisely when she does choose! and happy indeed will be the youth on whom her election will fall."

THE COUSINS.

BY ELIZA ARMATHWAITE.

Adelaide and Edward Montague were cousins. Adelaide was the eldest and loveliest of the daughters of Sir George Montague, a general officer, a baronet, and K.C.B. Edward was the orphan child of his younger brother, the handsome and elegant Charles Montague, who, dying early, had bequeathed to this brother's love his only and motherless infant.

At the age of twenty-one, Edward was as handsome and as elegant as his father had been; as frank, as generous, as true-hearted; a child to his affectionate uncle and aunt, a brother to his cousins, who loved him, and, in fact, always regarded him as one of themselves. He had been left with a small patrimony, which, during his long minority, and under the fostering care of his uncle, had gradually increased, until, on coming of age, he found himself possessed of a thousand a year—a handsome portion for a bachelor already provided with a home, and with all the luxuries of his uncle's establishments completely at his command. But Edward Montague had no wish to *remain* a bachelor; he was already the devoted slave of his

fair cousin, and already he had formed a thousand plans of happiness, in all of which *she* was the beacon, the star, the sunlight of that future heaven; and, without her, no stars, no sun, no heaven.

Such was the state of his heart when, one morning, Sir George called him into the library, and questioned him as to his wishes respecting a profession. "You are independent, dear Edward," he said, "and, as long as I live, you have a home; but it is time, if you desire to enter any profession, that you should make your choice, and allow me to use my interest in your behalf. You are rather past the age for entering the army, but I have no doubt I can manage to procure you a commission; or, should you prefer a diplomatic situation, I dare say, I can also help you on in that line. But only say, my dear boy, what are your own feelings on the subject. Your aunt and myself earnestly hope that you will choose a life of idleness, or, rather, I should say, one that will keep you near, if not entirely with us."

Edward's thoughts reverted to Adelaide. "I will go and ask Ad—" he stammered out; "I mean I will go and think it over; and let me thank you, my dear uncle, for your kindness, your more than kindness to me, throughout my life; and now—and ever — I know not what to say — I——"

"Say nothing, my dear boy; and go and 'think

it over,' by all means, but let me know your decision speedily, there's a good fellow. Now, be off!"

So Edward went to look for Adelaide; and he found her seated upon a rustic seat, under a large tree, in the midst of a close shrubbery, where they had met together many times in the last fifteen years, during their happy childhood, during their happy youth, growing together in beauty and in love, as the tree above and the shrubs around them. They had grown in beauty and in love, indeed; but in him and in her how different the beauty, and how different the love!

In him that love had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, till childhood became youth, and youth manhood; it had changed from cousinly fondness and boyish admiration into love, the most deep, sincere, and earnest — love, without change or interval, which absence could not weaken, over which time had no power. Her beauty was like that of the sun at noonday—a perfect glory. She was the most dazzling, the most radiant of God's creatures; and this natural and most rare loveliness was heightened and enhanced by every additional charm that art or education could bestow. That one so gifted should have many admirers is not to be wondered at; neither can we marvel if so much flattery should have its due effect in rendering the fair Adelaide vain, ca-

pricious, self-willed, careless of the happiness and comfort of others, valuing as nothing the homage of the many, and thinking but lightly of the deep affection of the few, above all, of that cousin who lived for her alone. She loved him, indeed, but not as he deserved to be loved, not as he loved her.

"I have been waiting for you *so* long, Edward!" said Adelaide, rather peevishly; "where *have* you been?"

"Dear Adelaide, pray forgive me; you know I couldn't help it; you heard my uncle call me into the library."

"Yes, I know; but you have been *so* long!"

"Well, dearest, I have come now to tell you all about it — to ask you to advise me, to decide for me, in fact."

"*Me* advise! *me* decide! Oh! what is it? do tell me!"

Edward seated himself by her side, and entered into a full account of all that had passed between himself and her father. He concluded by saying, "And now, Adèle, I have told you all; tell me what you wish, you desire, me to do. I have no intention of acting in any way except that which you shall direct. I have no wish to do any thing but to please you. I have no hope, no thought, no dream, with which you are not connected. I would rather die than displease you in the slightest

degree, and ——," his voice trembled as he spoke. "I would give the world to make you happy—as happy, as happy as the very sight of you makes me."

"Dear Edward, why you are quite pathetic to-day, and why do you ask *me?* Why don't you ask Sophy, or Louisa, or Miss Johnson, (the governess) or mamma, or ——?"

"Adèle, Adèle, you know why I ask you; do not trifle with me; but, since it is a matter of such indifference to you, I will go into the army or the navy, and leave you."

"No, no, cousin Edward, don't do that," and she slipped her arm into his, and looked most lovingly in his face; "don't go away from us, don't leave poor Adèle."

He could make no answer; but he kissed her hand once, twice, thrice, passionately; and she knew those few words had made him doubly hers.

So he told his uncle his decision, and all parties were pleased. Sir George, naturally indolent, was spared the trouble of pushing the matter further; his aunt the pain of parting with one whom she regarded as a favourite child; and his cousins the grief of losing their dear companion.

At this time Adelaide was but nineteen, in the spring of life and loveliness, in the full flush of youth and hope, the darling of her mother, the idol and ornament of every circle she entered, of every gay scene in which she took a part, the

pride of her father's and brother's hearts, the arbitress of the destinies of "cousin Edward," the admired of all admirers, the noticed by royalty, the danced with by princes, the heroine of the day, in short, the star of the season, and of many seasons, for, from nineteen to eight and twenty, no one appeared whose beauty could equal hers.

Many newer faces had attracted attention for the time, many most lovely creatures had passed across the stage during this long interval: some had married, some were dead, many forgotten, many matrons, mothers, chaperons, had retired from public life, or still glittered, wan shadows of their former selves, in the halls of their ancient triumphs — but all, how changed, how faded, all, save Adelaide, who at eight and twenty was but the finished perfected picture of that lighter sketch, which at nineteen was as a spell of matchless beauty, charming all hearts to love.

And in *her* household, all, yes all, were changed. Those comparatively plain, unpretending sisters, the Sophy and Louisa of former days, had long been married; her brothers were all settled in the world; her father, her mother, old and infirm, had resigned the cares and the duties of fashionable life into younger and more active hands. Adelaide alone, still looking young, fresh, blooming, beautiful, beloved, shone with undiminished lustre; and Edward, still faithful, loving, devoted, still

the same, brought the same true heart, the same untired affection, and laid uncomplainingly at *her* feet these most precious jewels.

But a change is at hand; a few weeks more, and Adelaide sits in her little summer dressing-room — Adelaide Montague for the last time — gazing upon the snowy trappings of to-morrow's pageant, on the bridal wreath, on the priceless gems, gifts of her noble lover and future husband —tributes from his affection to her pride, from honest passion to her at last satisfied vanity and worldly ambition — for to-morrow Adelaide will be a duchess.

For the last time, then, behold her in her little summer dressing-room — Adelaide Montague — seated by the open window, evening on the earth and in the darkening chamber, but around her the sunlight of her own glorious beauty, with something like sadness on that broad white brow and in the depths of those blue eyes; with her gleaming golden hair, catching the last rays of light, and falling down her white neck and shoulders, down to her very waist; the floor of her room cumbered with packages, the couches strewed with bridal finery, amid which the wreath and veil shone conspicuously; the sad night wind murmuring through the open window, and lifting those long tresses. Behold her thus; behold, too, the door

of the room slowly open; a figure enters, the door as slowly closes, and her cousin, *Cousin Edward*, stands before her.

He came towards her through the deepening gloom, and his presence smote her like a sudden blow; but she did not move. He approached, he stood before her, gazing with those dark melancholy eyes full on her burning cheek and wondering upturned look—he gazed, but never spoke; and she could bear the silence no longer. So she rose, and laid her hand upon his arm; but he took her hands in his, and, placing her back in her seat, resumed his former position.

"Edward, dear Edward," she exclaimed, "what *is* the matter? You look ill, and unhappy. Do not look so miserable. Tell me, I entreat you, what is the matter, you look *so* wretched!"

"So would you, Adèle, so would you," (he interrupted her, speaking quickly, and almost in a whisper) "so would you, if you had given your whole life to a dream—and such a dream!—but it is over now, and I believe nothing can replace it—nothing *can* give me back the past," he continued, speaking with more vehemence; "can you, Adèle, can you—can you give me back my life, my hopes, my happiness, my youth? Are these lost for ever? And for whom? for *you!*"

She could not look him in the face, she bowed her head upon her knees and wept.

"Yes, Adèle, weep, weep for the youth, the

life, the happiness, you have blighted, the heart you have broken, the hopes you have crushed—weep for the future which is before us both—but most for me."

When she raised her head, he was seated calmly beside her on a low ottoman, which had always been his seat; but, with his eyes still fixed on her with a sternness and a sadness which she could not bear to meet.

After a pause he spoke again, but in a voice subdued and low, and somewhat monotonous.

"Adelaide, I have come to wish you happiness in your new state, and then farewell; but, before I go, I will recount to you a brief history. Yes, brief my tale shall be; but it will be all *true*, true indeed, for I know well the parties to whom it refers. The lady of my tale—how well I remember her — methinks I see her now — how beautiful she was and is, and not beautiful only, but gifted, so highly gifted, with talents far above the common allotment, with such brilliant accomplishments, so true a taste, so fine a perception, bending all men to her will, charming, fascinating, enslaving all. How beautiful she is! I have no words to describe her: my picture would be poor and weak as speech would give it; but in my heart it glows with deathless beauty—there it lives for ever. I can tell you, Adelaide, of that fair shape, faultless as some old Grecian statue, but not of the thou-

sand graces, the winning ways, which accompanied every movement of that all-perfect form. I can paint the rich carnation of her cheeks, the pure ivory of her skin; those eyes, blue as those purpling heavens, bright as those stars; those ruby lips, that golden gleaming hair—I can tell you of all these, but I cannot make you *feel* the burning splendour of those orbs, or drink with rapture the gushing sweetness of her voice, or see the light, the glory of that golden hair. Adelaide, *I* shall never see them more — to me they are as dead, to me they are as dead!

"All loved this fair creature; but there was *one* who loved her as never man loved before; he was the most devoted, the most passionate of lovers. He was, in all respects, inferior — oh, how immeasurably inferior! to her — poor indeed — what could he offer her? only that abounding wealth of Love, for which she had no value—only a heart—a heart."

After a moment's silence, a slight faltering of the voice, he resumed. "He loves her still—but oh! with how deep a despair!

"Years ago he would have left her dangerous presence; he would then, perhaps, have lost in the turmoil of active life the sense of her fascinations—he might have become free. There was a wide field before him; he might have chosen well; he might have carved his way to fame and

fortune; he had talents, energies, interest enough; he might have risen above his fellow-men; he might have been—all that he is not — an honour to his name and race, an ornament to his profession, a faithful servant to his country, a shining light to the many, a fit companion to the few, an honoured, useful, perhaps a *happy* man; but *she* withheld him, saying, 'Stay with me,' and he stayed, and this sacrifice, for sacrifice it was—how has it been requited? what hath been his reward? Oh! Adelaide, what *should* have been his reward? Do you not pity this wretch? — for years to love, and love so well, to lay upon the altar of this passion all that men deem most precious, most worthy of attainment — fame, wealth, ambition, well-earned honours, well-merited distinctions, all renounced without a murmur to her slightest wish; and then, *at last,* when the power to seize these remained no longer, when these golden opportunities had passed from his grasp for ever, when the spring of life was flown, and its summer deepening into autumn, then to find that all was in vain, and that among the most unheeded of her tributes lay that of his broken heart!

"Well, to please *her,* he has consented to a life of indolence, of to him at first most blissful indolence. He was, with some slight intervals, ever with his idol: every day increased the love he felt, every day seemed to draw them closer together. She had refused several eligible offers;

and, though he knew not that she loved him, at least she loved no one else; and, surely, years of devotion must do their work at last. And think not that he had never breathed his hopes. Oh! yes, often and often—there is no shaded walk, no deep glade, no breezy hill-top, no sheltered nook, in the whole extent of her paternal domains, which has not been hallowed by the pure avowals of his love: every stately tree, every tender flower, have been silent witnesses of his deep devotion. And those stars, Adelaide, those glorious burning lights, how often have *they*, even on their golden thrones, bowed to the trembling accents of a passion holy enough for *their* untainted spheres! Yes! he told his love, and she — did she return, did she permit? at least she did not reject it. No; that homage was too dear to her to be lightly cast away: she accepted the homage, she despised the slave.

"One summer, a party of gay young people assembled at her father's country-seat, there to pass some weeks: two of these lingered long after the rest had departed; one was a young and wealthy nobleman, the other was her most intimate friend, whom I shall call Selina Vernon. Selina Vernon was the most amiable, the most gentle of beings, rich, noble, beautiful, an orphan, and an heiress. Exposed on these accounts to a thousand trials and temptations, she stood untouched amid the

vanities and corruptions of life—*in* the world, yet not *of* the world. Of a pure and lowly spirit, deprecating her own merits; fearing all things in herself; hoping all things, believing all things in others; the fondest of sisters, the truest of friends, she lived but for the welfare and happiness of those around her. She was, if such things could be, an angel upon earth. Admired and respected by all, no flattery made her vain. Beloved by many, as yet she had loved none, but, turning from all offers, seemed determined to devote her life to the tender duties of friendship, the interests and comforts of her dependents.

"Strange that this perfect creature should *love*, with all the depth and fervour of her still and silent nature, one whose love was despised by her friend—love, too, without hope of return, and with an agony of bitter shame, unknown to less fine and sensitive spirits! Under the influence of this passion she drooped and pined; but no one suspected the real cause: accident discovered it to its object and to the lady of my tale at the same time.

"What a fortune was before him now! For one short hour he hesitated, a picture rose before his eyes—a picture of the life so peaceful, so calm, so contented, that he might pass with this being so divinely good, so noble, so true-hearted, so loving. He contrasted it with what he had

suffered and was suffering, with the feverish anxiety of his then mode of existence, the alternations of hope and despair: he thought of all those feelings of wounded affection, of mortified pride. He drew a comparison between her character and that of his first love—the one so good, so tender, so holy, and the other so heartless, so vain, yet so brilliant, so beautiful, and still, oh! still, so dear! And then, too, *his* happiness, it had been so trifled with; *his* heart, it had been so wounded, so pierced, so woefully betrayed! Was *it*, were *these*, worth consulting, worth preserving! were these to be placed for one moment in the one scale, while *Selina's* hope of happy life lay trembling in the other? No! let him think no more of himself; let him give up all for her; let him try and make amends for those years of wasted youth, to which it was agony to look back, by a whole existence spent in her service, in ministering to her welfare, in making her bliss, and, at last, far from the object of his yet fresh and undiminished worship, old impressions might weaken, new hopes, new springs of happiness be found, and he be blest, as hitherto he had never been.

"He turned away to seek Selina, but the enchantress was at his side. She had watched the conflict, she knew his secret wishes, all the thoughts passing in his mind; she laid her white hand upon his arm; she looked in his face with those

dark blue eyes; and 'Stay with me,' she said; 'You must not think of leaving me, of leaving poor Adèle. I see it all, I know what it is, you are jealous of Lord H——, but you need not be so; I *must* talk to him, and entertain him; he is papa's guest, but that is all. Do not think I am going to marry him. Oh, no, dear Edward! oh, no! do you think I love him, Edward? do you think I love him, or any one, as I love you?' She knew her power, and he—I cannot express to you his feelings when he heard those words, the delirium of returning hope and happiness, the passionate love, the joy, the intoxication—but no; *you* cannot understand them.

"Within a week from that time, both Selina and Lord H—— had left the house. Lord H—— had been decidedly refused by Adelaide; and Selina made some pretext for shortening the period fixed upon for her visit. Another year, and that gentle spirit had passed away for ever. Yes, she died without pain, almost without visible decay; silent and uncomplaining to the last, she faded from a world too rough and cold for her, and she is now at rest."

He was silent, but Adelaide groaned aloud. She groaned in bitterness of spirit; she sunk upon the ground, she bowed her head upon her knees, her long inverted tresses falling forward like a veil, sweeping to the floor. "Have mercy, Edward! Spare me, spare me!"

"Mercy! what mercy have *you* shown? and whom have *you* spared? and what is this single hour to all that I have suffered and must suffer!

"But my tale shall finish here; therefore, Adelaide, raise your face; I fain would look on it once more."

She lifted up her head, flinging back those golden tresses from before the eyes they shrouded, and she gazed on him.

The gloom of night had gathered round his form; and his face alone, pale, haggard with excitement, glared from the surrounding darkness. He spoke, and his voice sounded as from the tomb.

"Farewell, Adelaide! I leave you, and for ever. At length you have met with a suitor after your own heart — titled, wealthy, powerful. I pray God we may never meet again—but may you be happy — be happy! But strive not to forget me, it will be in vain. Think rather, when flushed with the homage of the noble and the great, when listening to the love, the worship of others, in the fulness of all gratified wishes, in the glorious summer of perfect beauty, in the calmer lustre of autumnal matronhood, in the honoured pride of age — think of him with whom the golden spring of youth was shared, the summer of whose life you have blighted, whose age for you shall be dark and cheerless!

"Yes, Adelaide, think of my lost youth, my wasted manhood, my failing health, my broken heart!—think of all that I have lost for your sake! No, not lost, but cheerfully resigned — but think of all that is gone for ever, that nothing can replace—my aimless, hopeless, existence, the years that are before me, the hours that I must pass; and remember that he whom you have so treated, so tortured, prays, with the last accents that he shall ever breathe to you, that for these things there may be no retribution!"

And often did the diamond coronet of strawberry leaves press heavily on the brow of the Duchess of L——. No children blessed her union, no pleasant household voices greeted her approach to the stately halls, chilly in their solitary grandeur; no sweet faces "gleamed in the firelight of social winter evenings." There was no joy for her at home, and less abroad. Her cousin Edward died. She had never loved her own family. The duke, tired of her silent beauty, angry at her neglect of those talents which had won him equally with her exceeding loveliness, was little at home. There was not one in the world who heeded whether she were in it or not. She was without a friend, without an occupation, without hope. Truly, Edward was revenged.

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Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, R A.; engraved by W. GILLER.
25½ inches by 20. Prints, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*; before let., 4*l.* 4*s.*

FAVOURITE PONY AND SPANIELS.

THE PROPERTY OF E. W. PACKE, ESQ.
Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; engraved by T. LANDSEER.
25½ inches by 20. Prints, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*; before letters, 4*l.* 4*s.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERCORN, IN A MASQURADE DRESS.
Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; Engraved in Line by J. H. ROBINSON.
14 inches by 10. Prints, £1 1*s.*; French proofs, £2 2*s.*; India proofs, £3 3*s.*; before letters, £4 4*s.*

THE MEET AT MELTON.

Painted by F. GRANT, ESQ.; Engraved by W. HUMPHREYS.
28½ inches by 17. Prints, £3 3*s.*; proofs, £5 5*s.*; before letters, £6 6*s.*

THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

Painted by HENRY CALVERT; Engraved by C. G. LEWIS.
32 inches by 19½. Prints, £3 3*s.*; proofs, £5 5*s.*; before letters, £7 7*s.*

MERCURY AND ARGUS.

Painted by J. M. W. TURNER; Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE.
Size, 20½ inches by 15. Prints, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*; proofs, £3 3*s.*

THE LAUNCH OF THE TRAFALGAR.

Drawn by W. RANWELL; Lithographed by T. PICKEN.
30 inches by 21. Coloured, £2 2*s.*; plain, £1 1*s.*

THE NIGER EXPEDITION OFF HOLYHEAD.

STEAMERS ALBERT, SOUDAN, AND WILBERFORCE.
Painted by WALTERS; Engraved by DUNCAN.
18½ inches by 12. Coloured, 12*s.*; plain, 6*s.*

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COLOURED.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
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Ditto, Mounted in Case	0	16	6
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SILICATED OIL.

In consequence of the extreme care which is necessary in the composition of the VITRIFIED SILICA POWDERS, and of the SILICATED OIL, ACKERMANN and Co. have consulted the Inventor, who has, for the present, kindly undertaken to prepare for them, gratuitously, both these important preparations. A. and Co. can, therefore, confidently assure the Public, that they will have these articles in their most genuine and approved state.

ACKERMANN and Co. have further to state, that the Inventor of the Vitrified Silicia Medium recommends that the Silicated Oil be used in every stage of a Painting, to which it will impart, especially in the lights, the silvery richness which is observable in pictures by the best Old Masters.

If the artist should aim at extreme richness in the glazing process, he may add to the *Silicated Oil* a very small quantity of the *Vitrified Silica Powders*, in the proportion of one grain (or about as much as will cover a

fourpenny piece) to two ounces of oil, uniting them intimately with the palette-knife on a slab, or with a pestle and mortar.

If the artist should be desirous of applying the Silicated Medium as an *occasional Wash*, in the manner of Water-Colour painting, he may do so by adding water, in the proportion of *one part* of oil, to rather less than one part of water, blending them intimately with the palette-knife, or in a mortar, till *a creamy mass, without air-bubbles*, is formed. Unless the oil and water are thoroughly incorporated, the former will be unequally distributed over the surface of a painting, and the water be gathered, as it were, in distinct drops, which, evaporating, would of course leave *stars* and such like blemishes.

Bladder Colours, or colours in tubes, are necessarily made soft, and will not, therefore, bear for some purposes to be further diluted. That the artist may not hereby lose the benefit of the Vitrified Silica Medium, its Inventor recommends, that with the fine point of a penknife a very small portion of the Vitrified Silica Powders be added to each tint on the palette. This is not, however, necessary, if the colours are sufficiently stiff to admit of the Silicated Oil being used with them.

It is astonishing how small a quantity of the Vitrified Silica Powders is sufficient to give brilliancy and richness to oil-paints; and of this fact the experience of each artist will speedily convince him. It may be as well to remark, that water, as a diluent, is recommended, not as giving or diminishing brilliancy, (for it does neither), but merely as convenient and proper in certain cases, such as in general washes, &c., to render the colours sufficiently fluid for the purpose, without increasing unnecessarily the quantity of oil. The water will, of course, evaporate.

It will be found more convenient to have the Silicated Oil, with or without the admixture of water, in a tin cup fixed in the usual way to the palette.

In conclusion, A. and Co. beg to add, that, aided by the Vitrified Silica Powders, and the Silicated Oil (the skill and touch of the Artist being equal to the enterprize), a painting of even John Van Eyck may be so closely imitated, as to render it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between the original and the copy.

SILICATED OIL, 6*s*. PER PINT; HALF PINTS, 3*s*. SILICA POWDER, 1*s*. PER PACKET.

ACKERMANN'S SKETCHING PENCILS.

No. 1. Black for Fore Ground.
No. 2. Grey for Middle Distance.
No. 3. Neutral Tint for Distance.
No. 4. Brown.

1. The Chalks may be *pointed to a very fine degree*, by which they are capable of producing a most delicate outline.

2. The Drawings will *not rub off*, and may be kept in a folio.

3. The colours will *blend together* with or without the use of water, or with any other fluid.

For those parts of the Drawing which require a deep shade, the paper should be slightly wetted with a camel's hair brush, when the chalk of the required shade is to be applied, and the colours then spread according to the depth required.

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